McCLURE'S

Win-the-War Magazine

JUNE 1918

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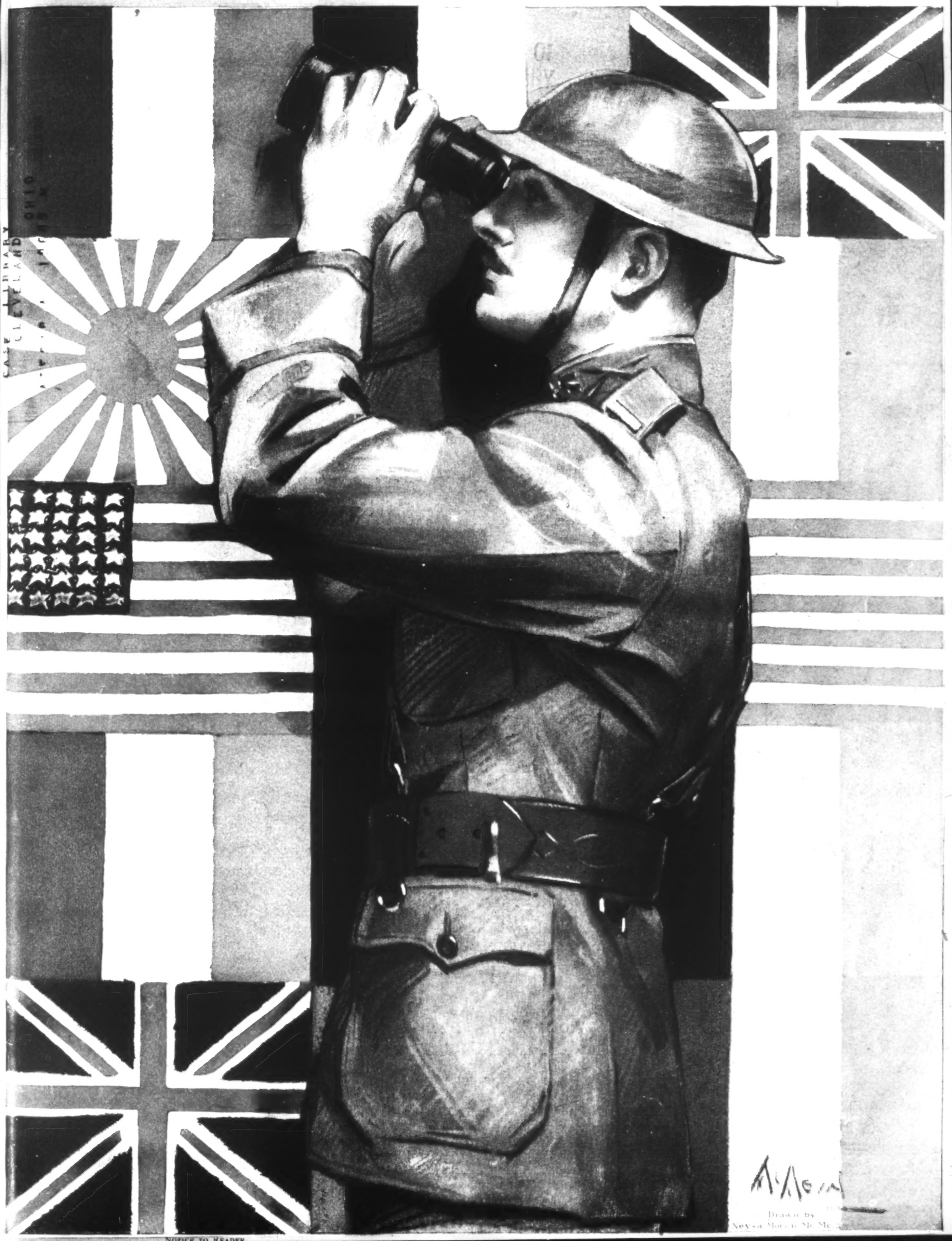
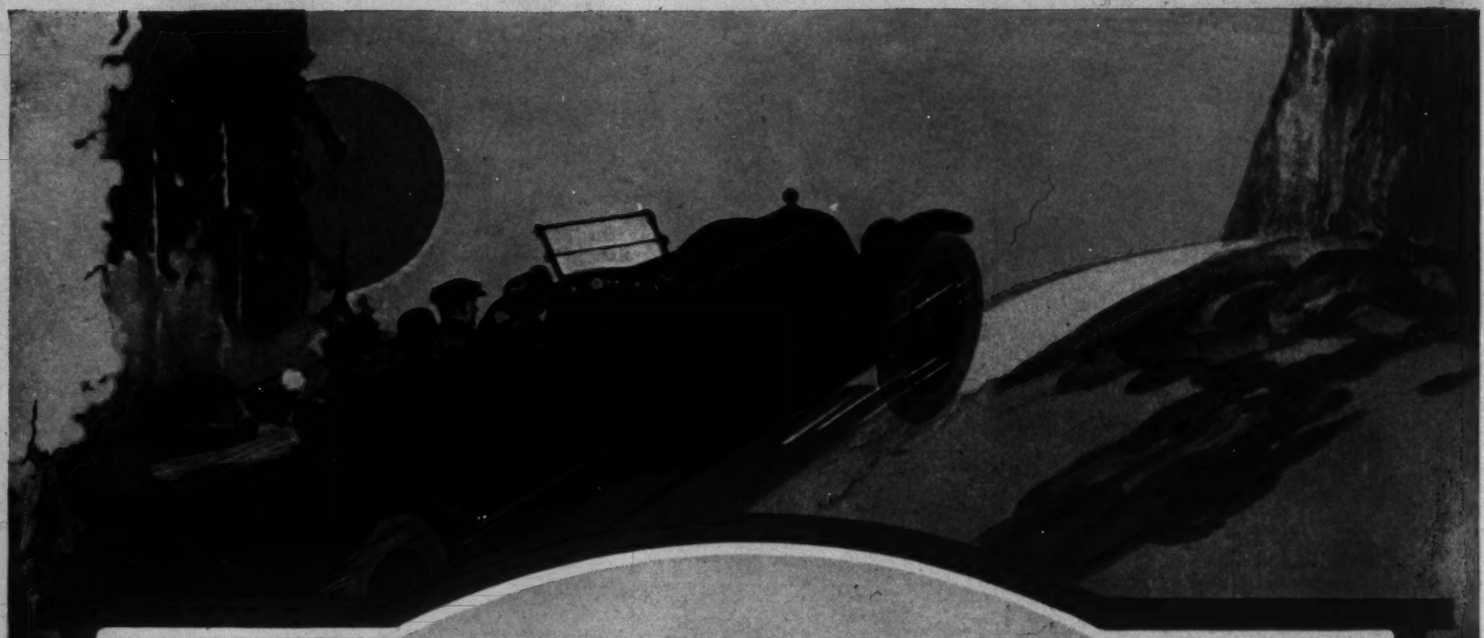


Drawn by Neysa McMein McMein

NOTICE TO READER



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RACINE, WIS.

Live news or live Sammies—which do you prefer?

"Why must my boy's letters be censored? Why can't they let him tell me where he is and what he is doing? Surely a mother has a right to know such things. Besides, he is a loyal American and could be trusted."

It would be most unnatural if American parents did *not* feel that way. But they forget that in the end censorship *is for the safety of the men themselves.*

An American officer—and this is a true story—indiscreetly mentioned, in a letter home, the name of the French village where his regiment was billeted. This slipped by the censor and the letter was published in his local newspaper. Shortly afterward the Germans launched a particularly destructive raid against that town, which had not hitherto been attacked. The officer was a loyal American, as were the proud and happy home-folks who innocently gave his letter to the loyal little newspaper. But good American lives were needlessly jeopardized.

Soldiers will die the victims of our carelessness before we fully learn this lesson—but we are learning fast.

There is nothing mysterious about the German spy system. It is simply the quiet, ceaseless collection of fragments of fact—often individually harmless—by German agents everywhere. This material is patiently pieced together to make up that complete story of the number, location and quality of our soldiers without which no attack could hope to succeed.

The German studies the position, customs and even the mental state of our men as a hunter studies his game—and for the same purpose. His object is to kill. It is not possible to prevent his getting some of this information, but he cannot get it all unless we help. The almost superstitious belief that he knows it all anyhow, is not well founded. Already he has to work hard for what he gets, and his task is daily becoming more difficult as Americans begin to open their eyes and shut their mouths. We must not *help* him to kill. Indiscreet statements are too easily translated into terms of death for American soldiers—perhaps your boy.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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THE SECRETARY OF STATE
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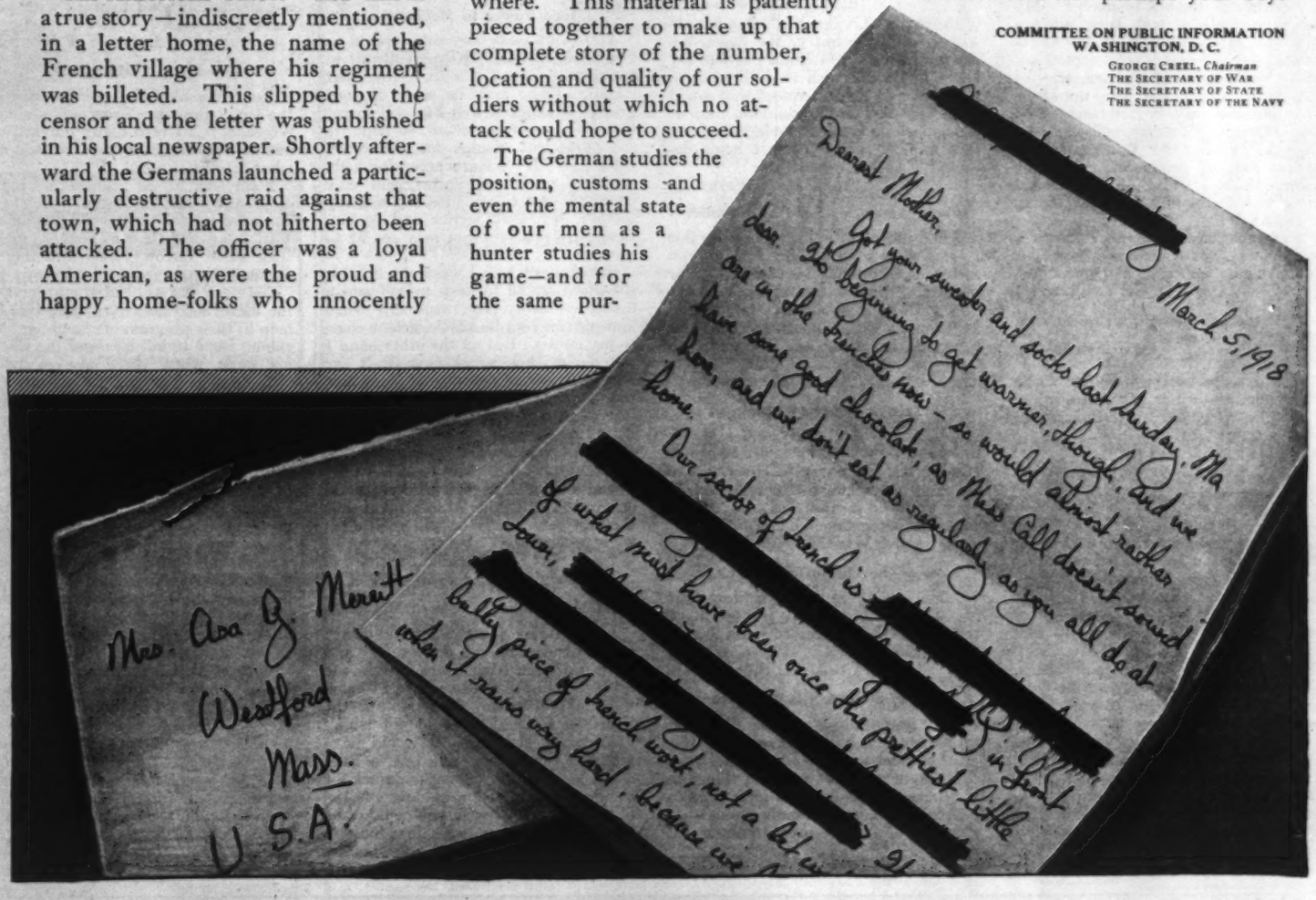

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This space contributed for the Winning of the War by
The Publisher of McClure's, New York

T. R. Hears About It in Advance

PORTER EMERSON BROWNE has just told me of the policy you have decided to follow as regards McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. That's the true American spirit. I congratulate you with all my heart.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Now Glad Her Boy is Willing to Fight

Your new win-the-war magazine has had this effect: it has made me want to write and congratulate you on your new policy. I think your idea a splendid one. We all need waking up to the fact that we are at war. We all need more fighting spirit. I am the wife of a physician and the mother of three boys (ages twenty, fifteen and seven). My husband received a commission, but on account of ill health was unable to accept. My eldest boy enlisted last April, while a freshman at Dartmouth, in the Coast Patrol service—afterwards signed up with the Navy with my consent—yet I've been hoping the war would be over and that my boy would not be sent overseas. I've been willing to let English, French and Canadian boys protect me and mine. After reading "Triumph," by W. B. Trites, I just felt glad I had a boy who was willing to fight. I want to do my bit in the way of encouragement. McCLURE'S is bound to help, not only the boys, but the folks who must stay at home.

GRACE CRUICKSHANK.

Mired in Passive Patriotism

I admire and heartily commend the patriotic stand McCLURE'S has taken at this time, and hope through its efforts every man and woman in these United States will be hauled out of the state of passive patriotism that most of us are mired in at present.

FLORENCE HOLMES.

A Protest

I wrote to our Congressman asking him to use his voice and influence for the repeal of the Kitchin bill regarding the zone tax rate on magazines. I enclose his reply. Can you see the irony of such a letter sent in a franked envelope? Why let such matter be sent entirely without cost and our magazines be forced to suspend publication. I would go without a new hat or dress to have my reading matter and I am sure that many other mothers and housewives derive the same benefit from good magazines that I do. It makes me sick. I am willing to work and save and sacrifice to help win the war, but time goes on and I must keep abreast of the times to raise my daughter and five splendid little boys to be such citizens as will make ours the foremost nation of the earth. Living as I do in a remote section of the country, the magazines are my mainstay. Pardon this lengthy letter, but I just wish that all mothers who feel as I do had voices that could be heard clear to Washington and at the opportune moment could raise them in a mighty protest against being deprived of such a necessity.

MRS. R. M. SPIRES.

They Take Pen in Hand

THE people who write a magazine and the people who read a magazine form just one big family. So, you can see that we like to get your ideas just as much as you, obviously, like to read what we have to say. That is the reason a lot of letters like these is an inspiration and an incentive to the best of work. Perhaps you have a thought about the war that will prod us on further. We need every bit of help we can get and there is a place here in the magazine for your letter and for your opinions

From America's Leading Novelist

I had meant to write you before this to say what a good thing I think you are doing in making McCLURE'S a war magazine. I think that this is what the very patriotic good citizen who founded McCLURE'S would like to see it at this time. It bears out the old tradition. With the best o' luck to you.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

From Cover to Cover

I have this day received the March number of your magazine, and, after reading it from cover to cover, desire to express my warm appreciation of your patriotic purpose. A long, strong pull and all together. *We Must Win!*

MARY L. N. BROWDER.

The One of Seven

Allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that McCLURE'S for March is the finest magazine I have received—and I subscribe for seven.

CLARA E. HARTIGAN.

From Senator Chamberlain

Your purpose to arouse the American people to a sense of their part in this great conflict is very commendable, for it is one of the most essential things in the present crisis for each individual to realize that much depends upon what sacrifices and efforts every citizen will make.

GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN.

More Power to McClure's

You can't make any such appeal as you made for little Hélène Thibault to me and get out of it with a three-cent stamp. There may be some of your readers who mean well but will forget to send in anything at all, so here are ten three-cent stamps for the brave little girl. If you are accepting only one from each contributor, you may credit the rest to my wife, my son, my mother, my Irish terrier and to any imaginary relatives you may see fit to give me.

Sometimes I wish I was not a humble subaltern trying to keep myself and a family on Army pay; especially when appeals like yours for little Hélène come to my notice. But on the other hand I am glad that although over draft age and possessed of dependents I am able to do my bit in an effective way. If you need any more help for this brave little French lassie please let me know; I'll find a way to do it somehow.

More power to McCLURE'S in its splendid work; I've read it for years and enjoyed it, but your March number is the best yet. Carry on and good luck; we're with you.

SYDNEY L. ROBERTS,
First Lieutenant, Infantry N. A.

To Hélène Thibault, Care of McClure's

I am sending you a dollar and eighty cents. And when you go to school and learn American I want you to write me a long letter. I tried so hard to get a whole lot of money for you, but the Board of Education would not let my teacher ask the class. I would have sent you lots more myself, but we have a sick baby and it will cost so much for the doctor. But I am sending you ten cents from her. I wish you could come to California. The sun shines most of the time out here and the flowers are beautiful. We have plenty of room if you want to come and stay with us. And then you could go to school with me. I am ten and a half years old. Now don't forget to write me as soon as you can. And then I will send you my picture.

ADELINE HOSKING.

McClure's—One of the Family

In all the years that McCLURE'S has lived with me, and followed me wherever I went, never did it bring the thrill to my soul that the March Win-the-War number has brought. God bless it—and all of you. Undoubtedly, now that you have blazed the trail, there will be a flood-tide of win-the-war monthlies and weeklies and dailies, etc. But with it all you can rejoice whole-heartedly. We know what you have done and we know what has been the cost; therefore we are doubly glad to work with you, come what will.

LOUIS W. PAWLETT.

Too Many "Hinderbugs"

Your Win-the-War number goes to the tip of the top. I am only a simple sergeant, but I read many publications and feel as though I know a good one when I see it.

I am glad to see you use the battle sight rather than the "peep" sight, looking over the big broad field of battle with one aim, that of *victory*, rather than some narrow vision straining at fine points.

Germany has a talented murderer by the name of Hindenburg. He is a big help in their program of slaughter. We cannot hope to kill him and the rest of his gang when there are so many "Hinderbugs" around us. Your win-the-war program is destined to change the "Hinderbugs" into "Boosterbees" and set them to work for the cause of Liberty, rather than hinder it by "buzzing" around with whispered hurrahs for the Kaiser.

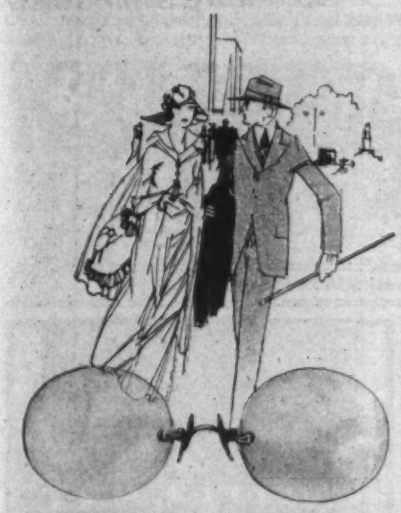
Your staff weigh in at one hundred per cent. If our boys can keep their bayonets as sharp as the pens of these writers, the hair-horned devil of Potsdam will sleep on a bed of chestnut burrs, by the time they come out next fall.

Anna Steese Richardson can turn a soldier inside out and if there is any "pep" in him it has to jingle out. She knows more about soldiers as human beings than any General I ever knew. Her writings alone would make your win-the-war numbers worth while, and more so if she is to write from France.

I'll bet trench candles made of thumb-worn McCLURE'S will burn brighter than any others. You're hitting double time; keep her up.

FREDERICK M. SNYDER,
Ordnance Sergeant.

"You haven't the least idea what a magazine like this can mean,—it's like seeing a flag run up. You get the same impulse to fall in behind it." *F. H. A., Honolulu.*



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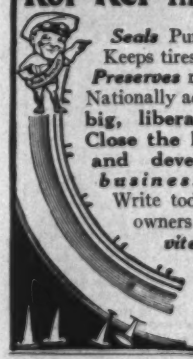

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THIS IS OUR PLEDGE:
to devote the pages of
McCLURE'S WIN-THE-WAR MAGAZINE
to the national service by doing everything we can, in every way we can, to help
WIN THE WAR

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Cover by Neysa McMein

McClure's Magazine is published on the 15th of the month and should reach every subscriber on that day. But such is the terribly congested condition of the railroads at present that delays in the mail service are inevitable. If your copy does not arrive promptly do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands.

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McCLURE'S School Directory

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, previous education and the sum you are planning to spend. McClure's School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.

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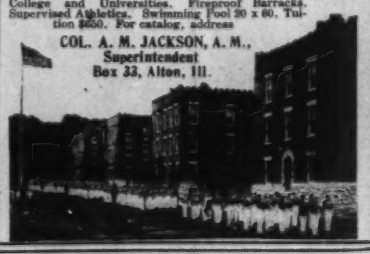

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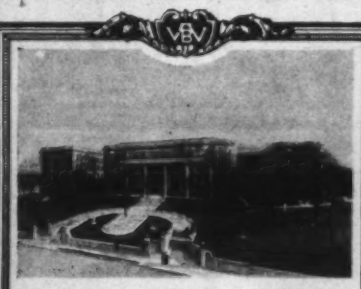

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JUNE
1918

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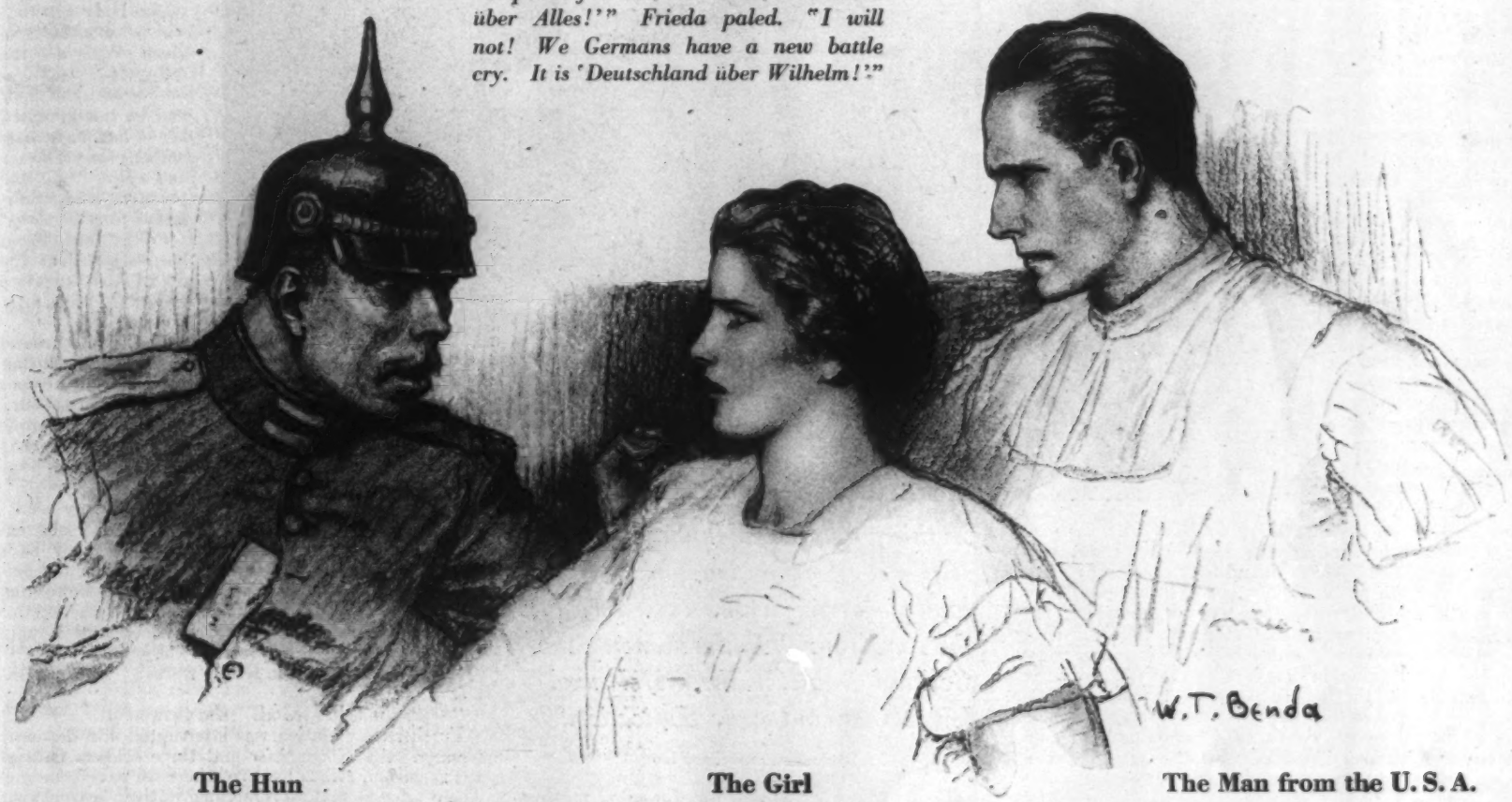

"Repeat after me," he cried, "'Wilhelm über Alles!'" Frieda paled. "I will not! We Germans have a new battle cry. It is 'Deutschland über Wilhelm!'"

The Hun **The Girl** **The Man from the U. S. A.**

Licking the Huns!

Edited *by* H. C. Witwer

Foreword

THIS is the history of an American officer, captured by the Huns at the time of their crushing defeat at Verdun in 1918, and taken to the fortress of Metz by the fleeing Germans. The fortress surrendered to General Pershing, an event which hastened the end of the Great War and made secure the freedom of democracy throughout the world. Two weeks before the capitulation of Metz, the American was sent into Berlin and put to work in a bakery to relieve a man of sixty-five for the trenches. At that time the Kaiser was forcing old men, children and even cripples, to take up arms in a last desperate attempt to stop the victorious drive of the Allies. Germany was torn by internal strife, the people were starving and clamoring for peace. Berlin was the centre of rioting, munitions plants were burned and strikes spread throughout the nation. The American met a beautiful young German girl in the bakery and fell in love with her. He explained to her that the purpose of the Allies was to free the German people from the bondage of Kaiserism and Kultur and that America felt more sympathy than bitterness toward the German people themselves. The climax of the rioting in Berlin came when a mob destroyed the colossal statue of von Hindenburg in *Unter den Linden* and began a march on Potsdam, where the Kaiser was reported to be staying.

THE morning following the destruction of the von Hindenburg statue, Berlin was put under martial law by the authorities. In order to preserve the peace, ten thousand troops were withdrawn from the front and machine-guns mounted along all the principal thoroughfares. *Unter den Linden* and *Wilhelmstrasse* presented the appearance of a veritable No Man's Land overnight. In the street fighting that occurred during the futile attempt of the enraged citizenry to march upon Potsdam, two hundred and fifty persons were killed and close to a thousand injured. It is a fact of ghastly significance that of the dead, two hundred and thirty-one were women!

The rioters were turned back on the outskirts of Berlin through the success of a barbarous strategic move on the part of General von Steufel, who assumed command of the troops that had tried vainly to stop the advance of the mob up to that point. Under a flag of truce, Maximilian Harden stepped forward to parley with the General in the hope that he might win the soldiers over to the side of the people and avoid further bloodshed. The thing that followed was typically Prussian. Von Steufel curtly refused Harden an audience unless the people laid down their arms and withdrew five hundred yards, pending the result of the conference. There were vehement objections to this, but Harden, aided by Herr Mueller-Meiningen, the Radical leader, finally calmed the mob and the order was reluctantly obeyed.

The people withdrew to the proscribed distance, unarmed, and Harden started across the intervening space. When he was within fifty yards of the soldiers, von Steufel uttered a sharp command and a dozen machine-guns opened fire on the helpless men and women grouped together in the square. The front rank of the stupefied mob melted into a dead and dying mass of humanity — the others scattered in wild panic. It was here that the heaviest casualties occurred, as the terror-stricken women and crippled old men were an easy target for the snarling bullets. Harden had his right arm shot off by the first volley and was taken to a hospital a prisoner. Some five hundred arrests were made before the last of the mob had fled into the night.

For this act of inhuman brutality, von Steufel was given an Iron Cross of the first class and made military governor of Berlin.

The day following this wholesale murder, the Berlin *Vorwaerts* appeared with a border of deep mourning and devoted its entire front page to the names of those killed and injured by bullets, in many cases made by the victim's own hands! An editorial in large type called upon the people to overthrow the Kaiser and free themselves from the bondage of militarism forever. Within a half hour after the first copies appeared on the streets, the newspaper office had been closed by the government and every employee placed under arrest for treason. The authorities then confiscated every copy of the paper they could get hold of and issued an order making the possession of one punishable by a fine of one hundred marks or imprisonment. The proprietors of *Vorwaerts* were later fined one thousand marks each and sentenced to three years in prison.

Berlin was soon placarded from end to end with proclamations from von Steufel, as military governor. They followed generally the type issued by Prussian commanders during the invasion of Belgium, if not exceeding them in harshness. One afternoon I saw some soldiers pasting one on a wall opposite the bakery where I, an American prisoner of war, was made to work. It called upon "all loyal subjects of the Em-

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peror" to assist in putting down the uprising brought about "by the insidious treachery of spies in the pay of our hated foe, England." Meetings and gatherings of any nature, whether organized or not, were prohibited. Loitering in the streets also came under the ban, as did the printing of any circulars, books, newspapers or pamphlets; and all residents of Berlin were ordered to remain indoors from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m., except those employed in munitions factories (under guard). Violation of any of these regulations was punishable in minor cases by ten years' imprisonment and in graver ones, death.

For several days following, some semblance of order was maintained by von Steufel's iron discipline. The military caste was still exultant over the momentary triumph in the early spring on the western front. Though they had been driven back, they hoped to bring about one more tremendous defensive, and they could not understand why the people did not back them up. Police and soldiers went from door to door, searching for evidence of any nature that might connect the suspect with the revolt, and hundreds of arrests were made daily. This in itself soon presented a serious problem to the Imperial Government. Germany's prisons were filled to their utmost capacity, thousands of additional guards were needed to preserve order in them and workers identified with the uprising were being taken from munitions factories to occupy cells. This threw upon the authorities, already harried to the breaking point, the additional burden of supporting tens of thousands of people from whom they could hope for no return, either through labor or money.

The food situation was by this time a desperate one. The flour supply had long since been exhausted and bread was being manufactured from potato peelings. Butter was seven dollars a pound, and almost unobtainable at that price. The bony carcasses of starved horses and dogs littered the streets of Berlin to be dragged off and butchered for food for those who held a coveted meat card.

All of these conditions naturally had their effect on the public health. The death rate rose fifty per cent., and the percentage of births fell in proportion. There was also an epidemic of tuberculosis and other malignant diseases caused by the inability of the underfed population to resist the attacks.

Von Steufel's solution of the feeding problem, as far as the prisoners were concerned, was characteristic. In a proclamation dated July 20, 1918, he announced that owing to the "temporary" shortage of foodstuffs, the Imperial Government could not support in prisons persons who, by their treachery to the Fatherland, had been arrested and convicted in connection with the revolt. Therefore, any one so convicted from the time of his proclamation would be summarily shot.

Meanwhile I continued to work in the bakery, making *Kriegsbrot* (war bread) of potato peelings, while armed guards stood grim and silent at the doors. Beside me at the table toiled Frieda Bernhard, my Joan of the revolution. From the night of the first uprising, her attitude toward me had changed from frigid disdain to what I dared to hope was a warm regard. It may have been the similarity of our situations that broke down the intangible barrier that rose between her and an enemy of her country. I was an American officer — a prisoner of war, compelled to work at the side of this beautiful, virile young woman. She too was a prisoner — a captive of the damned monster, Kultur!

For some time after von Steufel had curbed the people's first desperate blow at militarism, the girl and I went through our infernal daily grind without incident to break the nerve-tearing monotony. There was a new and strange shyness in her manner toward me that I found maddeningly lovable. I say maddeningly,

At this point, Scheidemann in a passion swung around defiantly, and loudly shouted in the very face of the Emperor: "In the name of the German people, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, I demand your abdication!"

because I wanted her as much as I wanted my freedom, yet what was in my heart was perforce sealed there, for the present, at least. I think it was the remembrance of the night the mob destroyed the von Hindenburg statue — the night she had rested for a brief moment in my arms — that bridged the chasm between us, yet as I say I could not speak then, for what were our two destinies against that of a nation? She was a necessary part of this great human machine that was soon to strip the power from Europe's super-barbarian and free Germany from the shackles of the Hohenzollerns. For my part — well, I was simply a spectator who had been fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to secure a place behind the scenes.

Since the night the mob had been turned back in their march on Potsdam, I wondered if that failure and the iron rule of von Steufel had chilled the zeal of the revolutionists. I found an opportunity to ask Frieda this a few days later.

FOR a moment she remained silent, while her great blue eyes searched my face, for what sign I could not fathom. Then she drew close to me and spoke in tones too low for the stolid guard to overhear, yet vibrant enough to reach my soul.

"We will never stop until Kaiserism has been swept from the Fatherland!" she said. "For every one of our mothers, sisters and fathers they killed on that terrible night, two more women will come gladly to take their places. Our men-folk are being sacrificed in trenches dug by a monster who speaks of his God as an intimate and slays children with his ambition! Well, we women will willingly sacrifice our lives *here*, if by so doing we can save our country from its real enemy — Wilhelm! Von Steufel has not crushed us; we are but waiting. The next blow the German people will strike at militarism will startle the world and bring red terror to the heart of Wilhelm; as he has brought it to us. Within a few days we will have Doctor Liebknecht free and one hundred thousand Germans will move on Essen. We will not be a rag-tailed, scattered mob, but an armed and drilled and determined body of men and women who will not turn aside, however bloody our sacrifices, until we have purged the Fatherland of Hohenzollernism and won our way clear of the baleful name of Hun!"

I am a soldier and not particularly emotional nor easily impressed, yet as I stared at this remarkable girl across our work table, her very intensity sent a responsive thrill through my whole being. In her blazing eyes and flushed face, the erect tenseness of her strong young body was that which would have given Wilhelm, the self-styled "All Highest" a bad half hour had he but glimpsed her — *and there were millions more of her sex and spirit ready and sworn to sweep militarism from Germany!*

"Why has Essen been selected as the next objective point?" I asked after a moment.

She swung around — and I noticed that the guard at the door was eying us curiously.

"You cannot guess?" she whispered.

I shook my head.

"Because the Krupp works are there!" she explained. "The great Hell factory where they have more than a hundred thousand of our women and perhaps twenty thousand crippled or aged men working day and night, turning out hundreds of cannon for Wilhelm and thousands of marks for Bertha Krupp. Once we get there, these workers will join us and ——"

—"You will destroy the Krupp works?" I gasped, interrupting.

"With the help of God!" she answered.

Further conversation was interrupted in a dramatic manner. An *Unteroffizier* and three soldiers entered the room and strode over to where we were standing. There was an ominous something in their bearing that caused me an involuntary twinge of alarm, not so much for myself as for my companion. I do not mean by this to give the impression of any super-courage on my part, only that I had long since steeled myself for the firing squad, which I had not the least doubt would be my ultimate destination.

We were not kept long in doubt as to the object of the visit. The *Unteroffizier* stepped forward, the inevitable supercilious sneer of the Prussian officer on his heavy, blunt-featured face. Frieda faced him defiantly erect and I stood beside her — a movement which brought a wolfish smile to his lips. He glared at us both impartially for an instant, then shrugged his shoulders and addressed the girl.

"You were absent without leave from your post, *Fräulein* Bernhard, on the night of the rioting in *Unter den Linden*," he said harshly.

"That is true," she answered calmly.

The Prussian brought his teeth together and snorted.

"Why?"

"I was fulfilling my duty — the duty of every woman in Germany — to the Fatherland!"

His face took on a purplish hue and the great veins in his bull neck flexed under the rough skin.

"You are a revolutionist?" he snarled.

"I am a German!" answered Frieda.

"You are a traitor!" he roared, in a passion of rage. "You and your *verdamt* rabble have been bought by the Englanders!" He smashed his huge fist on the work table with a force that broke the skin over his knuckles: "Repeat after me — '*Wilhelm über Alles!*'"

Frieda paled, and an almost imperceptible shudder quivered her form. There was an instant's hesitation and then——

"I will not!" she answered firmly, squaring her shoulders. "We Germans have a new battle-cry — one that will ring from a million throats within the week. It is '*Deutschland über Wilhelm!*'"

There was utter silence in the great room for the fraction of a second. The other workers stopped and stared in dumb amazement. One aged woman, bolder than the rest, gave a faint cheer. A growing rumble of sound from the street beat like thunder on our straining ears. Only the stolid faces of the soldiers

remained expressionless. Then — with a bellowed oath, the *Unteroffizier* recovered himself and struck at Frieda with his ham-like fist.

I thrust the girl aside, but too late to more than break the force of the blow which raised a livid welt on the satiny white of her slender neck. She reeled back against the table with a gasp of pain that shook me to the very soul. Something within me seemed to give way then and the blood pounded to my head until everything was a vague blur in which I could distinguish nothing clearly, but the sardonically grinning brute face of the Prussian.

I made a wild lunge for him in the first burst of my fury and I dimly saw him tugging at the holster for his automatic. I struck it from his hand and as it fell clattering to the floor, the old woman who had cheered "*Deutschland über Wilhelm*" seized it and covered the soldiers, who stood staring at us in open-mouthed astonishment. Again we came together and I had reason to thank my Maker for my army training and those who had insisted upon boxing being a part of the hardening process at the cantonments in America The Prussian outweighed me by a good seventy pounds, but I easily offset this handicap by my skill as a boxer. I evaded his wild rushes and furious efforts to grasp me in his mighty arms, until his own futile exertions began to tell in his reddened face and gasping breath. He mouthed a vile oath at me and, forgetting caution, I threw science to the winds and waded in, drunk with rage. His flailing blows glanced off my head and shoulders until one landed full on my cheek and sent me reeling back, stumbling and dazed. With a triumphant bellow he rushed at me, the lust to kill in his bloodshot eyes. I heard Frieda cry out in fear and there came a pounding rush of many feet on the stairs. My numbed brain told me that this meant police or soldiers and I was to die either by the Prussian's hands or the bullets of his underlings.

I shook off the growing lethargy with the desperation of the doomed and straightened to meet his rush. I put every ounce of strength in my body back of a left hook and it landed on his bulldog jaw with a force that shattered some of the small bones in my hand and the sudden, piercing pain braced me as might a stimulating drug. As he swayed back and forth drunkenly under the impact of the blow, I swung my other fist to the side of his head. He fell with a resounding crash and lay an inert, crumpled heap, sprawled grotesquely at the feet of his stupefied soldiers.

Then the door burst open and a score of men and women came running into the room. Every other one of them carried a rifle and all of them were armed in some manner. I recognized many of the important Socialistic and Radical leaders in the crowd, among them Herr Vogtherr, the noted independent, Herr Mueller-Meiningen, Radical spokesman in the Reichstag, Herr Ryssel, and many others of equal importance. But the outstanding figure was a slight, middle-aged, scholarly-looking man with a shock of curly hair. His face bore the peculiarly accentuated pallor of one who has long been confined without sufficient nourishment or fresh air. I noticed that the others paid him a great deal of deference and he carried himself as their acknowledged leader. Before I could question Frieda as to his identity, the answer came from my fellow workers who ran forward to greet him with yells of joy.

"Liebknecht!" they shouted. "It is Liebknecht!"

And so indeed it was — Doctor Karl Liebknecht, ex-member of the Reichstag for Potsdam, who was imprisoned by the Imperial Government in May, 1916, following his famous accusation that the Kaiser had made the war. As Frieda bathed my bleeding face with her handkerchief and warm water obtained from the wash-room, she explained that the revolutionists had stormed the prison where Liebknecht was confined and released him that same morning. The move had been planned for weeks and was perfectly carried out. The prison guards, recognizing their friends and, in many cases, relatives, in the mob, made no resistance. On the contrary, they aided the delivery. Once free, Liebknecht had placed himself at the head of the mob which now numbered perhaps a hundred thousand, and within a few hours Berlin was practically in the hands of the revolutionists. Their progress through the city, I learned later, had been a triumphant procession. There had been little or no violence this time, as the troops guarding the city had for the most part decided to cast their lot with Liebknecht and, disregarding the frantic commands of their officers, simply fell in step with the mob without asking any questions.

The Prussian *Unteroffizier* who was now showing signs of life was removed from the room, and my last impression of him is seeing him stumbling out, cuffed along by two husky Germans, his mouth open and his eyes staring stupidly at the mob.

Liebknecht ordered all the workers to assemble in the mammoth bake room and when this had been done he mounted a table and briefly addressed them. The disclosures he made caused frequent interruptions of wild and frenzied cheering, in which with great difficulty I refrained from joining. I held my tongue lest I be misinterpreted — a thing that might easily have occurred since I was still an enemy prisoner.

He began his address by telling the assembled throng that it was the purpose of the revolutionists to dethrone the Kaiser, establish a democracy in Germany and bring about peace. This brought forth tumultuous shouts of approval. The first step toward this end, he said, would be the destruction of the munitions plants at Essen, Kiel, Hamburg, Bremen, Dortmund, Bochum, Witten, Duisberg, Krefeld, Dusseldorf, Solingen, Elberfeld, Spandau and Barmen. Separate movements by the people in each of these towns had already been begun. All the railroad lines running into Berlin were in the hands of the revolutionists and a hundred thousand armed men and women were to be started immediately for Essen to reinforce the workers there, so that the destruction of the vast Krupp plants could be accomplished. An attempt on the part of the Kaiser to flee Berlin had been frustrated, and Wilhelm was now virtually a prisoner in his palace. As Liebknecht made this statement, the people yelled and cheered in an ecstasy of joy until the very building seemed to vibrate in answer. It was several minutes before it was quiet enough again for him to continue speaking.

In conclusion, Liebknecht urged the bakery workers to renounce Kaiserism and join their brothers and sisters in the drive for democracy and liberty. Leaders would be appointed in each section, certain preliminary laws would have to be obeyed and every effort would be made to make the gigantic movement an efficiently organized one, rather than "the futile blow of a nondescript rabble" — as the Kaiser had characterized them in an intercepted telegram of reassurance to the Crown Prince. They would be armed, not for attack, but to resist any violence on the part of the Imperial Government and they would be fed with stores taken from food hoarded in the Imperial Palace and the mansions of the nobles.

As he finished talking, Liebknecht walked to the windows and threw each up in turn, calling upon the workers to look down into the street. There was a great press to follow his instructions and his appearance at the first window was the signal for a thunderous burst of applause from below. From the volume of sound it seemed to me that all Germany must be massed in the street, and I could not resist the impulse to look. I shall never forget the sight that met my astonished eyes. As far as one could see in any given direction, the street was black with people — one huge, shouting mass, milling about this way and that, crowded on doorsteps, perched atop wagons cabs and automobiles — in fact, almost perched atop each other, it seemed, so thick was the press. Again I saw that the vast majority were women. There was [*Continued on page 56*]

I made a wild lunge for him in the first burst of my fury. I struck the holster from his hand and it fell clattering to the floor

The First Chapters of the American "Mr. Britling"

Through the Haze

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

DAY was breaking. The morning sun shed golden rays over all the land — a land of broad plains, of wide, winding rivers, of dense, deep woods, of mountains, snow-peaked, with foothills of gentle green.

The light grew. Men came. In the woods resounded the ring of their axes; upon the rivers they launched their boats; they tilled the plains; from the mountains they took of the things that make for life, and the living of life.

The light grew greater, yet more golden. And the land became dotted with habitations; the rivers seethed with ships; the woods receded; and the mountains teemed like ant hills. From myriad chimneys rose the smoke wreaths; from myriad homes went forth men, and women, and children.

Then, suddenly, from the sea to the mountains, and from the mountains to the sea — over all swept the Haze.

Chapter I

A LONG hill, velvet green, sloped toward the setting sun. Here and there, set about in the ordered disorder of one-time planning, rose apple-trees, rugged, torn, rough of limb; yet crowned with the glories of young blossoms and springing verdure — like old men garlanded with the memories of their youth. Lengthening shadows, gnarled like the trees themselves, stretched softly beneath them. And over all the soft, sapphire blue of a spring sky.

Half beneath, half beyond the shadow cast by the largest of these begarlanded old patriarchs lay sprawled a boy. He rested on his back, his hands clasped behind his head, his long legs crossed. Straight above him he gazed to where a robin, full-throated, sang its song of peace and happiness. And the boy, looking, nodded seriously. He turned that his eye might rove the spreading countryside — fair green hills and lush green valleys; the shimmering river that rushed in its spring vigor to hurl itself over the tumbling falls in the distance.

The robin sang again.

"That's just the way I feel, old chap," the boy said, aloud. "Just exactly. Only that's where you have it all over me. You can sing it. All I can do is think it."

His eyes closed. It was as though the spoken thought had found within his mind a virgin vein. He fumbled in his pocket, and found the stub of a pencil. From another pocket he took an envelope. It contained only an unpaid bill, and he promptly tore it into three strips. Flopping over on his face, and using as a desk a flat rock that had formed his pillow, he began to write. Gone was the scene — gone the soft and vernal fragrance. Like all great and true poets he had retired to golden-castles of his own.

He wrote, in a handwriting boyish and not yet quite formed:

The blossoms have their fragrance,
The birds their song,
Mankind is given poetry
To - - - - - -

He stuck. The azure cupboard in the golden castle of his mind became suddenly as empty as that of Mother Hubbard. Came Patience, the horny-handed, and Practicality, the uninspired, to his aid. And, as all poets must descend at times, so did he. . . . A long list of rhyming words paraded in single file through the castle hall. There were Gong and Long and Prong and Wrong and Thong, Throng and Ding-dong. . . . And Along. . . .

He decided to use that. He wrote:

The blossoms have their fragrance,
The birds their song,
Mankind is given poetry
To help — himself along.

He lowered the drawbridge of the golden castle, he came forth, his trove within his hand. Now once again in the soft glowing fragrance of the reality of spring, he examined it.

His own most unbiased judge, he was forced to admit that it was not very good. As a matter of fact, it was not only not very good; it was terrible. He shook his head.

He did not know that it was not the inspiration that was bad. He did not realize that he himself provided the best possible proof of his own idea. The flowers indeed had their fragrance. The birds truly had their song. He himself had words. It was only that he didn't have the right ones!

But the vernal mood was still upon him. And in it he luxuriated, as one will when he is eighteen and with the perfect balance of perfect health; when one has successfully passed one's examinations at college; when one's heart is healed of the raw wounds of one's latest love nor yet the target of the barbed darts of one's newest. To be eighteen, with rippling muscles; with eyes given to see only beauty, and ears to hear only melody. He gave himself over to the robin, and to spring.

And now there came into his vista a most surprisingly appropriate figure. Almost the personification of spring itself it seemed to his amazed eyes; eyes which he rubbed, to look again.

A young girl it was, of perhaps seventeen. She had stopped, in surprise, and was looking at him with deep, dark eyes, soft, untroubled. In one hand she carried a shining milk pail, in the other a stool. She wore no hat. A huge apron of gingham covered her slender body from neck to ankle.

The boy sat up. Slowly there crept over his fine, expressive face a delighted smile.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" he queried, softly.

"I'm going to milk," she answered, a little surprisedly.

"A-milking," he corrected, gently. Then: "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

SHE was puzzled at first. And then his mood came to her. She understood. And she too smiled. She met his gaze frankly as she answered:

"Yes, if you please, kind sir, she said."

He hugged himself with glee. To find one's mood so quickly met; so quickly, so aptly answered!

Then came to him the part that he was playing. He removed an imaginary hat, holding it in the artificially elegant way affected by similar young men in afar, dissimilar days. With the other hand he drew from her unresisting grasp the milk pail, and took his place beside her.

"And now," he said, ceremoniously, "for the cows."

They were in the glade beyond — gentle Jerseys. He stood beside her while she milked. They did not

A Novel by the Author of "Peace—at Any Price"

THE man who three years ago wrote "Peace — at Any Price," which did so much to arouse the American people to a sense of their responsibility in the Great War, is the one author to-day, we think, to produce a second "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Here is a novel that shows the reactions of the conflict overseas on the life of a woman who thought the War could never reach her. How the long arm of Mars finally touched her on the shoulder is vividly, powerfully told. Begin it now

He was eighteen years old when he first saw her — a surprisingly appropriate figure, almost the personification of spring itself

speak; to both it was too much like living an unreality. He thought of several things to say. But he thought twice. And they were not said. Several times she looked up at him. Once — she smiled.

The milking finished, he solemnly took the pail. Side by side they walked back, over the hill, beneath the blossoms.

At the dooryard of a trim little cottage, white, with green blinds and vine-laden porch, she stopped. She reached out her hand; he surrendered the milk pail.

"Thank you," she said. Again she smiled up at him.

And all he could find to say in return was, "Thank *you!*"

She went inside. He mounted the long hill of velvet green. At the top he turned, and looked back.

Chapter II

CHARACTERISTIC of America is the swiftness of its changes, the abruptness of its transitions. A growing land, leaping suddenly from childhood almost to maturity, its bodily appurtenances have not always been able to keep pace with its adding stature — like a growing boy whose shoes have ceased to fit him even while his coat is over-large. Towns develop from lanes and cow-paths. Cities spring from villages and hamlets. And in those cities, one finds the country mansion of a hundred years ago, invaded first by the onrush of residence, then condemned in its basements to a despised and incongruous trade; later to become, perhaps, a tenement; then, to be torn down and replaced with a skeleton monster of brick and iron and hollow tile; later to be again outgrown and outworn by the magic growth of a growing country.

Nor is it alone in cities that this obtains. A sleeping countryside yawns and awakens to find itself a fashionable suburb — much as a congregation of Quakers at prayer might look up, startled, to find among them the members of a fashionable motoring party; the unprofitable acres of a far-flung, hard-wrung farm suddenly see themselves miraculously converted into a trapped and bunkered golf course where but a few days since there were laboring oxen.

No country of all the world has grown so fast, has changed so much. Little more than four hundred years ago no white man knew even that it existed. It is but little more than two hundred years ago that the white man might claim even to have settled upon it in widely parted villages, dotted along the hundreds of miles of its seaboard, without cohesion and with communication only by toiling trails and arduous waterways.

From these beginnings, so short a time ago, has come the America that we now know. The America of New York, and New Orleans, the America of Seattle and San Francisco, the America of telegraph and telephone, of trolley and automobile, of railroads and forty-story buildings, the America of beyond a hundred millions of people!

The Wonderland of the World!

But of all this the boy was not thinking as, on reaching the hilltop, he found himself upon the Great Divide between the Eighteenth Century and the Twentieth.

Behind him lay the pastoral picture he had left. Before him lay quite a different scene.

Winding roads, fair-surfaced against the exactions of motor tires. Gardened hedges. Trimmed copses. Spreading lawns. Huge ornamental gardens. And here and there a great house, with clustered chimneys, with behind it, the groupings of garages, barns, stables, water towers, gardeners' homes, conservatories and greenhouses, swimming lodges and all the various architectural belongings that go to gratify the lives of those who have the wish and the means toward such gratification.

Standing upon the hilltop, in the soft amber of the dying day, the boy looked first one way, then the other; first toward the natural then toward the artificial; first toward Nature; then toward Man. He could see the little cottage, nestling beneath the trees of its tiny dooryard. He could also see the house of his sister and his brother-in-law, a great, spreading thing of stucco and red tile, in the Italian style, hemmed in by ornamental cedars. It was beautiful. That he knew. But somehow — to stand on a ridge, at sunset, and see America with one eye and Italy with the other. . . .

It didn't seem exactly right. And yet he didn't quite know in what way it was not right. People wore waistcoats from London, and hats from Paris, and rode horses bred in England and played golf with clubs made in Scotland and drank beer made in Munich from steins made in Switzerland. Why shouldn't one live in an Italian house if one chose?

Still, it must mean something. Else why had he thought of it? He was a boy to whom almost everything meant something. But most of the somethings that everything meant, he put off trying to solve for the moment. Like poetry, it was all right if it came to one as an inspiration. Otherwise, it was merely hard labor.

And besides, for the first time, it had suddenly occurred to him that he must be terribly late for dinner!

He descended the hill at a gallop. Up the long, winding drive that led from what, in other days, would have been the postern gate, he loped. And he dove into the great, cool hall just in time to meet his sister, as she descended the broad, formal staircase. She was gowned for dinner, in a filmy thing of black lace and jet from which glowed white arms and shoulders and more than a glimpse of delicately molded back.

"Don!" she cried. "How you startled me!"

"Sorry," he apologized.

"Good heavens!" she cried. "You aren't dressed!"

"In a jiffy!" he assured her. "I haven't been making it from bed to chapel in three seconds flat all year for nothing. . . . You know, you and Dick picked out the wrong profession for me. A lawyer! I ought to be a fireman." And with a grin, he darted by her and up the stairs, three at a time.

She sighed a little. Brothers, especially brothers of eighteen, are a trial — a trial and a responsibility. She went to join her guests.

They were on the terrace where cocktails, in tall, slender-stemmed glasses, were being served; cocktails of a delicate pink, with bits of shaved ice floating upon their surface.

There were nine guests to-night. They were first, the Anstruthers, who had the place adjoining; Mrs. Anstruther, a fortunate and fortuitous possessor of inherited wealth; her husband, the unfortunate victim of that same unearned increment, in that his own means were nothing; whereby he occupied the humiliating position of an unclassified dependent. A hired husband, some called him. No fault could be attached to him. He had not married her for her money. Nor yet could the fault be attached to her. It was that, by the circumstance of money, both had been forced into positions strategically untenable. And they had not had the force to extricate themselves. She more or less ignored him. He drank much, self-consciously and morosely.

THEN there were the Hathaways. He worked very hard to make a great deal of money which she spent without effort. Evening found her bright, vivacious, animated; as it found him worn, tired, abstracted. Herself the perfected product of maids and modiste, milliner and coiffeuse, she reproached him constantly for the slackness of his own apparel; his ill-tied cravat, his unpolished shoes; to all of which reproaches he responded with an absent-minded, "Yes, my dear," which showed that he had not heard, nor would have cared if he had. His day began with his arrival at his office; ended with the closing of the stock exchange. The rest was merely waiting. Except when, annually, he left her at Palm Beach while he himself joined four male friends for a fortnight's tarpon fishing down among the cays. On these occasions he took up life where he had left it thirty-five years before. Even his sense of humor became that of a humorless boy of twelve. . . . They called one another Old George,

and Old Bill and Old Gus. They delighted in smashing one another's hats; or in pushing one another overboard. While he was gone, she flirted harmlessly and worried about her figure.

There were the Boelkes, who were brewers, and very rich. Born in Prussia, he still retained, although he had emigrated to America when still a boy, the Prussian ideas and the Prussian ideals. A martinet as to discipline and routine, he conducted his house and his business along the monarchical lines. He not only provided for his wife, he thought for her as well. Stultified by fifteen years of perpetual assent, she had become a sort of human ditto mark. And she bore him one child a year. Hence she went out but little.

And there were, as house guests, Mrs. Blair, who had tired of her husband; and Alan Craig, bachelor dilettante; and, of course, the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ames. . . . There was also Mrs. Hathaway's sister, Enid Haynes, invited as a companion-piece for Don.

America holds all strata of lives, as of conditions; all strata of intelligence, as of architecture; all strata of brains, as of wealth. In this, the early summer of 1914, there was little of import being talked about, in a certain set.

Through courses of costly food and well-chosen wines, the dinner made its way. At first the conversation was general.

Someone spoke of the latest "show"; and of the comedian therein, repeating, with a painful attempt at simulation, the comedian's pet jokes and thereafter himself laughing immoderately. The others, who had heard the jokes in the original, endeavored to smile, appreciatively; with the always pitiful results that accompany such endeavors.

Someone else spoke of a new novel; and there ensued a brief but heated argument anent the respective merits of Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter.

Then the talk swung to motors. Mrs. Hathaway said she preferred those done in magenta, with tan whipcord upholstery. Mr. Hathaway, in the effort to say something, told Mrs. Boelke of a special company that was being formed to manufacture twenty-five cars for the twenty-five stockholders thereof. They would cost eleven thousand five hundred dollars apiece. Following the building of the last car, the company was to be dissolved except for a service station and a supply room for spare parts. She said wasn't it wonderful.

To Don it was all not at all new. Since the death, some ten years before, of their parents, he had made with his sister such a home as had been his; the home that had marked the rather frequent interruptions of boarding-school, and now, college days, that had lain between his visits to other boys' homes, his stays at boys' camps in the woods, in motor and yachting and canoe trips. And they had no relatives save one — their mother's brother who had always been regarded as rather a black sheep inasmuch as he had always avoided the seasoned spots of the world. From him they heard but once a year. He sent them strange Christmas gifts, usually valueless from any standpoint but that of the sentimental, although once, some three years before, they had received two small gold nuggets in a sadly battered parcel. They always made it a point to remember him in return when it was possible to find out where he was — which was seldom.

And meanwhile, of the adequate means that they had inherited, they had lived much as other American boys and girls of their day and generation.

At first they had rented their home; and later, receiving a good offer from the tenants, they had sold it, their affairs being in the hands of a man who had been their father's lawyer, and later, executor of his estate. Constance had gone to a girls' school, recognized for its solid worth; and afterward to college. Don had graduated from an equally representative boys' preparatory school and was now finishing his sophomore year in the college for which it prepared.

He was by way of being a not unsophisticated youth, was Don. He had had his initial, and painful, experiences of cigarettes and of cocktails. Yet he still clung to many of his illusions. There was within him something that made him hate to let go. What it was he could not have told you; conscience, perhaps; common, or rather uncommon, sense; breeding; the teachings of parents who lived in days less plentiful and more exacting. Whatever it was, there were certain things that many other boys did, that he did not. And on such occasions he would quietly go back to his room or tent, to the yacht or hotel, and there lose himself in the pages of a book, or retire to his own golden castle where lay so many words — but seldom the right ones.

To-night he was not particularly pleased. The girl beside him was to him but one of a type that he knew well, and of which he had long since tired, with that large weariness that comes to the very young. Pretty she was, undeniably; vivacious, animated, chatty; the last three being somewhat though not entirely due to the carefully superinduced and superintended use, or abuse, of two glasses of champagne, taken under her sister's appraising eye. It was Mrs. Hathaway's contention that one could not have a successful dinner party without champagne. And she practised what she preached, even to the extent of inciting to that same preachment a débutante sister.

Don caught himself being embarrassingly discourteous. The sparkling eyes and the flushed cheeks, the interminable chatter of this and that failed, at moments, to hold him. Several times he made answers hopelessly *mal à propos*. Once he awoke to a dim consciousness that she had asked him if he didn't think the play, "Damaged Goods," just too wonderful for words! and that his reply had been that he had thought it very funny. But since she seemed to take it as rather subtle humor on his part, he felt that no harm had been done. As a matter of fact, he decided that it would be rather a good speech to remember when other débutantes asked him the same question.

"You look tired and unhappy. Has anything happened?" he asked the question, gently

Possibly one reason for his distraitness was that between himself and his conversational objective was constantly interposing itself the vision of a slender girl with dark eyes — a girl wearing a huge apron and carrying in one hand a milk pail, and in the other a stool — a girl as frankly of America as was the background against which she was limned. There was probably corned beef and cabbage for supper there, and cake, and thick Jersey cream; while he was sitting in an Italian house having caviar from Russia, and sardines from Norway, and mutton from England, and champagne from France, and wine from Madeira, and cordial from Spain, and cigarettes from Cuba, and coffee from Turkey and comfits from Arabia. . . . And yet conversation was entirely restricted to the local and the commonplace. . . . He began to wonder. Their bodies were international; but their brains were entirely insular. That was it! . . . but was it all of it?

He asked the girl at his side, abruptly:

"What do you think of Nietzsche?"

He didn't quite know what he thought of Nietzsche himself. But he knew what it was. And that was something.

The animation vanished from her face; her expression became absolutely flat. Yet she had aplomb enough to counter —

"Wonderful. Don't you?"

He forgot just what his answer was. And soon he was lost again. Would she of the dark eyes and the milk pail know what to think of Nietzsche, either? The answer, palpably, was no. . . . However, there was a thought behind it somewhere. Some day he [*Continued on page 53*]

She dressed herself with extreme care, and actually managed to achieve something of an effect—

The Mad Hour

Honor and Sadie Labadie Finally Meet Each Other and Shake Hands

by

Frederick Irving Anderson

Illustrations by G. T. Reynard

AN equation is a beautiful thing: it is the law of compensation balanced to a hair. This equals that; things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. There is the colonel's lady, and Judy O'Grady, sisters under their skin. And here is Fritz Henkel, and Sadie Labadie. . . .

As a start in life, Fritz and Sadie began moving in opposite directions, one up, the other down. This start occurred at widely separated points on the chart, in remote worlds of circumstance, but the same world of fact. At the outset, not the wildest soothsayer, nor yet an astronomer with the whole universe to play in, would have prophesied or foreseen that the lines of these moving bodies, propelled in opposite directions, would intersect in infinity. Yet so it came to pass.

For Fritz is a royal nob. Actually. He is in jail now, exercising his royal prerogatives mornings in the jail yard, and extracting what cold comfort he can from that somewhat ironic presumption of innocence with which we feed our prisoners by law. Still, he is a royal nob.

Sadie has been in jail occasionally herself. Sadie is—well, Sadie is a falling body. Her real name is Kelly. She adopted Labadie about the time when, a little girl in a big city, she seemed destined to wear diamonds and ride in a carriage at a purely nominal cost per mile. She almost achieved this once: she had an establishment of her own, and almost everything she desired, except that she was not permitted to go out unaccompanied. But there came an end to that. Then there was another period, during which Sadie almost acquired domesticity, with some sheer kindness thrown in. But there came an end to that, too, and in such a way that forever after Sadie avoided kindness as the plague. Eventually Sadie ceased to be an individual and became a problem discussed at clinics and women's clubs. Being a falling body, she was subject to the law of gravitation, which prescribes that once a body topples over the brink it is doomed to continue falling at a constantly accelerated rate—unless some exterior force intervenes to retard or stop it. There was none.

About the time we begin to exhibit a somewhat canting interest in Sadie's doings, she had been allotted ten blocks in lower Sixth Avenue by somebody; that part of lower Sixth Avenue infested with conjurers' stores, brokers displaying the three gilt balls of the de Medici coat of arms, anatomical museums, and chop suey. So long as she did not stray outside her zone of influence, life was fairly rosy for Sadie. She moved back and forth like a shuttle; she made a roundhouse of the elevated station at each end of her beat. Until all hours of the morning you could see her weaving her eternal loom—turning her corner briskly, hovering for a stage pause in the shadow of the "L" stairs, then emerging reversed, with the businesslike air of having just been whence, and being bound whither.

Now, as to Fritz. The quality of transgression, unlike mercy, is minutely strained, sifted. We are permitted to discuss Fritz over the tea things, with doors and windows wide open. Fritz is a royal nob. He is a remote connection of the All Highest himself. Remote, and left-handed, it is true, yet being born royal is like being born with a caul: it must be noised about among one's neighbors for the fullest effect. Fritz's parents in the beginning saw to that.

To the accident of blood, Fritz added another—the accident of brains. He was born with an ample cerebral cortex, just as some men are born to number ten shoes. Before he was forty Fritz Henkel was a man of affairs; and, although he scrupulously avoided using the *von* of his inheritance, he came to be known as a nobility.

As he prospered, he reverted more and more to type. His particular species affected the super-Darwinism of rigid selection. Henkel's code might be compared to the habit of some giant forest tree that preëmpts its place in the sun, to the exclusion of any aspiring sapling or tender seedling. Eventually the whole surface of the earth, like the floor of a virgin forest, would be occupied by just enough competents—and of the proper species. Human compassion for the weak, or the coddling of incompetents, had no place in this system. As his part in the educational scheme, he had been given a number, and an extra set of suspender buttons, and a place of rendezvous. Fritz's number was A One in a little pyramid; and his rendezvous was these United States. He arrived late in 1914. He was re-

"I'm hanging you up again this morning, Louis," she said

ceived by our aristocracy of business as befitted one whose reputation was derived from handling big things in a big way. He outlined gigantic industrial undertakings, and the business machinery of the country was put at his disposal. Which was exactly the way the thing had been thought out in the beginning by those who had the right to give Fritz orders.

Thereupon, Fritz, like Sadie, ceased to be an individual and became a problem. Like her he had come into the world with some form of a soul entrusted to his keeping. But this had been sedulously cultivated out of existence, though he reserved the secret for himself.

Sadie was easy enough to isolate and study separately. Not so Fritz. So well were his talents adapted to the work in hand that at the end of his first two months' sojourn, a certain research laboratory at Washington devoted itself exclusively to a study of the symptoms. The symptoms were obvious enough. They were sporadic and dumfounding. A ship, cargo and crew, swallowed up in mid-ocean, to be forever erased at Lloyd's; a railroad bridge shivered to atoms; a T. N. T. plant, with its green-hued workers, hoist on its own petard. Women and children, men and material, wiped out. Yes, the symptoms were definite enough, a lurking horror. But the germ of the disease was hidden. Fritz Henkel was being wined and dined, to the surface view entirely occupied with the gigantic business enterprises which would benefit mankind in that indefinite period referred to as After the War. The platform speakers, orchestra leaders, nimble pamphleteers who worked unceasingly in the cause of Kultur never suspected who subsidized them, any more than did the ghouls who carried out his more grisly undertakings. Toward the European holocaust Henkel preserved an almost tearful attitude, as a world calamity that was destroying Capital.

The most convincing argument to Henkel's business associates was the half million in cold cash he brought with him; bankers of absolute integrity agreed that his credit was without limit. In short, he filled the eye as an individual, and the research laboratory at Washington, studying mangled human bodies and charred ruins across the face of the map, found no reason to look in his direction. All clues leading his way were lost in blind alleys. Like Sadie, Fritz never strayed over his dead line.

To return to Sadie.

Sadie had one friend to whom she gave her whole heart. He answered to the generic name of the Mutt. The Mutt was a French bull-terrier, with a screw tail, bat-ears, and a nose that twitched incessantly to dislodge an imaginary mosquito. The Mutt knew enough to keep mum and not to take Sadie too seriously. He served a variety of purposes besides friendship: he was a hot-water bottle in cold weather, he guarded the Lares and Penates while Sadie was out weaving, and he kept down the mice. He had a pink cushion—it had been pink—on which he sat and observed critically while his mistress affixed her war-paint. Every afternoon at four o'clock Sadie and the Mutt trotted side by side down the avenue to Dutch Louie's for breakfast. Dutch Louie's place had as many colors as Joseph's coat. Morning it was a sleepy spot, all emptiness, with yawning waiters propped against the wall; at the noon hour it was bustle and life for business luncheon. At four sharp Sadie and her ilk were permitted to occupy a curtained corner; at five they disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. Then the place was swept out, as was proper, and things put in order for dinner.

DUTCH LOUIE was something of a philanthropist, under his hat. For instance, Sadie had been hanging him up for her breakfast, for weeks. While Fritz and his half million dollars had been prospering these months, things hadn't been going very well for the falling body—too much acquired velocity. This afternoon the well-fed proprietor stopped at her table as was his wont, talked shop with unconscious candor, and tickled the Mutt's ears. It warmed Sadie's chilly heart when persons paid attention to the Mutt. Almost Sadie felt kindly towards humanity at this moment, especially towards Dutch Louie, who, if he still loved a dog, couldn't be wholly bad.

"I'm hanging you up again this morning, Louie," said she, as she brushed the crumbs off her lap.

"All right, Sadie. Take your time, Sadie," said Dutch Louie. He lifted the Mutt by the ample scruff, and, holding the dog baby-fashion, he paced the carpet strip with him, talking baby talk into the Mutt's ear. As they moved off, the Mutt would look over Dutch Louie's shoulder in wild alarm; when they wheeled and came back, the Mutt was happy. But the last time they paced down the aisle, they didn't turn back. Dutch Louie carried the Mutt on through, into his office, and after a time he came paddling back—without the Mutt. Sadie's heart missed a beat. As he passed her table, Dutch Louie said, without looking at her:

"This ain't no bread line, you know, Sadie. Your Mutt is in hock till you come across with the tin!"

A flood of language surged to her lips. But she kept them resolutely shut. She had been manhandled so many times lately there was no fight left in her. There was a mist before her eyes. She rose and went out quietly. A block up the avenue Kerry, the cop, who had just come on post, said:

"Sadie, you look lonesome! Where's your pal?"

Sadie told him, with Bible brevity, and a passionless voice. Again she dammed that stream of language. Kerry reserved decision for a single instant. Then he expressed his opinion of Dutch Louie in words of one syllable.

Sadie floated on. Toward six, she found herself in front of her mirror, fixing her war-paint and feathers. The cushion that had been pink sat patiently beside her. She wondered vaguely about her breakfast in the future. That was purely secondary, however. She managed to extract a crumb of comfort from the thought that the Mutt would live on the fat of the land. Dutch Louie had always wanted the Mutt.

She drew on her clothes with extreme care. Actually she managed to achieve something of an effect. Outside it was misting and cold. Her shoes were stylishly thin; her champagne-colored stockings shockingly sheer; and her little skirt modishly short.

At one street crossing she stepped aside to make way for an approaching foot-passenger. He thrust out an arm to detain her, and she stopped short, a bitter chill in her heart. It looked like the country again for Sadie. He was saying to another man Sadie had not noticed till this instant:

"Is this woman annoying you, sir?"

It was Minsky, the fly-cop, shepherding his lambs, unprotected males of the streets, driving off the wolves. This lamb was six feet tall, and palpably Somebody. One had only to look at him to realize that. The lamb stared queerly at the solicitous Minsky. The surprise on his face gave way to a sneer—at Minsky. Turning to Sadie with the utmost condescension, as if she really were a human being, he asked, with significant emphasis:

"Is this creature annoying you, Madam?"

Sadie broke in: "Not this time, Minsky, please! You got me wrong, Minsky!"

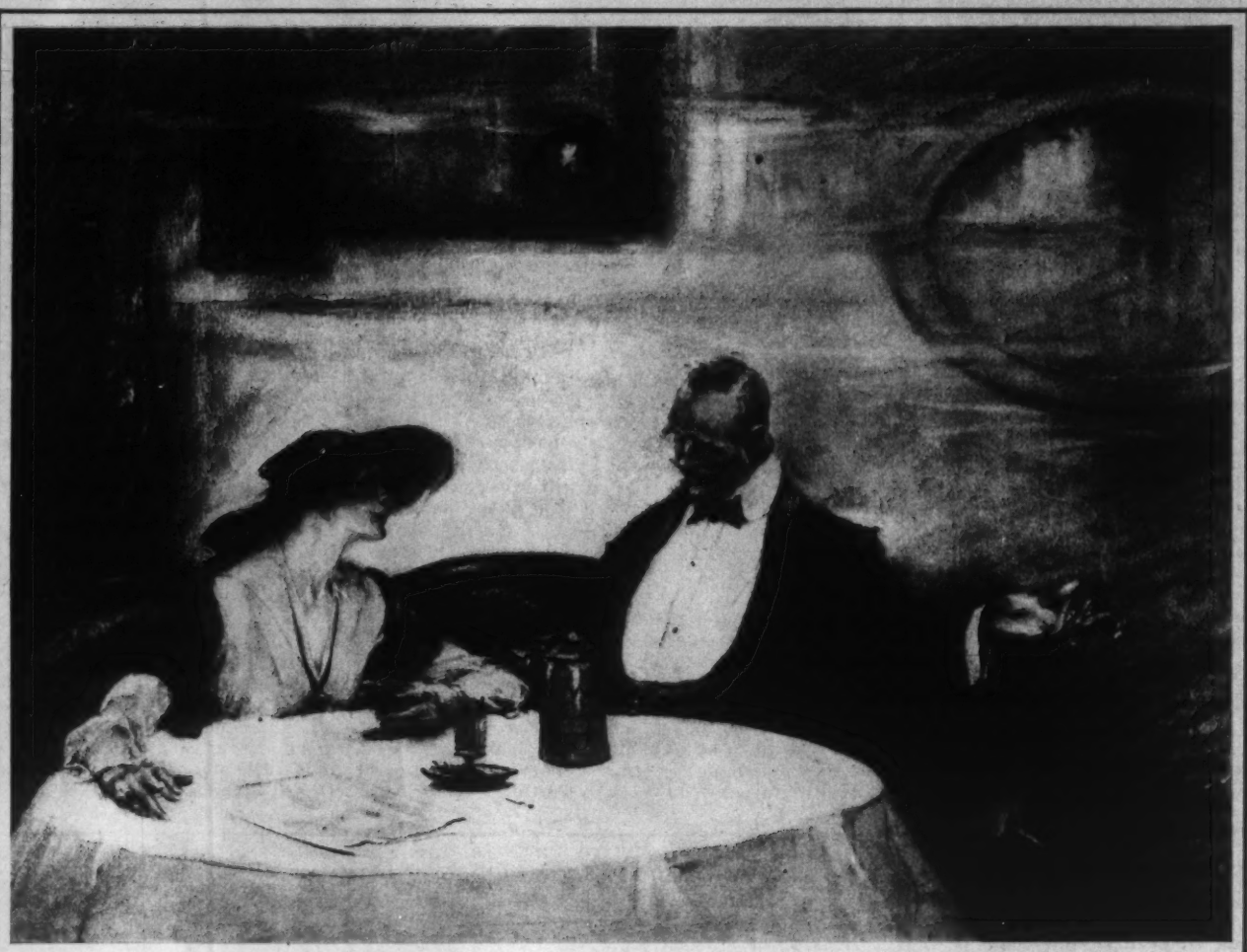
The big man who was Somebody, whose presence on earth the distraught Sadie had not even suspected until Minsky brought him to her attention, made the next move. Without a word he slid an arm through Sadie's and drew her along with him, walking right through the spot where Minsky would have been standing, had Minsky not moved with alacrity to save his toes. Minsky shrugged his shoulders and let it go at that; it was none of his funeral.

Sadie permitted herself to be carried along for a few steps beyond the danger zone. She hadn't fathomed it yet. She was no fool; this was a nob. The man was spitting out through his teeth a mouthful of consonants, in the midst of which she made out the one word *schwein*.

"Oh, a *Deutscher*, eh?" thought she, instantly filing the fact for future reference. Sadie knew a little of that lingo herself. She got the phrase from one of her companions who had used it with stupefying effect on a pack of German sailors. Sadie didn't know what it meant, but she recognized its force and she had kept it among her possessions for the proper occasion. This, obviously, seemed the proper occasion. So she said, in her passionless voice: "—— — —— ——— — ——!"

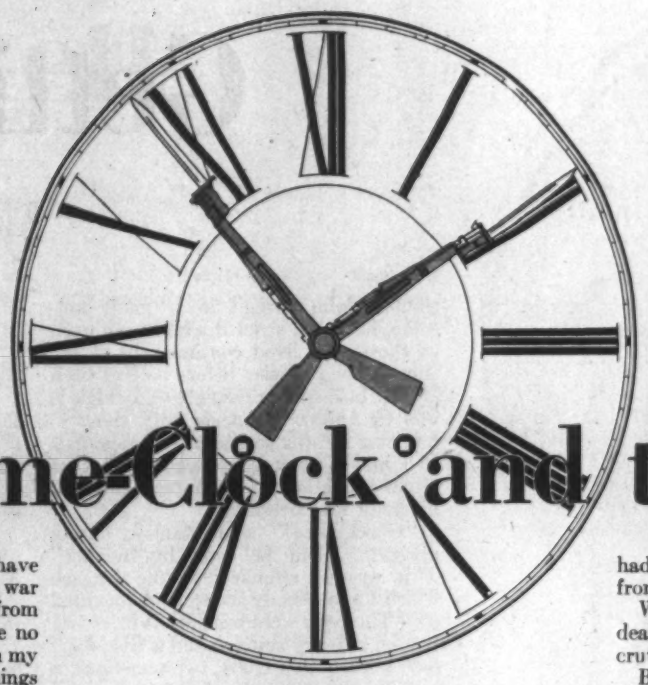
The result was electric. The huge six-footer threw back his round head and guffawed. He exclaimed "Yah! Yah! Yah! Ha, ha, ha! Yah! Yah! Yah!" and reaching over with his free hand, he patted Sadie on a shoulder.

[*Continued on page 36*]



She had a story to tell on such occasions which would wring tears from a grasshopper

No man and no group of men have any rights in this country now. All the rights belong to the country



The country has got to protect you now. And you've got to trust the country to so protect you

The Time-Clock and the War

by

An American Working-Man

Decorations by C. B. Falls

I WANT to start in by saying that all my life I have been a working-man. And up to the time the war started I had always considered everything from the standpoint of the working-man. I make no apology for this. Until the war came, it had been my experience that every man was considering things from his own standpoint, and only from his own standpoint. Capital thought only of capital. Its treatment of labor was often unfair and grasping. Labor had to organize in self-defense. On the other hand, organized labor has, in many cases, been equally unfair.

Power, it seems to me, is a dangerous thing. If you give power to a man who isn't used to it, he is often inclined to abuse it. And this I think applies to all men and to all conditions of men. So that, as I think it over now, all the quarrels between capital and labor have been caused by one side or the other making unreasonable and unjust demands. Capital and labor by rights are, and should be, partners.

But up to the time we got into the war, this was not so. Capital was fighting labor and labor was fighting capital.

WHEN the war started in Europe I was working in a manufacturing plant at ——. It happened that the machinery in our plant was capable of being easily adapted to the manufacture of certain war materials. This the company quickly did. And they began to make a lot of money. The men's wages went up, too. But nothing like in proportion. Practically all the bosses bought expensive new automobiles.

If you remember, there was at that time a lot of talk about War Brides and War Babies. Everyone was full of stories of millions of dollars of profits made overnight. The people who had been successful in making a lot of money were very much inclined to boast about it. Those who, on the other hand, were in industries or factories that had been squeezed were made correspondingly poor and depressed. It made a great contrast all at once. No man likes to lose his job and on the way home read that it has been a great day in Wall Street.

And it was money, and Wall Street, and war profits, that the papers played up.

It is no wonder that to the average man, it soon came to be known as a rich man's war.

And there were all the time stories being circulated that these rich men wanted us to go to war so that they could keep on making big profits. I can see now that these stories were not true. But at the time there was much to support them. Rich men were making big profits. If the war should stop, those big profits would cease. This we could all see. This, too, the Germans could see. And they took advantage of it to cause all sorts of arguments amongst us.

The Germans managed to make a lot of talk about other things that was confusing — that the *Lusitania* was loaded with munitions to kill German soldiers, and that the Belgian atrocities were French and English lies, and that Germany was fighting for her existence and so had a right to use the the submarine. It is hard to get at the truth sometimes. Of course Germany was fighting for her life. That much was true. But so was Lieutenant Becker when they were trying him for killing the gambler, Rosenthal.

Things went along. There was more or less dissatisfaction. Rents became higher. The cost of living went up. Of course wages went up, too. But as everything else went up at the same time, conditions were about the same. As far as we could see, the employers kept getting all the money.

Several times strikes were called in our plant. They were settled, however, after a week or two. But there was a condition of unrest all the time. As they made more money, some of the men, especially the single ones, got into the habit of working less. Owing to the tremendous cost of everything, it was still hard for a married man, even with several raises, to get what he wanted for his family.

It was about this time that we got into the war. The war had been going on such a long time that this didn't mean very much to us at first. We were used to it.

In the Spanish-American War, I remember, we went to war with great enthusiasm. There were flags and meetings everywhere. But the Spanish-American War we went into quickly and when excitement was at its highest. This war we sort of drifted into.

But we had great faith in our Government. So we took the war in the spirit that it seemed to wish us to. There were a lot of pro-Germans and German-Americans that talked against it at first. But they soon saw that that was dangerous and shut up.

And when the draft came, we took that the same way. The Government needed soldiers. That was enough.

It was the same with Liberty Bonds and the Red Cross.

The younger men went away to the camps. But to us at home everything remained much the same.

We felt that we had furnished what the Government had asked us to furnish and that the war now was up to them.

SPEAKING for myself, I did not realize that the war affected me in any way so long as I did what the Government asked me to. I had given them my oldest boy and I had put my whole savings into Liberty Bonds. And I considered that there my duty ended. It then became my right to protect myself, to get all the raises in wages I could; to shorten the hours of labor all I could—which would, of course, give me more overtime at higher pay. I didn't think that I was wrong in wanting this. As a matter of fact, as I look back, I can see that I didn't think at all. I was merely doing what I had always been in the habit of doing. So, when a new strike was proposed, I agreed to enter into it most heartily.

It was about this time that there came to visit us a cousin of my wife's. He was a young fellow, of adventurous spirit, who had always been a good deal of a wanderer, a very fine boy, but one who had always a craving for excitement. At the start of the war he had gone to Canada and enlisted. He was now back from the front.

We were very fond of him. And it gave us a good deal of a shock when he came up the front path, on crutches, with one leg gone.

But he seemed remarkably cheerful about it. When we began to sympathize with him, he said that he had no kick coming; that he was mighty glad it wasn't his head. And that of his company there were only seven left, of which he was one. The rest were all dead, in Flanders.

To hear him talk was the most interesting thing that had ever happened in my life. I would not let him stop. And on account of what he told me, I asked him to come down that night and talk to the men at a meeting that was to be held.

We got there a little late. The men had practically decided to vote to let the strike go through.

I asked them if, before they took the final vote, they would listen to the young soldier I had brought. They said they would.

"I suppose you want to know how I lost my leg," he began, addressing them from the rostrum. "That's what everybody asks me first. I'll tell you.

"I lost my leg," he went on, "because a bunch of men like you sat around at home, just as you are sitting now, and decided, just as you have decided now, to call a strike.

"I don't know who those men are, nor where they are, but they cut off my leg just as surely as though they'd laid me out on a butcher's block and whacked it off with a cleaver."

HE could see them looking at each other. They thought he was just running wild.

"We were standing off the German army, up at Plug Street. They put down a barrage on us and shut us off. And then they massacred us.

"And do you know why? Because our artillery hadn't enough shells. There were a hundred and fifty men in my company that got it that night. Men like you, and your sons; no better and no worse.

"And the reason we hadn't enough shells was that the men back home weren't making them for us. If we'd had shells, we could have dumped 'em on the Germans as fast as they dumped 'em on us, and stood 'em off. But our shells gave out and theirs didn't. And that's why there were little pieces of the best fellows that ever lived on earth scattered, bleeding, in the mud and muck. A hundred and fifty dead in our company, and God knows how many in the sector.

"And the trouble is that even yet you people at home don't know what this war means nor how it's being fought, nor how it's got to be fought.

"The Huns don't have any strikes, do they? You bet your life they don't! Their Government won't let 'em.

"In this war, the soldiers are only the movable part of the machine. They're like the wheels on an automobile. But you don't get very far, if all you've got to an automobile is the wheels. You've got to have an engine, to make it run. And labor is the engine. And the Government is the chauffeur.

"If you've got a good driver, and a good engine, then the wheels will take you anywhere. But if [*Continued on page 31*]

Getting After

by Holworthy Hall

Our Ruth

HE came among us about the end of April, which is as good a time as any other to gossip in. No word of warning preceded him; he arrived as unexpectedly as any of your female relatives, and although an utter stranger, registered at the Inn as composedly as though he held a mortgage on it. And strangers come but seldom to the Inn; those who have heard of it at all, have also heard of its peculiar status as a hostelry, and bring letters of introduction when they ask for lodging. The fact is that the Inn, to all intents and purposes, is a well-managed and exclusive club.

As it happened, Stanley Holcombe and I were enjoying the Inn as we had never enjoyed it before. Stanley had been working like a dog on the Liberty Loan and had gotten himself jolly well worn out, with never taking a rest and hardly ever getting a meal when the good Lord intended mortals to eat. I believe he had never appreciated the Westchester hills and all their peace and beauty so much. As for myself, I was champing at the bit. I longed to get "over there" with every inch of me, but the worst sort of red tape was tying up my passport as a war correspondent. There was nothing to do but wait. So I was glad to be at the Inn with Stanley.

When the stranger first made his appearance, Stanley and I were smoking in the lobby, feeling beautifully lonely and a trifle snobbish.

The man was about thirty-five or six, lean and energetic and heavily tanned, and not exactly good looking but incredibly fascinating to look at. His eyes were deep set and mightily keen; his mouth, shaded by a carefully kept mustache, was very firm and straight and very deceptive — you'd swear that he was just about to smile; and perhaps you'd wait a second for the realization, but doomsday would have found you still staring and still waiting, and the smile would still be threatening to come. He was unquestionably a powerful man in the best of physical condition, and his stride was worth watching. He moved like an autocrat; he had the impetus of a gang boss who naturally expects everyone to draw up at attention by the wayside, and salute. And it was the real thing, too; there was no hypocrisy about him; he was all there.

"Who the deuce is that?" said Stanley, knocking ashes on the floor. "And what monopoly do you suppose *he* owns?"

"Give it up," I said promptly.

Meanwhile the newcomer had ranged alongside the desk, and was already scrawling his signature on the register.

"Look at that clerk!" said Stanley suddenly. "Good Lord! If a room clerk ever wilted like that before me just once, I'd die happy! Who is this — a walking delegate?"

"It's deep calling to deep — look at the door!" I said. "And send for the keys of the city and a flock of reporters! It must be a movie actor."

The expression on the clerk's face at that moment was itself worth perpetuating on the films. The clerk was a young man of perfect poise and vast acquaintance; he had been selected for the post because he was the closest approximation to infallibility that we had found on two legs; he could be cruelly distant to social climbers who weren't to be made welcome, he was a strict disciplinarian even to those who lived continuously at the Inn. Once or twice before he had been known to display reverence — I think it was to Andrew Carnegie both times — but now he was so thoroughly demoralized, and so patently conscious of it, that all the animation of his countenance and of his body was arrested.

"Good Lord!" said Stanley, sitting upright. "Did he come by freight?" This was in reference to the luggage which I had already seen and commented on. The boys were bringing it in — two trunks, a heavy suitcase and a Gladstone bag, a kit of golf clubs, two gun-cases, a big camera, a couple of hat-boxes, and some loose miscellany folded into a steamer blanket surcingled by a shawl strap. "He *can't* be a theatrical troupe, can he?"

"F-front!" said the clerk, rousing himself to hammer the desk bell. "Show Mr . . . Mr. Lockett to Twenty-seven."

I looked at Stanley, and Stanley looked at me, and both of us looked at the retreating figure of Mr. Lockett. Simultaneously we rose and crossed the lobby. Instinct told us that he was very far from being a nobody; and we felt rather small to have breathed the same air with such a man, and to be ignorant of his identity.

"An Englishman for a dollar," said Stanley. "And an army man — did you *see* his mustache, girls?"

"Wonderful!" I said. "Marvelous! I suppose he couldn't possibly be in the navy, or you'd have guessed it from his back hair!"

"That's all right . . ." He swung the register around, and examined the record. "There! What'd I tell you? Theobald A. H. Lockett, London, England." He addressed the clerk, who had to emerge from a profound fit of abstraction to answer him. "Who is that chap, anyway? Whose guest is he?"

"Oh!" said the clerk, starting, "why — *I* don't know!"

Stanley's eyebrows lifted, for the regulations of the Inn prescribe that unknown visitors shall still be politely rejected at its portal when camels are pushing through the needle's eye in droves.

"Well, who sent him here?"

"*I* don't know, Mr. Holcombe . . . He . . . he just said he wanted a room — and I gave it to him." The clerk exhaled strongly. "I . . . why, it was like a stroke of lightning!"

Stanley frowned. He was one of the stockholders.

"You don't mean to say you let an absolute stranger in here without even finding out ——"

The clerk, swallowing hard, spoke with sheepishness, and yet with a generous measure of awe.

"Why, Mr. Holcombe, it was one of the funniest things . . . I . . . I can't explain it . . . he caught my eye, and said he wanted a room . . . and I felt numb all over . . . I . . ."

"Hypnosis probably!" said Stanley, with dry cynicism. "And you let him get away with it!"

The clerk gulped himself back to normal.

"Oh, no! But . . . why, he had me paralyzed! Nothing like it ever happened to me before!"

Stanley shrugged his shoulders, and turned to me with a curious grimace.

"There's a mystery in our midst," he said. "Dark, handsome stranger mesmerizes a clerk and gets a room at the Inn! Looks like a gentleman, but why didn't he show his license?"

To our profound satisfaction, because we really guarded the interests of the Inn, we met the gentleman face to face before the evening was spent. We met him in the grill, where he was taking a solitary brandy and soda before retiring, and apparently practising his glower on the defenseless ice. And after we had been there for a few minutes he brightened, and mellowed, and took to sending mute messages of appeal over to our table, and without any especial negotiations we were somehow all at once in conversation. That is, Stanley and I began to do some conversing, but after we had gone through the briefest of preliminaries we realized that we were being cross-examined by a man who knew exactly what it was he wanted to find out.

I can't recall any other man who ever affected me so paradoxically. He had a courtly manner, suave and deferential, but it was largely offset by the astounding penetration of his gaze. Yet I can't say that I was

Lockett was diabolically fascinating and played havoc with our women

Mr. Lockett

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

The Stranger

disconcerted by his scrutiny, after the first instant or two, because it took away the greater part of my subjectiveness; I didn't feel that I had anything left to be disconcerted *with*, but it devitalized me, and made my nerves tingle. His voice was pleasantly blurred, as though by much use of it in the open air, and his manner, as I said, was highly courteous; but he framed his inquiries so that it was all I could do to refrain from ending every sentence with either "sir" or "your honor." As nearly as I could judge, Stanley was reacting similarly; and this was during an interview which concerned nothing more important than golf, quail, fishing, billiards and horses. Mr. Lockett, it seemed, had time on his hands, nothing on his conscience, and a decided inclination to seize the days as they drifted past him. (This is borrowed from Horace, and being all I remember of a classical course at Harvard which cost my father six thousand dollars.)

Towards the end, Stanley recovered his wits sufficiently to think about our earlier discussion, and to try to bring out some data for our own edification.

"You're English, I take it," he began.

"English and yet not English," said Mr. Lockett, boring cheerfully. "I set down my London club purely as a matter of convenience. I'm a cosmopolitan."

"You're not in this country on business, then?"

Mr. Lockett impaled him on one of his sharpest drills.

"I'm everywhere on business, sir. That is to say, my business is correctly written in my passport — study and travel."

"I'd have imagined," said Stanley with rhinocerine adroitness, "that you're in the army."

There was no doubt about it; Mr. Lockett flushed. He also yawned.

"Then your imagination has led you astray," he said, with about two-thirds of a laugh. "Now as to golf — is there no way I can get a summer membership, or something of that sort? A two weeks' card is) hardly worth while —— "

"One thing more," said Stanley gently. "I'm awfully curious to know how you heard of this place? It's very rare that strangers find it. If you've never been in New York before —— "

"Did I say that?"

"No, but I assumed it from other remarks you made."

Mr. Lockett threatened to smile and, as usual, disappointed us.

"I know New York," he said, "as well as I know London — or Paris — or Rome — or Petrograd — or Hong Kong — or Honolulu. The man who originally suggested it to me was Mr. Allen Martinson."

"Martinson!" echoed Stanley. "Why, he hasn't lived here for two years. He's abroad."

"In Florence," said Mr. Lockett placidly. "Now as to golf . . . "

Long after the cosmopolitan had left us, Stanley and I talked him over in great detail.

"Confound it," said Stanley, "I don't like his looks! I don't like his habits and I don't like his story. For a perfect stranger to tack in here without a letter from anybody, and leisurely mention Al Martinson — who's 'way over in sunny It', and can't put in a demurrer — and saddle himself on us without so much as a by-your-leave, and dodge questions about his business and his home — I don't care for the looks of the thing one little bit! Do you?"

"What's your idea — think he's a spy?" I asked. "And what are we going to do about it — report him to the American Defense Society? Or shall we give him a chance? He's pretty nearly played out. God knows what hard missions men are sent upon these days. Why, the poor immigrant could hardly keep his eyes open!"

"That was a pity," said Stanley, "because he wouldn't have spoiled the party a lot if he'd had blinkers on. I was beginning to wonder if he could see where there's a button gone off my B. V. D.'s. Well — of course, he *might* have met Martinson somewhere . . . and it certainly would be awkward, after he's got his room and everything."

"You're not serious about distrusting him, are you?"

"No-o," said Stanley. "I guess I'm just suspicious on general principles. He's probably nothing but one of those bloated plutocrats out to see the world. Besides, we can cable Martinson any time. But does it sound plausible to you for an Englishman to go more than ten miles away from home without a letter of introduction? Besides, if he's an Englishman, why didn't he beef about something? And I tell you, that *is* a cavalry mustache! I guess he's a slacker."

I forgot to say that my friend Stanley Holcombe is an ardent admirer of the genius of Conan Doyle.

He was more than merely magnetic, this Theobald A. H. Lockett; he was a human lodestar. That was why we never got around to ejecting him from the Inn unless he showed his papers; and that was why, after a day or so, we'd have been mobbed if we'd ventured to intimate to a soul that everything wasn't as it should be. He drew people irresistibly to him: if they were inferiors, he got them by conquest, and if they were his equals he got them by the sheer compulsion of his personality.

The result of this situation was pretty nearly inevitable; at the end of a month he was quite at home, he had captured the affections of about seven nice girls, he was taken at half a point over par by a dozen or two of the most influential of all our freeholders — and, in the meantime, nobody had discovered any more of his past history or his present connections than Stanley and I had learned on that first evening in the grill-room of the Inn.

We perceived that he had plenty of money, and enough taste to help him expend it rationally; we noted that his accomplishments were diverse. And it was a distinct proof of his innate cleverness that he could maintain a high standard of dinner dialogue without going into the matter of his autobiography; he said a lot about what he had seen, and not a word about what he had done. Most men find this impossible.

But although the rest of the community was apparently satisfied to accept him without any great hesitancy, Stanley and I developed new theories about him at the rate of one a day. We simply couldn't force ourselves to believe that he was as ingenuous as he pretended. We didn't believe for an instant that he had come to town fortuitously; we were partners in a hunch that he had something interesting to conceal. Otherwise, why should he be so reticent and so impersonal? And because we were both vaguely irritated by him, we studied his habits, and followed his dissertations minutely; we decided that he was probably anything under the sun except the congenial loafer he professed to be. Because he went to New York two or three days a week, and once spoke of making money in Wall Street, we fancied for a time that he might be an adventurer come from across the seas to flirt with the willing War Brides, but that was the most innocent of all the motives we imputed to him.

Even then, I'm not sure that we'd have cabled Martinson in Florence if it hadn't been for Lockett's superb audacity in one particular direction. After all, it was humanly possible for the man to have been ingenuous — and our suspicions might have been soluble in friendship, if we had been patient. But Lockett was too diabolically fascinating; his appearance and his manner (somewhat softened, I will admit) played havoc with an amazing proportion of our women, and finally he settled down to what looked like a steady

[*Continued on page 47*]

He finally settled down to a steady campaign against the Lakes

The Highway Limited Freight

by **Edward Mott Woolley**

Decoration by Louis Fancher

THEY sent a messenger to Driver Jim's house at two o'clock in the night, and Jim, answering this call to adventure, tramped to the factory through the deep drifts. It was three o'clock when he reached the foundry and saw by the flare that zero was registered outside the office door. A tough night to take out his truck! Yet Jim was game. Gad, how a sniff of gasoline got him going!

The directors had just adjourned. Things were desperate. Unless the congestion could be broken the plant must shut down, so the board had voted to establish its own freighting system. Jim had orders to go through to Buffalo, and be back in a week.

Buffalo! A long freighting journey from the eastern end of New England in January! A year previously Jim might have protested that the roads were snowbound, but now war was war!

"All right!" he said, and looked grimly out of the window into the blizzard. "Buffalo it is, if gas'll pull 'er!"

They gave him Driver Hank as relief man, and threw in a mattress, for this was a limited freight. They snatched some breakfast at a night restaurant, and started at dawn — and they fought it through, taking turns in the "Pullman" and grabbing meals as they could. Sometimes they shoveled snow, and sometimes they backed and bucked it.

So Jim forged his freighting link to Lake Erie; and again and again he did it, with other trucks following until the drama lost its edge.

Yet the romance of this overland trucking sets one's blood stirring. So suddenly has long-distance road freighting come that we don't yet realize it. We haven't discovered how deeply the winning of the war is tied up with the motor truck and good roads. Indeed, many industries would be at a standstill except for our highway freights.

Up to the past winter most communities accepted the theory that country roads were for summer. When the Highways Transport Committee of the Council of National Defense proposed to bring army trucks from Detroit to Baltimore in winter the idea was received as chimerical.

"The roads are closed!" people said.

But the Committee simply had the roads opened! From Detroit to the Coast the highway authorities waged a dramatic battle. Even over the Alleghanys the Lincoln Highway was kept clear.

The story of this fight with snow and ice is a new epic in the motor romance, and already the idea has jumped over the country. But we need roads and bridges.

In the past we have talked vacuously about military roads which some day we should build. But now we begin to see that all roads are military.

The war is teaching us, yet highway freighting hadn't been sufficiently organized to prevent the 14-day Garfield shutdown. Some 200,000 trucks stood idle during that industrial hiatus, but if by magic they could have been used they might have carried 2,000,000 tons of coal a day!

Three thousand new army trucks stood outside the factories, and thousands of commercial cars with freight-carrying bodies remained in garages. In the cantonments were 6,000 soldiers of the Motor Transport Section. A vast potential freighting facility unavailable! You might liken it to some fabulous beast of burden locked in the stable because pigmy men had failed to break the monster to service.

Nevertheless at this writing the Government is starting army trucks on their own wheels from Moline, Ill.; Clintonville and Kenosha, Wis.; Marion, Ind.; Alma, Mich.; and the roads will be open. Some of this patriotic spirit is due to Capt. E. B. Butchers of the Engineers, who, in opening routes, has traveled repeatedly in his runabout over the "snowbound and impossible" roads of Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania.

For almost a year a rubber company in Akron, O., has had its own truck express service to Boston, operating seven cars on schedule, loaded both ways and carrying double crews. A Philadelphia freighting company has a fleet of twenty-two trucks operating between that city and New York, making the run in one night.

But the roads are like the sea in peace times, open to all, and scores of tramp trucks cruise them. It fell to my lot this winter to make a fast automobile trip from Washington to New York, the journey reaching far into the night, and we passed many a thundering caravan. Their electric eyes bored furrows into the darkness and their hulks were in semi-mystery. The romance of the night highway freight thrilled me.

Once a red signal warned us and our way was blocked by a wheeled colossus that had skidded. It was bound from Bethlehem, Pa., to a factory in eastern Connecticut. Two of its consorts overtook it and the crews gave vigorous but profane assistance.

FURTHER on we passed a gigantic freighter standing in the road but giving voice, with prodigious roars, to internal disturbances. As we felt our way around it I learned that its route lay between Pittsburgh and Providence; further, that it was seven hours late (cuss words not reproduced here).

Soon afterward we stopped at an all-night roadhouse for coffee, and, as we started again, we heard the onrush of some Herculean road creature that shook the night. It was the Pittsburgh-Providence freight, and it passed us with a mighty noise and fumes of carbureted gasoline. But presently we overtook it, and finally got by at the risk of our necks. It was making up lost time with savage disregard for night perils.

Community freighting lines radiate out of almost every city, hauling merchandise over roads good and bad. In Baltimore a company operates thirty trucks over routes of fifty miles or more, with a daily service, for example, between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. From Richmond, Ind., a transportation service operates a fleet to twelve communities.

In northern New York State last fall I encountered a caterpillar tractor hauling a train of wagons through wheel-deep mud — a hundred-mile trip it made twice a week.

One of the picturesque features of road freighting is the trains of trailers often seen where the hauls are long. The crews commonly camp at evening. While driving one night in a heavy fog I came upon such an encampment, which at first I took to be a gypsy affair. The glow from the fires gave a true stage effect.

Chain stores are rapidly substituting long-distance trucking for hopeless railroad service. A Brooklyn company with 200 stores uses ten tractors and six trailers, covering routes up to 145 miles on Long Island.

Nor is it strange that the railroads themselves are doing motor freighting. The New York Central has bought trucks for hauls of a hundred miles or more, and the Boston and Albany with one truck saved the use of a locomotive and many cars. The San Diego and South Eastern Railroad has trucks that do a hundred miles a day over mountain roads.

From Chattanooga I get word that much of the freight consigned to the south in 1918 must be transported by trucks. During the last six months more than a thousand new automobiles have been delivered into that region with their own power, despite deplorable roads. The Dixie Highway Association writes me:

"The nation, the states and the counties must awaken to the vital importance of completing at once one or more highways between the north and south, if business in that section is not to suffer severely."

Evidence of government cognizance of the sweep of events is seen in the Post Office Department, which is about to establish motor truck parcel post routes. One chain of routes will reach from Portland, Me., to New Orleans; a single route is from San Francisco to Sacramento, 125 miles. Many routes are being established a hundred miles or more out of New York. The whole country will be covered.

Take a two-minute glance over the west. In Nevada truck trains pass every day over snakelike routes that run hundreds of miles through sage-brush and mud. One of the drivers has a run of 340 miles, but crawls into a bunk for a few hours on the trip while his daughter takes the wheel.

In Arizona is a route 150 miles in length that runs for part of its sinuous way through drifting sand, so that the compass is sometimes necessary. But despite the needle a heavily laden truck lost its way one night and finished a wild detour by tipping over a rancher's shanty. In Arizona, too, is a copper company that brings down ore 97 miles from the mines in 14 great caterpillar tractors. These Goliaths of motordom climb to a height of 7,000 feet over a road that was declared impassable for anything but oxen.

Before me lies a letter from a truck operating company at Redding, Cal., which runs a line daily to Weaverville, 52 miles:

"At first the road looked impossible, as there are thirty per cent. grades, right-angle turns, and narrow places where it is necessary to back for a quarter of a mile to let teams pass. There are places where a mistake will roll you down a thousand feet — and this very thing happened to one of our trucks. It went end over end into the canyon. . . . The mail must go the year round, and mail includes everything — even flour. There is no railroad in Trinity County, and there are said to be children there 15 years old who have never seen a wheeled vehicle. Most of the transportation is over trails . . . It formerly took an eight-horse team seven days to make the round trip, hauling five tons one way; and it cost at least $10 a day to feed the teams, and $4 a day for the driver. With a five-ton truck we make the round trip in eleven hours, loaded both ways, at a total expense, including depreciation, of $25.

I have told only a fraction of the discoveries I made, but at least they give one an inkling of things yet to transpire in highway freighting. They challenge the imagination of a Jules Verne.

Here is a thrilling novel complete in this number, —such a story as could come only out of Russia

The Spider of Warsaw

"Open the doors for His Royal Highness!" she cried

by Arthur Train

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"AND then," complacently remarked M. Tarnowski, commonly referred to as "The Spider of Warsaw," "it would be only natural for His Imperial Majesty to appoint me Civil Governor of Warsaw or even Governor General of Poland, would it not?"

The woman opposite him at the table lowered her heavy lids and contemplatively blew a breath of cigarette smoke from her small and much too red lips. She was dark, languid in her movements, rather heavily built except for her neck and arms, and although thirty-seven years of age, might easily have passed — and in fact sometimes did — for twenty-five.

"I always knew you had brains, Ivan," she answered in a half-bantering tone. "Now I begin to suspect that you have genius."

Her companion, a stocky man with a bull neck and closely cropped round skull, lifted her hand to his lips.

"Together we might go far!" he murmured.

Lily Czvorska, Countess of the Holy Roman Empire, suffered his caress in spite of her loathing for him.

"Not too far, I hope!" she protested, with a faint smile, for it was a situation difficult to duplicate even in the annals of the Wilhelmstrasse, of which she was — for twenty years had been — a trusted agent. "Not *too* — far!"

Tarnowski flushed under his bristly little side-whiskers.

"I suppose you refer to Siberia," he growled. "I wish you would restrain your sense of humor. Really, you sometimes make me shiver."

"So might Siberia, I fancy," she laughed. Then her face became grave. "Don't you think you are playing rather a dangerous game? You, the Chief of Police of Warsaw, cannot afford to take chances. What would become of you — if anything went wrong? — And of *me?*" she added.

Tarnowski pressed her hand and returned it to its former place by the samovar. He was a fool only about himself and — like a certain strong man of Holy Writ — about women. And he was very much taken with the Countess Czvorska; and as much as his cold-blooded, calculating nature would permit, he was in love with her. Had he only known it she would have promised him anything at that moment, even marriage, for promises were a part of her stock in trade.

"But think of the stakes!" he replied eagerly.

She got up and went to the window of her apartment, where they were having afternoon tea together.

It was November, 1914, and the beautiful avenue of the Krakowskie Przedmiescie was covered with a light fall of powdered snow in which the military motors whirring past left long graceful tracks. The victorious Russians had driven the retreating Germans forty miles westward and the two armies were now facing each other near Lowicz, hesitating for a brief moment before plunging into a decisive combat. Up to that very afternoon she had focussed all her ingenuity upon the problem of how to seduce Tarnowski into becoming her accomplice in an attempt to turn Warsaw over to the Germans. But now —! It was incredible! Almost comic! He was playing into her hands in a way she could never have foreseen and would never have had the temerity to hope for,— was about to embark upon an elaborate plan to elevate himself in the eyes of his imperial master — who, naturally, had never heard of his existence — which would, with a slight disarrangement from her practised hand,— result in his imperial master being blown to atoms, a consummation

from her point of view even more desirable than the capitulation of Warsaw. The city could be recaptured, but the assassination of the Czar would leave Russia, already in a politically muddled condition, more muddled than ever.

From her window across Sigismund Square she could see the Radziwill Palacé, the official residence of the Governor-General. That was where this pursy little man was planning to live some day soon,— with her!

"A crazy game!" she repeated, without turning. A regiment of the Lithuanian Legion was marching by, preceded by a band playing the national anthem, and she watched them with apparent idleness, her mind filled with rapidly interchanging thoughts.

Tarnowski grunted impatiently.

"It is childishly simple! You know that I have my men everywhere,— that nothing goes on without my knowledge. I have *agents provocateurs* in every nihilist group in Warsaw."

"BUT suppose one of these agents should betray you?" she demanded. "You know what it would be, eh?" She nodded toward the Prefecture. "A corner of the courtyard over there at three in the morning, a firing squad, and a new chief of police of Warsaw."

"You don't seem to understand!" he replied with some irritation. "Nobody could ever connect me with it. I shall do it all through Tongeroff. I shall see nobody but him, speak to nobody but him, give orders to nobody but him. I shall send for him to-night. He will come to my office by the tunnel from the Vistula under the wharf beside the Alexandrovsk Bridge. You remember it, no doubt. You row under the piles of the wharf to a door and —— "

"I know," she interjected. "So that nobody will even know that you have seen him!"

"Exactly. Well, I shall say to him, 'Tongeroff, I have a job for you. Success will make fame and fortune for both of us. But the slightest mistake — the slightest treachery — and the little Tongeroffs will have to find another papa'!"

He smiled grimly, for he enjoyed his own feeble wit and got intense satisfaction out of his schemes and the contemplation of his own negligible part in them.

The Countess Czvorska returned from the window and seated herself in an armchair in front of the fire. There was a decanter of brandy on a tabaret beside the chair and she poured out two glasses of it and beckoned to Tarnowski to join her.

"Tell me over again exactly what your plan is."

"Then you are beginning to see its possibilities?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I perceive its boldness," she answered, as if in admiration of his courage.

Tarnowski's pulse leaped to her flattery.

"Well, as you are aware, His Imperial Majesty intends to visit Warsaw a week from to-day to celebrate the victories of his armies by a mass in the Cathedral and to meet the public officers of the city. They say it is a preliminary to granting autonomy to Poland, but I don't believe it. Well, the arrangements are in my hands — all of them. Accompanied by his staff he will arrive in a special train at ten o'clock and will proceed by automobile down the Krakowskie Przedmiescie to Sigismund Square and the Cathedral. It will be a great occasion! I shall say to Tongeroff, 'I purpose to save the Czar's life. But in order to do that I shall have to save him from something, and that something you must supply. But lest your inventive faculties should prove insufficient I will furnish the brains in the affair. You must find some anarchist — some 'Red'— willing to attempt to assassinate His Imperial Majesty with a bomb on his way to the Cathedral. Under my directions you will arrange for the time and place from which he will throw it. That is, he will *think* he is going to throw it, but in reality I shall frustrate the attempt in the very nick of time."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lily. "If you ever found life dull in Warsaw you could make a fortune writing for the cinemas!"

"If we are going to have a plot we might as well have a good one," agreed the Chief of Police, not fully knowing whether or not a compliment was intended. "My idea is to have Tongeroff hire a room in a house about a hundred yards down the Avenue from here, from which to throw the bomb."

"From which the assassin will *think* that he is going to throw it," corrected the Countess.

"Precisely," acquiesced Tarnowski. "There will have to be a real bomb because otherwise those in the plot might discover that they were being duped. Tongeroff will supply that. There will also be a catapult to hurl the bomb. The plan will be as follows: On the night before the procession the person selected to take the Czar's life will go to the room, where everything will previously have been prepared. There he will wait until the following morning. He will be told to discharge the catapult at the precise moment that the motor carrying the Czar arrives in front of your door. But meantime I shall have discovered the plot and — in the very presence of His Imperial Majesty — shall rush into the house and arrest the would-be murderer just as he is on the point of taking our Sovereign's life!"

"That will require considerable bravery!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I am not deficient in that!" replied Tarnowski, modestly.

The Countess controlled herself with difficulty. She would have liked to twist his pudgy little nose.

"But what will become of your victim?" she asked. "This lamb who is to be sacrificed upon the altar of your ambition?"

Tarnowski expelled a cloud of cigarette smoke with an air of indifference.

"Lamb?" he returned curtly. "Ravening wolf, you mean! Who knows and who cares?"

"But, of course, he will expect to have some means of escape provided for him, once he has performed his part in the drama."

"Naturally," answered the Chief. "He will be assured of every possible requirement,— a ladder over the adjacent housetops, a place to change his costume to the uniform of an officer of the Imperial Guards, and a military automobile to whisk him out of Warsaw!"

"Poor man!" murmured the Countess. Not that she felt the slightest compunction in the matter, but the better to preserve her rôle of sympathetic femininity.

"And now," continued her dupe, "I must go to set the machinery working. A week is barely enough to elaborate our plan." And again he raised her hand to his lips.

Lily Czvorska gave him a look of well-simulated admiration.

"Very good!" assented the Chief of Police. "On Thursday evening,— at nine o'clock shall we say? But, of course, I shall see you before then, and report progress."

He arose ponderously as she pressed the bell.

"Au revoir, then!" he said, and bowed himself out.

The Countess Czvorska threw herself back among the lace cushions of her armchair with an expression of satisfaction, in which were mingled amusement and contempt. For fifteen years she had played the part of a great lady of fashion in Warsaw without the remotest suspicion being entertained by anybody of her identity, character or occupation. Yet, in spite of the large sums which she received to defray her expenses, the prominent social position which she occupied, and the apparent gaiety of her life, she was mortally weary of it. The whole thing was so prosaically impersonal. She herself was but a number among several thousand other numbers — "607." The men and women who slipped over her threshold after midnight or met her in quiet little out-of-the-way shops down by the Zelazna Brama — were only numbers. Who they really were, she rarely, if ever, knew. Even the identity of her correspondents in Berlin, London, Petrograd and Moscow was unknown to her. And she had to be so careful! Never a moment when she could let herself be herself. Yet she must go on with it! Never, except for a purpose, dictated by a person in Berlin — with a number — could she love or be loved! She had no choice now but to go on, for once having elected to become an agent of the Wilhelmstrasse she could never cease to be one — until success of an unusual sort — or death — released her from its service. Sometimes she envied the shop-girls as they hurried away from their work, their laughter ringing across the sidewalks to where she sat half-buried in furs in her motor. They at least were free! She was never free — forever chained to a secret,— than which there is no greater slavery.

The gray light died out of the sky over the Citadel and the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The sunset gun boomed from the Mokotowski Barracks and the flag on the Radziwill Palace shivered down to earth. The gathering darkness filled her with depression. She hated the twilight hours although her whole life was in twilight. At such times, her past loomed black against the horizon of her comparatively short career. There were things in it that she did not like to remember. So when the first lamps broke out in the Nowy Swiat she was accustomed to order the shades drawn and the lights turned on. But to-night it was not the past but the future that menaced her. Now that Tarnowski was gone, the horror of what she purposed to do took shape. True, it would not be by her hand that the Czar would meet his death, yet view it from whatever angle she might it was nothing less than murder. She had only to drug Tarnowski on the night before the Czar's arrival in Warsaw and the plot would take care of itself. Everything would be done by others, without the possibility of her being implicated, even if Tarnowski himself should confess everything! The tiny bottle containing the brown powder that made men sleep was hidden almost at her elbow. It was extraordinary! Fanciful!

There was a deferential knock upon the door and in response to her direction her footman, Paul, entered.

"A young woman from the dressmaker's, madam."

"Let her come in."

A pale, slender girl of about eighteen came forward, hesitatingly, carrying an oblong box, while Paul turned on the lights.

"Good evening, my dear!" said Lily, kindly.

"Good evening, madam!" answered the girl, making a courtesy. "Your ladyship's dress is finished. Will you try it on?"

Under the soft lamplight she looked even younger.

Lily Czvorska envied her her masses of yellow hair beneath which her big blue eyes looked out like cornflowers in a field of wheat. She was very pretty,— a great deal too pretty to be a seamstress.

"Yes, I'll try it on," answered Lily. "What is your name, my dear?"

"Sophie Yaska, my lady," replied the girl, as the footman reluctantly closed the door.

"Are you a Pole?"

"Yes, my lady."

She deftly untied the strings that bound the box.

"Where do you live?" continued Lily. Not to ask questions was for her an impossibility.

"In Tiraspol. It is a suburb of New Praga, just across the Alexandrovsk Bridge. Rents are much cheaper there. I can get a room for two roubles. Here in Warsaw the same room would cost me three."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lily, "what a saving! And is life in Tiraspol exciting?"

"Not very," answered the girl. "The lives of the poor are almost always dull. Mine is like all of them. I have only one half-holiday a month. Sometimes I go to a concert."

"But have you no lovers?" inquired the Countess, removing her bodice.

Sophie turned away, and a dark red spread itself over her neck and cheeks. Yet politeness demanded that she should answer the lady.

"Yes, madam."

"And yet life is dull, eh? That is too bad." Lily leaned over and pinched the girl's ear. "Take my advice and don't get married!" she admonished. There was something about Sophie's anæmic beauty that attracted and pleased her. It would be a shame to think of her hanging over a stove in a squalid kitchen in New Praga with a couple of squalling brats quarreling on the floor. Better, she thought, only the one half-holiday a month. There were degrees in dulness, after all!

Prayer of an Old Cavalier
Sir Jacob Astley
Before the Battle of Newbury

Lord, I shall be very busy this day. I may forget Thee, but do not Thou forget me. Amen.

II

SOPHIE'S admission that she had lovers had been made without the slightest comprehension of the Countess Czvorska's interpretation of the word. She had in fact two ardent young admirers, either of whom stood ready to marry her at the slightest hint of acquiescence on her part. Ignazio, her favorite, was a member of the Filharmonij,— the great orchestra,— a dreamy lad who idealized her to such a degree that she

almost trembled at the thought of his possible future disillusion. The other, Paul Lavorski, was of an entirely different type. He was a worthless, stupid, brutal sort of fellow, a drinker of vodka, and a member of one of the most dangerous nihilist groups in the city. She had refused him over and over again, but he would not listen to her and continued obstinately to force his attentions upon her. "Well, if you won't marry me, I'll do something terrible,— you will see!" he would threaten, lowering at her. She believed him, and her fear that he really would do something was what kept her from marrying Ignazio. In her heart, she knew that Lavorski would be quite capable of killing them both. Had she been possessed of a father or a brother things would have been different, but being an orphan she had only the priest and Ignazio to turn to, and both of them were men of peace for whom Paul had utter contempt. Sophie, thoroughly frightened by this young ruffian whom chance had thrown across her path, made up her mind that all things considered she would not marry Ignazio until a kind fate should first remove Lavorski. Meantime, she was content to work at the dressmaker's and dream of the future when perhaps instead of living in a single room at Tiraspol she should have a flat of her own in Warsaw.

III

As she walked home in the snowy darkness across the Alexandrovsk Bridge she wondered whether the beautiful lady whom she had just left was happy, and why she had warned her against getting married.

Outside the house in Tiraspol she found Lavorski leaning against the door post, the surrounding atmosphere pregnant with the smell of vodka.

"Well, *panie!*" he cried in a bullying tone, seizing her roughly around the shoulders and dragging her towards him. "I'll not wait any longer! Will you marry me or not?"

Sophie, furious, writhed out of his clasp, her first impulse to strike him in the face. Was she never to be free of this ruffian? For the first time in their intercourse her anger dominated her discretion.

"Marry you!" she retorted contemptuously. "You lazy, drunken loafer! You haven't done an honest day's work in your whole life! You're nothing but a cheap coward full of big talk. You're *no good!*"

She more than expected that he would fell her to the sidewalk, but she had in fact called his bluff and to her surprise he instantly assumed an air of aggrievement.

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it?" he blustered, letting go of her. "You think I'm *no good*, eh? Well, that's easily remedied! You'll see whether I'm a coward or not!"

He looked after her stupidly as she climbed the steps.

"You'll see, *panie!*" he repeated, and turning, started unsteadily back to Warsaw.

It was nine o'clock on the evening before the Czar's visit to Warsaw. The Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies, and Uncle of His Imperial Majesty, was standing at the door of his tent smoking a Turkish cigarette in an amber holder, not because he did not like the taste of tobacco against his tongue but on account of the inconvenient size of his beard. He had taken off his riding boots, tossed his huge kepi upon his cot, thrust his enormous feet into a pair of Kurdistan slippers and with his legs wide apart, like a Colossus of Rhodes, was talking to a group of officers, among them his aide-de-camp, General Stanislaus Sobieski. Inside the flap of the tent stood a table upon which flickered two thick yellow candles.

An orderly approached from the direction of the field telegraph station, saluted, and silently passed a yellow envelope to Sobieski, who glanced at it and in turn handed it to the Grand Duke. Nikolai Nikolaivitch reached inside and lifting one of the candles held it near the telegram.

"Hümph!" he growled. "His Majesty is indisposed and desires me to take his place to-morrow morning in the celebration at Warsaw."

"But the Germans may attack——" protested the aide-de-camp.

"Kolenoff can hold them until I return," answered the Grand Duke. "Of course it is a great bore, but somebody must go. You can't upset the whole program."

"What is the matter with his Majesty?" inquired another of the officers. "Nothing serious, I trust."

"A constitutional weakness, I fancy!" replied Nikolai shortly. "This telegram was sent from Zeba. My nephew may have heard something ——"

"Warsaw!" muttered Sobieski significantly.

The Grand Duke grunted.

"Well, we shall start at six o'clock to-morrow morning, gentlemen. We may as well make up some lost sleep. Good-night."

The staff clicked their heels together and saluted. The Grand Duke, yawning, turned to enter the tent when an officer and two soldiers appeared escorting a man in a slouch hat and black civilian overcoat. Sobieski, recognizing him, dismissed the guard and touched Nikolai upon the arm.

"Highness! — Here is Potoki!"

"Ah!" The Grand Duke faced the visitor rather whimsically.

"Well, Mr. Ferret, what terrible thing is going to happen now?"

The man removed his hat and looked intently at the Commander-in-Chief.

"Your Royal Highness," he answered soberly, "I have information that an attempt will be made to assassinate the Czar to-morrow morning."

Nikolai caressed his moustache.

"That is the eighth time you have reported to me that same thing within the last six months," he said.

"That is quite true, Your Royal Highness, but I can only submit to you what my agents tell me. This comes well substantiated."

Nikolai shrugged his immense shoulders.

"Well, they will have to assassinate me instead!"

Potoki looked shocked.

"How many times have I been assassinated, Sobieski?" continued the uncle of the Czar, "on paper!"

"Too many to be worth counting," answered the A. D. C. "How definite is your information, Potoki?"

"Not very. We have not as yet been able to ascertain the details. But we hope to learn more before morning."

"It may be the real thing," warned Sobieski. "— And it may be the cause of His Majesty's sudden ailment," he added as if to himself.

The Grand Duke glanced at him sternly.

"At any rate this particular ailment will not be fatal," he remarked. "Potoki, you may as well cause it to be known throughout Warsaw that the Czar is not coming to-morrow and that I shall take his place."

Sobieski started.

"Your Royal Highness!" he expostulated. "You certainly will not go in the circumstances,— when no preventive measures can be taken against the plotters!"

"I certainly shall!" replied the Grand Duke. "How many hundred times have I ridden through Warsaw, do you suppose? And did anybody attempt to blow me up? Warsaw is a very dull town! Go to bed, Sobieski! Surely, if anybody wanted a mark I offer a good one!" And he lifted himself to his full height and stretched his great arms into the air so that he looked like a giant pine between two small spruces. "Good-night, gentlemen!"

She was a great deal too pretty to be a seamstress

IV

At approximately the same time that Nikolai Nikolaivitch was thus conversing with his officers two other scenes were being enacted in the forty miles distant capital in two houses not a hundred yards from each other in the Krakowskie Przedmiescie. Both were equally significant. In a small garret room with a single window facing upon the street, Tongeroff, Tarnowski's subordinate, was taking leave of Paul Lavorski, the latter as usual somewhat the worse for liquor. Between them, affixed solidly to the floor, stood a heavy catapult constructed of steel and so arranged that a single motion would ignite the fuse of the bomb which it held and release the spring.

"Now then!" said Tongeroff curtly, "do you fully understand what you are to do?"

"Of course," answered Lavorski. "When I see the motor just opposite the Russian flag I'm to pull the trigger."

"Not a moment before!"

"Not a moment before!" he echoed.

"And then you will make [*Continued on page 41*]

Paintings by Neysa McMein

Yesterday

BARBARA'S wedding, as the public prints of Our Town and New York duly recorded, was in the Spring of 1914 and left nothing to be desired in the way of beauty and hospitality.

I recall Barbara's wedding with mingled emotions — those of a mother who sees her daughter married to the right man and those of a person who at one moment manages, produces and surveys a moving-picture performance going at top speed.

Barbara's engagement and marriage seemed inexplicably associated with food. The engagement was announced at a dinner, progressed hungrily through a series of luncheons and dinners to the bride-elect and terminated in two feasts — one to the twelve bridesmaids the night before the wedding and the breakfast to the two hundred guests the following day.

Barbara's engagement was not a long one, but the following subjects revived the lost art of conversation to a delirious activity: The trousseau; the linen and the monograms thereon; the decorations of the home and church; the guests; what to eat (again); the reporters; what to be married in; what hour to be married at; what music to be married by; what style of veil to be married under; and, at the last, where to conceal Uncle Lemuel's bronze "Cupid Asleep," and the possibility of the dear Bishop missing the 10:10 train from Philadelphia.

Yet it was a charming wedding. I was proud of my daughter. She was lovely to look at.

After all, so far as possible, a girl's wedding should be exactly as she wishes it, and all Barbara's friends have been, or will be, married in this same fashion. The Custom of the Country will never be changed.

To-day

Story by Theodosia Garrison

BETTY was married this afternoon. The telegram came this morning and I took it to her at the Red Cross Headquarters. "It's all right," she said, "Jim's coming home. Seven days' leave. Just wait till I finish this pad and I'll go on with you."

It was as we walked home together (we have given up the car) that she put her arm under mine and gripped it. "What are you going to do when I tell you that Jim and I are getting married this afternoon?"

Three years ago I would have had hysterics and issued commands. Now I only said: "I'm coming to the wedding, my dear."

We stopped at Dr. Atkinson's. Betty's method of asking him to officiate was void of ceremony. "Jim's coming home," she said, beaming; "will you drop in and marry us about four o'clock?" In Betty's room, I remembered Barbara's wedding with its attendant glories and I felt sorry for my Betty, calling up her wedding guests on the telephone and packing a suitcase with old clothes. "What are you going to wear?" I asked. "One of my little white gowns," she said. "It doesn't matter, of course, but I'd like to look pretty for Jim. This is probably the last time we'll have together before he sails. Just because we're only having our own people in and a friend or two, instead of a crush, and a flag for all the decorations, and a rector instead of a bishop, and war-cake and tea for a feast, and 'The Star Spangled Banner' for 'The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden,' you refuse to consider it a wedding," she teased. "*You'll see!*"

And so, my dear, Betty was married this afternoon. She has gone away with her captain in khaki for their five pitiful, glorious days. *I saw.* It was a real wedding — the most beautiful wedding I ever attended.

Sixty Thousand Strong

The Splendid Part the "My America" League Is Playing in the War

by **Anna Steese Richardson**

TWO years ago!

The United States, a neutral country, basking in great prosperity.

Bets laid on the number of months in which the Allies would bring Germany to its knees.

Women knitting in the Metropolitan's golden horseshoe, accused of posing and aping the titled rich abroad.

Americans making millions in war stocks and salving their consciences by sending many thousands to Belgian refugees.

And in New York, one editor of keen vision quietly organizing his readers against that inevitable day when his country must fight for its place among the free nations, for self-rule, for its very life.

The Editor of the McClure Publications chose as his organ The Ladies' World, the name of the organization, the "My America" League, and for its slogan: "I will be ready." For the past four months the headquarters of the big League has been in McClure's Magazine.

Sixty thousand Americans learned that slogan. Some cut it from the magazine and pasted it against the walls of lonely farmhouses and mountain cabins. Others carried it from house to house in quiet villages. And hundreds chanted it above the whirr of machinery or as they marched through city streets.

For two years those who had caught the editor's vision went about their task of preparedness.

Teachers organized their pupils, and when Uncle Sam called for soldiers of the soil, the boys and girls were ready.

Leaders of women's clubs taught the slogan to their members, and when Commissioner Hoover asked for Food Conservation, thousands were ready to obey.

Employers in factories, stores and offices encouraged their workers to form "My America" Leagues. When war was declared the men were ready to enlist, the women to fill their places.

In the far west, a Superior Court Judge gave to each foreigner who secured naturalization papers in his court a "My America" button, with simple instructions in American ideals. When those men joined the colors, they were ready to serve *their* America.

Mothers, remembering the women of France and Belgium in their prayers, added: "And I will be ready." When the first draft was called, these mothers were ready to stand behind their sons with that steadfast love and cheer which builds up the morale of an army.

Young and old "My America" members learned to give. Here a school adopted a French or Belgian orphan. There a town supplied clothing for an entire refugee colony. In six weeks one society received 1,800 garments and several hundred dollars in cash from a few little groups of "My America" workers. The McClure Publication offices became a clearing-house for war relief organizations and 60,000 generous Americans.

When President Wilson declared us to be in a state of war, the sixty thousand had acquired the habit of giving. They were ready to organize their towns for the highest type of service. Wherever they are, they have directed Liberty Bond drives, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus campaigns. To-day they are selling War Savings Stamps and United States Government Thrift Cards.

Sixty thousand men and women, boys and girls especially equipped for war service by two years of self-training through the "My America" League!

And here we come to the most characteristic feature of "My America" membership. It develops initiative.

There is no cumbersome national organization with the inevitable delays due to red tape, involved rules and regulations. Each of "My America's" sixty thousand has learned to do for the country what lies at hand, what he or she can do best. And when they have not known just what to do, they have written to the editor, explaining their environment, their financial circumstances and their qualifications. The "My America" editor has suggested the work for which they are best suited.

The result has been a superb salvage of human energy which organizations with extremely definite aims and purposes, hard and fast methods of working, do not command.

"Our roads are so bad that we cannot organize a Red Cross Chapter," writes a farm woman.

"But you have a telephone. Pledge your neighbors to knit socks, according to Red Cross instructions which we enclose," answers the editor.

"We cannot get any more yarn out here," writes a small town woman.

"Until the yarn shortage passes, make over half-worn adult clothing for Belgian children."

"I have given all I can spare to the Red Cross, sold War Savings Certificate Stamps and, of course, I am raising food. But is there nothing else a farm boy can do until he is old enough to enlist?"

And back to this lad living in the heart of a Scandinavian community went patriotic literature with explicit directions for distributing it most efficiently and effectively.

This is another strong feature of "My America" work. It appeals to men. The average relief organization utilizes the actual services of women and asks men for financial help only. "My America" campaigns require the cooperation as well as the dollars of men. It demands above all else individual, personal service and a living, pulsing spirit of patriotism.

To understand this, you need only to help the "My America" editor open the day's mail.

You recall that in McClure's Magazine for March, there was an appeal for three-cent stamps to support Hélène Thibault, the little girl whose story is told briefly once more at the bottom of this page. Here was a case of double war-time salvage — the pennies left from larger gifts to patriotic funds, and the future of a wee human derelict.

And the response from American men was amazingly large.

"It's too costly in these times to spend three cents to get three cents to its destination. Therefore I enclose $2.00 which reduces the overhead. See?

"D. R., Ind."

"Enclosed please find 10 cents in stamps for Hélène Thibault.

"G. M. G., U. S. Army, retired."

"You can't make any such appeal as you made for little Hélène Thibault to me and get out of it with a three-cent stamp. There may be some of the fifty-five thousand readers who mean well but will forget to send in anything at all, so here are ten three-cent stamps for the brave little girl, and if you are only accepting one from each contributor you may credit the rest to my wife, my little son, my Irish terrier, and the rest to any imaginary relatives you may see fit to give me.

"First Lieutenant, Infantry, National Army."

But quite the most remarkable letter in answer to this appeal came from a southern cantonment:

"If you will permit, I would like to allot part of my pay to your League for the help of all orphaned or destitute French kiddies. Especially would I like to allot part of my pay to helping little Hélène Thibault, the League's own baby. I am expecting to go to France real soon and as I have no dependents it would please me to be able to help as much as I can in your noble work. Loyally yours,

"Sergeant ——"

Offer an American man *his* kind of war service and he rises to the occasion promptly and efficiently.

No man is too busy to form or join a Slogan Club. Devising patriotic slogans is a more fascinating game than working out puzzles or solitaire.

"It will be much appreciated if you will send me at once all data pertaining to the formation of a Slogan Club. The matter has been taken up here with the Lions' Club, a very active and energetic body of representative business men, and I believe we can instil a lot of good through the medium of one of your proposed Slogan Clubs.

"If, at the time of sending me this information, you have any of your slogan cards ready, I shall pledge myself to place same conspicuously in and about town.

"Thanking you for your early courtesy, and awaiting your pleasure, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"M. G. DeB ——

"Retail Sales Manager, The O—— H—— Company."

No business man [*Continued on page 35*]

Our Rich Little Poor Girl

BEFORE the March number of McCLURE'S came out nobody had ever heard of Hélène Thibault. She wasn't really a heroine in the dramatic sense of the word even though she did live in a bombarded French town. She simply stuck to her old grandmother when everyone else in her family had been frightened away by the terrible gray-green cloud of Huns that swept down upon the peaceful little town. The grandmother couldn't flee. She was too old. So this little eight-year-old girl stayed behind. It was just as simple as that. To her eight-year-old mind there seemed absolutely nothing else to do. Someone had to stay with poor Granny.

After the town had been recaptured by the French, a relief society found her, world-wise with horror, her childhood drowned in fear. Ultimately, the "My America" League adopted her, and has asked for new three-cent stamps. It wants enough to put her safely in school, far from the roar of the German guns.

In every quarter of these United States friends have sprung up for Hélène Thibault. Stamps are pouring in generously. That is why she is a rich little girl to-day. Other little girls of eight would love to have her come and live with them. Grandmothers have taken her into their hearts. What we wish to know is, have you sent in *your* three-cent stamp?

Ten Days Behind the War

Way Out Here in Honolulu

by

Fannie Heaslip Lea

Decorations by Seddie Aspell

THE man with the magazine wagon moves, when sunset begins to burn at the end of the street, from the corner of Fort and King, to the corner of Fort and Hotel. He knows which way the currents of Honolulu flow. Steamer days when the pyramidal rack on his wagon is gay with newly-opened magazines and newspapers he draws a little crowd about him. Soldiers and sailors, one or two women, a child looking for a comic supplement, the tired business man of the tropics — the man with the magazine wagon draws them all.

When I demand of him hungrily, "What's in today?" he turns, instantly alert:

"I know! You want the New York *Times*—" and there, under the peacefully sputtering arc-light, with a Japanese woman behind me hunching her baby higher on her gaily kimono-ed back, with a sailor off some foreign cruiser scraping his round straw hat casually against my own inoffensive bonnet — with a wasteful sunset fading out in turkis-green and gold before my inattentive eyes, the headlines of Home leap out at me:

"GERMAN STRIKE SPREADS DESPITE ARMY. SOCIALIST AND LABOR LEADERS SEIZED. BERLIN FACTORIES UNDER MARTIAL LAW."

A thrill, an undoubted thrill — but it might be a bigger one if the Pacific *Commercial-Advertiser* of this morning had not reported in cold set terms of indisputable wireless and cable that the Bolsheviki were demobilizing, that the Ukrainian peace had been concluded, and that Germany and Austria were once more hung with flags of great rejoicing.

So much difference can ten days make with the lords of life and death!

And ten days away from the times is Honolulu.

Oh, we get daily the essential facts — we know when a ship is torpedoed, or a town retaken; but the million and one details, the little things that serve to feed the leaping fires of patriotism, for these, we are a week to ten days late.

In spite of which, there isn't a town in the States, there isn't a town under the flag, that feels deeper, or answers quicker, or cares harder than Honolulu.

We are of the War, but not in it.

We can't go down to the station and feed the boys going by on their way to the front, because there isn't any station, of that especial sort, and the boys who are here don't need it.

We can't work in munitions factories because there aren't any here to work in — and it's hard, sometimes, looking up at the star-spangled banner where it ripples against a lazy blue sky set with powder-puff clouds — it's hard even to visualize the muck and the blood and the filth of the trenches.

Nevertheless, we can roll bandages — and we do.

I sometimes wonder if in all this new world of strange unholy sights, there is, at the moment, anything stranger or quainter or more comforting than the women of Honolulu rolling bandages for saviors they have never seen. They roll them in the throne-room of what was once Liliuokalani's palace; with all the dead Hawaiian kings and queens looking down from the walls in dark surprise — with the crossed barbaric spears and crowns and *leis* glittering goldenly above the long wide-opened windows — with the royal dais, and its four red and gold carved chairs emptily facing the long room full of white-capped, white-aproned women — with the full-length portrait of Liliuokalani herself, still wreathed and garlanded in funereal crêpe, smiling, a little abstractedly, she who had her own brief, breathless knowledge of war, from the Eastern wall.

Boy Scouts before the palace in Honolulu and some of our new Americans gladly answering the draft call

There is a little people's table in that room some days, and among the school children who give their small off-hours so freely there are Chinese girls and Hawaiian and Portuguese.

It isn't, however, the kind of scene to which that room has been accustomed. I look at the long, white-covered tables, sometimes, at the rows of busy Red Cross workers, and I remember the day of Liliuokalani's funeral. Not so long ago it was, at that.

Then the throne-room was crowded with tall, feathery *kahilis*, like trees walking — and between the tabu sticks upon her royal bier, banked with great purple orchids, lay the dead queen. A white-robed bishop read the burial service over her. Gold-laced officers and consuls stood solemnly about. Black-coated congressmen checkered the background — (there was a party of them in the Islands at the time). And that, if you like, is what the throne-room was born to.

There are echoes, too, hanging about its walls, of the soft, whispering Island music — behind tall potted palms how many orchestras have played in that room for the stately passing feet of how many lovely ladies and brave men! Here, the Governor has stood, at the head of the receiving line — there gold lace has glittered

and bare shoulders have glowed beneath the radiance of the gorgeous chandeliers.

All is changed now! Day after day those lofty white and gold walls hear only:

"How many compresses? How many gauze wipes? That's one hundred and fourteen packages this afternoon . . . "

Oh, yes,— Honolulu rolls bandages!

And in every window of the town, very nearly, you can see beside the Red Cross card with its significant array of smaller crosses, the card of the Food Administration with its wreath-encircled shield. Wheatless days — meatless days,— porkless days. Ten days away from New York, we have them all. It amazes one to see with what eagerness the Japanese servants subscribe to the new régime. Their kitchens are plastered with Hooverian edicts, clipped from magazines and newspapers. They accept with absolute delight the making of banana bread, sweet potato bread, cassava bread. If the mistress forgets, the man remembers.

Incidentally, it has its amusing moments. Finding that I was about to lose a cherished washerwoman I reproached her. She said she "no like talk food. Not nice talk" — but it appeared, upon a domestic probe, that she was *not* getting enough to eat. Whereupon, I reproached the mogul of the kitchen who replied grimly, yet with a touch of pride:

"E-con-o-mize! I save food — more better — this war-time. Gov-ern-ment speak."

That is, when you come to think of it, rather wonderful. He had overdone it, of course. But what couldn't Mr. Hoover do with an army of just such faithful souls!

Also, there is the other story of the Japanese youth who bought Thrift Stamps in a shop the other day and had explained to him the inner workings of the matter. How, within a certain length of time, the Stamps would bring him in more money than he had originally paid for them. The boy tore them up,— twenty dollars' worth of stamps which he had bought and paid for — and dropped them on the floor.

"Why in some sweet saint's name did you do that?" inquired the man behind the counter.

"Because," said the young Nippon curtly, "I like give money to Government. I no ask Government give money to me."

There's an odd little thrill in that story — it's a true one, too.

And a great many of the men who stood up in the questionnaire a week or so ago and told all their secrets to the printed form, which spared not man nor beast, couldn't speak English, plainly. The men who helped them out had to wrestle with pidgin.

"You like *hakakau* (fight for) America?"

"Yes, I like *hakakau* America,"— or "No can do — got wife and baby" — according as they did or they didn't want to claim exemption. Only, think of the splendid unquestioning faith of a man who *wants* to fight for a country whose language he can't even handle — yet!

There aren't many stars, as yet, on the borders of our service flags — but we know it's got to come. Punahou, the school that has sent so many football heroes and swimmers and rowers to the eastern colleges, has one gold star on the border of its great, gallantly star-spattered service flag, for a boy who fell in France — and Punahou is very proud.

It isn't possible, if we were sunk in the sweetest lethargy in the world, which we are not — (for all our golden rains and streaming sunshine — for all our picture-book mountains and fairy-tale surf on ivory beaches — for all our shimmering cane fields and dusky green stretches of pineapples) — it isn't possible to live in Honolulu, and not feel the quickened heart-beat of the world. Because, for one thing, those shimmering cane fields are being drained of their uttermost yields to furnish the sugar the world is starving for. Half a million tons yearly! And the men who look after that are breaking their backs to make it more. Also, half the pineapple crop of the Islands has been contracted for by the Government for the use of the army and navy.

We used to be a happy hunting-ground for the omnivorous tourist. He crowded the beach at Waikiki and left the stamp of his approval upon our scenery. But he isn't here in any great numbers this year. The ships that used chiefly to bring him are carrying troops to France, now. Month after month we see them taken away; the boats we knew by heart; the boats we loved as brothers; and, as they go, come stealing back along the water-front, the wind-jammers, the gallant four-masters of the days of King Kalakaua and Robert Louis Stevenson. I saw one last evening standing black against the sunset. She looked like a ghost. I make no doubt that somewhere about her — if one only knew where to look for it — were "jars of pirate ginger for the likes of you and me." However, she'll soon be taking sugar to the States — she and her sisters — and that's a cargo with romance enough for any boat.

Not that we haven't still boats enough going up and down our own especial highway of the sea — big Japanese steamers, Dutch boats, boats that go down to Australia, and the great gray-hulled transports on which from time to time certain of the regiments which have come to seem part of us, embark and go gaily off to France by way of San Francisco and the States; but on the day when perchance the *Matsonia* makes a target for some Hunnish torpedo cleaving the cold gray waters of the Atlantic,— why, there will be extras out on Fort Street, and sorrow in Island hearts. Having a ship at the front is not, of course, like having a man at the front, but it is in its way a matter for pride, and no less for anxiety.

So Honolulu gives up its ships and sends forth its sons and waits, with the rest of the world, to see what will be the end of it all. Men in khaki pass along its streets; one man in khaki flies thousands of feet above them, with the star of the American aviation corps on his sea-plane.

Whatever Honolulu has been — the war has made this of her. She is now passionately American. Her quota of Liberty Bonds is heavily over-subscribed. Her Vigilance Committee sits weekly in keen-eyed council. And from France they write us back that the bandages and the surgical dressings made by the women of Honolulu are always in demand. Also, there are Belgian babies, and boys in the Belgian trenches who know — that, however, is one of many other stories.

Western-most America we are — on guard!

It's like a boy who's away from his people. Because he *is* so far away, he cares twice as hard. That's Honolulu. The war-drums are beating a long way off, but her heart keeps time — and above the languid palm-trees and against the powder-puff clouds, her flags break to the breeze as eager as any flag down all Fifth Avenue — ten days behind, or not!

The War Department has been so impressed with Neysa McMein's "service covers" on McClure's that it is asking her to go to France where she will make for us some wonderful covers — real heroes from the real front! Great stuff!

The Boy Who Could Face Himself

by Harriet Gaylord

HE is a clever chap of the wise, wise age of twenty-two, with a college degree and one term at a medical school to his credit. When I left for the country last July, he was planning, not very enthusiastically, I admit, to go to the front with a medical contingent headed by a doctor whom he knew, but when I returned in September he was still in town. He wrote in bored fashion that he should be glad to come to see me, but I must not expect any news, as he had none. He was lotus-eating at home and laziness had him in its grip. I replied that it was not difficult to diagnose his ailment as a bad case of non-khaki, adding that any man under sixty ought to feel bored these days if he couldn't get into uniform. His instant reply I append:

"No, I have decided not to be a participant in the war until I am called by the draft. You see, neither mother nor —— wants me to go, and I am rather indifferent. I think this patriotism stuff is all swank, so I'll wait to see what kismet will decide."

The surprise, shame, and disgust with which I read these words gave way instantly to a sense of humor. He was so evidently fighting himself! I answered, asking him to come to see me. He came and we had a delightful orgy of straight talk and ridicule man to man. We two leveled our barbed shafts at the slacker usurping his anatomy. No promise was asked or given; no resolution expressed. The thing had to be. He saw that he had to face and live with himself in middle age, and that he couldn't do it if he didn't play the man now.

On the evening of the next day he wrote:

"The slacker proves the absence of the auriferous color and is in service. Passed the physical test for the hospital corps 100 per cent. Leave for somewhere in U. S. A. Thursday morning. I'll see you on my first furlough in belligerent khaki!"

A post-card from camp declared: "This is the game for a man and we have a hard battle to fight before ever we reach France." Two weeks later he wrote:

"In Dixie once more! I'm hardening into a regular soldier and standing it with a grin, lugubrious at times, I will admit. I've dug up tons of clay, I've chopped down trees and done yeoman service. I am in the honor platoon and hoping for sergeant's chevrons before long."

Exactly four weeks from the day when he informed me that patriotism was all swank, he wrote this letter:

"How in the world did you get the idea I hated this life? Why, I'm as happy as can be, despite the fact that I have performed the most menial tasks a soldier can be called upon to do for fatigue duty. I have never grumbled — no, not even when I was reeling with fever from my second paratyphoid inoculation, and while I was in a semi-comatose condition, I chopped tree stumps off the parade-ground with a broiling sun addling what few brains I have left. Everybody likes me — and I am beginning to like myself! I had one fight and settled it quickly by throwing the rotter over my shoulder — I would not soil my fists on him!

"It's lots like an Arabian Nights' entertainment. The strangeness of implicit obedience is novel in the extreme. When the mess call sounds, we stampede into line instead of 'falling in.' Oh, *misericordia!* the beans I've eaten, the black-eyed peas, and oh, the delicious cabbage! The bread is incomparable! Imagine, I've gained six pounds despite all the pounding. My face is getting a fine coat of tan. Isn't it great stuff — sleeping in tents, eating food cooked over log fires, washing your canteens and meat pans, washing your own clothes — isn't it just bully?

"I enjoy the rigorous drilling with its exactions. We paraded to-day, and were told by the Major we drilled like veterans. I know the entire drill perfectly and have passed on drilling my platoon — passed with compliments for bellowing at my companions in a basso profundo.

"Yes, I like it all, the drilling, the work, the bugle calls, the 'retreat' at sundown. I do so enjoy saluting fraternity brothers and then shaking hands with them afterward! Ask any army man what his fondest ambition is and he will tell you, 'Carry the flag into Berlin and then go home d —— quick!"

To-day a letter has come which rounds out my story and begins a new chapter.

"We are under orders to leave here for France and I hope to see you before I sail. I am going to have complete charge of the operating room with the rank of First Sergeant. This is the greatest bit of luck a man ever had! You can imagine the enormous number of operations I'll witness as we shall get all the seriously wounded for immediate operation. I am overjoyed at the prospect of holding such a responsible job.

"Our training is about finished as we are at gas-mask practise. We even have our beautiful 'hobnails!' Hurrah for France! I am anxious to get on the job — very anxious! I was a slacker all too long. I wish I had gone as a volunteer in 1914."

This is what he might have missed,— what all slackers are missing! Boyish? Yes. Emotional? Yes, but the emotion which surges up from the joy of being accounted a man among men is one of the few emotions of this life potent enough to last beyond the grave. Every boy who plays his man's part now, is going to be able to face his middle-aged self without hanging his head in shame. Be sure if he can face that stern mentor he can also walk proudly erect before his God, his country, and his human kind!

Kidnapped!

A War Story That Will Make You Cry—With Joy

by Harold MacGrath

Illustration by Tony Sarg

THE Senator was kidnapped. I wonder if you'll believe this yarn? I don't know as I care. It's true. Four years ago you would have shrugged and winked your eye. To-day, quite likely, you'll say: "Well, why not? This war has certainly moved us along."

I promised to go cautiously; so I can reasonably defy anybody to identify the Senator under the attendant camouflage. (There I go! I swore I'd never use that word again.) Beyond his height and black string tie, I shall give you no description of the Senator.

Queer old gassers, our politicians. They hypnotize themselves into the belief that part of the world rests upon their shoulders, when, as a matter of fact, they are in Washington for two very simple reasons, greatness or fitness having nothing to do with it. Either they have "put up" for several mayoralty campaigns and have to be squared, or they are putting the local boss on the anxious seat and he considers them safer in Washington than back home.

For years now the Senator had worn the toga solemnly and with circumspection. He had reached that point — and a good many Senators reach it — where he considered it was a life job and that nobody back home had the slightest interest in his political shoes. It follows naturally that the shadow he cast on Pennsylvania Avenue wasn't nearly so big as he thought it was. He was on a committee of sorts because he had been in the Senate just a little while longer than somebody else, and because he was a good party man.

Now I come to a little phase in his character of which he was totally unaware. He honestly believed that he was democratic, whereas he was autocratic, both in public and private life. When the Senator got an idea in his head, it stuck; if it began to show signs of falling off, he restuck it. He believed it a mark of moral weakness to recant. Know him? Probably you do. He's a type.

Like many Americans in public life, when in doubt he twisted the tail of the British lion. It never failed to fill the gap and to bring profit in the form of encomiums. He was anti-British, and nothing less than a ton of dynamite would have succeeded in dislodging him from his archaic stand. He was eventually dislodged, however, but by an Idea. It is the Idea I'm going to tell you about.

When Germany invaded Belgium the Senator was quoted as saying that it was none of our affair. When the *Lusitania* went down he recalled that the German Embassy had particularly warned the passengers. So, when we declared war upon Germany, he found himself on the wrong side of the fence. And there he stuck, on what he honestly thought to be principle when it was only force of habit. Then some editor dubbed him "The Thirteenth Senator," and the thing was done. Bang he went, right into the middle of the national spot-light. But he was no fool; he recognized that this wasn't the old white calcium, that there was something balefully ultra-violet about it.

Heretofore the Senator had looked upon newspapers tolerantly, as necessary evils. Back home they interviewed him once a year, and in Washington the reporters for the *Congressional Record* never failed to report his speeches in full. In truth, he ran with the field, doing the party will obediently; innocuous, hard-working, a fairly good speaker, but outside of Washington and the home town, unknown and unsung.

Being a highbrow, I confess I don't know what "blooey" means; but I suspect it's Reichstag for "busted dream." Anyhow, the newspaper correspondents in Washington said that the Senator had gone "blooey"; and when any one of them called for an interview, he carried his gas-mask, his liquid-fire shield and his first-aid pack.

There is a quality of pathos in all this. The Senator was a kindly, honest man, he meant to do right; but he loved the sound of his voice not wisely but too well; and when he finally awoke, he was knee-deep in barb-wire entanglements.

YOU can't very well twist the tail of a lion that's standing between you and a few millions of howling hyenas. He saw his one reliable standby go to pot. He was as lonesome as a cactus in the desert. It takes genius to do the right thing at the right moment, and the Senator was an every-day sort of politician, whose idea of genius brought to mind some long-haired poet or fiddler. Boldness would have extricated him; but he possessed only a dogged courage. He had followed precedent so long that he had lost all initiative. He thought not in a groove but in a gully.

There were lively doings back home, too, to add to his discomfort. His constituents weren't all pro-Germans. The Senator was horrified to feel a tugging at his toga, and he looked about frantically for some way to rehitch it. To get back on solid ground without crawling, — that was the idea; something that would give him a good moral excuse to turn his coat *rightside* out.

The telephone companies were able to pay their quarterly dividends out of the Senator's messages alone. His desk was continually buried under them. And the worst of it was, he had to read them all without the least idea what to reply. The Senator's *Via Doloroso* was certainly full of shell holes. And a cartoon with a British lion in it sent the blood into his cheeks.

Some way out; hourly he prayed for some way out. He didn't realize it, but what he was asking the Lord for was a miracle. And the good Lord who watches over politicians as well as fools and drunken men (when he isn't taking down the Kaiser's speeches in shorthand), generously provided one.

Somebody kidnapped the Senator!

Snatched him right off the curb in front of his club! And he vanished from the haunts of men — and particularly the haunts of Senators — for the duration of one hundred and sixty-eight hours.

Before I proceed further, I've decided to tell you the truth. This is unshamefully a love story. I can see you throw up your hands and cry that I have gone "blooey" with the Senator. All right.

Washington, as doubtless you know, is a city of grooves. I don't mean that the streets have grooves. What I have in mind is the city's political cosmos. If you have come to Washington to live, you slip into one groove or another, official or clerical. The Senator rolled around in his groove without the least idea that he was a bond-slave. He lived on the three points of a triangle, as it were — the Senate, his home, and his club.

The wretches who knocked in one side of this groove knew the Senator's habits; knew, among other things, that he was an inveterate auction player. As often as he could he went to his club — a dreadfully dignified institution not far from the White House — and played penny points until two or three in the morning. On those occasions the chauffeur — the scoundrel — would drive the Senator to the club, and leave the car — a gray limousine rather well known in Washington — at the curb, and the Senator would drive it home himself. His cronies, living in hotels nearby, always walked; and this fact made it doubly easy for the wretches who hid in the big car that memorable morning.

It was all over so quickly — and monstrously — that the Senator, who was no infant, permitted himself to

be hauled into the thing, bound and blindfolded without so much as a gurgle of protest. Just as it happens in nightmares.

The Senator woke up when he sensed the roll and bump of a country road. The car stopped. Once more hands were laid upon his sacred person, but this time to haul him into the seat. The lap-robe was thrown across his knees, for it was cold; and then the car went on into the night.

Up to this time the Senator had been too stunned and bewildered to think of anything but the desecration of the act. His mentality — what was in thinking order — revolved around one almost inconceivable fact, that it had happened at the curb in front of the club. Soon, however, he began to get his thoughts together so that he could think clearly with them. That is, he began to ask questions — mutely, of course — what the dickens it all meant. Money? He was in comfortable circumstances; but his bank-accounts were not of the sort to lure auto bandits. He groped about in a thousand blind alleys, but he couldn't pick up a glimmer of light anywhere. At length he gave up trying to solve the riddle, satisfied that the scoundrels would apprise him of their intentions all in good time. But right off the curb in front of the club! The insolence of this procedure bit deeper than the actual deed itself. They hadn't even bandaged his mouth; they had merely trussed him up and blindfolded him. He wondered now why he hadn't thought to shout for help.

SUDDENLY he spoke. "Whoever you are, if it's money — blackmail — not a single penny will you dig out of me. I warn you right now. I'm not that kind. Moreover, you'll pay for this if it takes ten years of my life."

Nobody replied.

Some thirty miles out of Washington — the Senator decided it was about that distance — the car stopped again, and this time the engine stopped also. Evidently they had arrived. A hand fell upon the Senator's shoulder.

"We get out here," said a muffled voice. "We'll free your legs if you'll promise not to struggle. Otherwise we'll use a stretcher. Which is it to be?"

"I'll walk. But I've warned you."

The villains freed his legs but they did not touch his hands or the bandage over his eyes.

There was the chill of dawn in the air as the Senator, guided by his captors, stepped upon earth. He swayed a little, for his legs were tingling with rushing blood. Five minutes later he was standing in a room. A hand went roving over him. This was followed by a scurry of feet, a banging door; and the Senator understood that he was alone. He tugged at his hands, and the rope slipped off magically. The meaning of the roving hands was now clear. He tore the bandage from his eyes and looked around.

He was in an ordinary room in an ordinary house; beyond this fact he could discover nothing in the mist-gray light of dawn. By degrees, however, things began to take form. Except for the fact that the floor was bare, there were all the comforts of home, even to a bathroom beyond. He staggered over to the cot and lay down, pulling the blankets over him. He fell asleep almost at once, which held ominous presage for the kidnappers to speculate upon. A man who could sleep under such conditions was likely to prove a stubborn antagonist.

When he awoke it was well into morning. He flung off the blankets, rubbed his eyes and took inventory. Then he jumped to his feet and ran to the window — to find it barred. He ran into the bathroom, to find that window barred also. His next move was toward the door. He eyed it malevolently for a moment, then drew back his foot and sent it crashing, flat, against a panel. An ordinary door would have cracked. This panel might have been steel, for all the impression his boot made.

"A new door made especially for the occasion," he muttered, hopping about until the sting left his toes.

He limped back to the window. He saw a barnyard, some barns and sheds, dilapidated. There was no sign of life — domestic life. An abandoned farm; it was not a cheerful outlook. Probably, with the exception of this room, the rest of the house was empty — and miles from anywhere. He returned to the bathroom to allay a disturbing thought. What he saw assured him that the disturbing thought was going to be continuous. The tub was new, the pipes, the wash-bowl. All these signified that the realization of their hopes would require a considerable length of time.

On the way back to the cot a typewritten note, propped against a box of matches on the table, caught his eye. He seized upon it eagerly.

"You will be liberated when we are ready to liberate you.

The windows are unlocked, but the bars are unbreakable. When the odor from the oil burner gets too strong, open a window.

Be careful with the matches. You will be more or less alone during the day: and if you should accidentally start a fire, we could not help you.

This is an abandoned farm, thirty-odd miles out of town, seven from the nearest railway and two from the nearest occupied farm.

The door is reinforced by sheet iron.

Open the cupboard between nine and nine-thirty in the morning, six and six-thirty at night. You will find food. Don't try to open it at any other time. It will be unlocked."

The Senator, crushing the note in his fist, sent a furious glance at the cupboard door.

"The infernal scoundrels!"

What would they want? Not a word about ransom. He ran his fingers through his cowlick, helplessly. Not a single straw to catch hold of. It was maddening. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter after nine. He strode over to the cupboard door and violently yanked it back, hoping his captors had forgotten something. But they hadn't. The far end of the cupboard was barred and padlocked. The room beyond was the kitchen. A few new pans hung from the wall over the sink. The stove was new. There was a cot, too. It had been slept in.

On the cupboard shelf was a substantial breakfast, and after a short interval of inspection the prisoner carried it to the table. He heard a sound. It was the cupboard door closing by some mechanical agency.

After breakfast, he lighted the oil burner, and took out his cigar case. Six cigars. Oh, well, the affair would be over before these were gone. Still, he wished he had his pipe. A clear Havana was satisfying only when you were physically and mentally comfortable. There was nothing like a brier when you were trying to figure out some abstruse problem.

At eleven o'clock he went to the window and threw it up.

"Help!" he called at the top of his lungs. He did not call a second time, however. Never had his voice sounded so ridiculous.

He swung about stormily, intending to stretch out on the cot once more. But he took no step forward.

The opposite wall! He hadn't noticed it before. He stared, literally dumfounded. Rows and rows of photographs and pen-portraits, and every infernal one of them — the Kaiser! All the pictures the Senator had ever seen of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, and many that he hadn't — here they were, rows and rows of them. He saw the Kaiser viewing a deer kill, a bird slaughter; saw him on his yacht with the white-whiskered von Tirpitz at his elbow; on horseback, in automobile, in coat of mail, in Tyrolian costume, in court regalia; as an admiral (of the Atlantic), as a colonel in a British regiment, as a Death Huzzar; with the Kaiserin, with the Crown Prince (see "Mr. Britling"), with Hindenburg and Ludendorf and Zeppelin and the Sultan, and Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

The Senator had seen many of these singly; but in battalions, in regiments — it stunned him! He also saw what he had never seen before, and it astonished him to recall the fact — the immeasurable vanity of yon military peacock. In the old days he had given the Kaiser's picture never anything more than a tolerant contempt. But this gallery! It was an illumination, a cold and terrible indictment. It was as if, with a stroke, a great moralist had laid bare the soul of the man. Not a human touch anywhere; nothing but I — I — I — me — me — me!

Mark me, I haven't said anywhere that the Senator was pro-German; I have merely mentioned the fact that he loved not wisely but too well the music of his own voice, and the only song he had learned to sing proficiently was the tail-twisting symphony. Outside of that he was a sound American. Only, in an evil moment, he had speciously reasoned that America was a comfortable place to live in, and that it would be folly to surrender comfort and well-being for turmoil and casualty lists. And then, having taken this stand, he didn't know how to get down. He had, you might say, kicked at a molehill to uncover a geyser — a mud-geyser. The newspapers started throwing it all the way from Maine to California.

I have said that this is a love story. Perhaps I should modify the statement and call it a story energized into being through love — two varieties, in fact, without which — for one variety reacted upon the other after the manner of fire upon powder — the Senator might still be floundering in the morass. For when he gazed about for a helping hand and saw only balled and threatening fists, his indignation at being so grossly misunderstood only drove him in deeper. Pigheaded? Well, maybe; but I sha'n't go further than to whisper it.

I don't know how long he stared at that singular gallery on the wall — perhaps a quarter of an hour. Then he exploded.

"Pah!" — long drawn out.

I wish his constituents (who were looking around for a new toga wearer about then) could have heard that simple ejaculative. It was a column of type in three letters.

Straightway he fell to pacing, an angry stride. Every now and then he would pause and pick out some picture of the Kaiser and glare at it. I might add with perfect truth that for an hour he forgot all about his own troubles, so wrought up was he by this new-found point of view. He saw the Kaiser for what he was. Conjointly, he saw the Senator, the tail-twister, the Fourth of July spouter, the standpatter for what *he* was.

"Pompous ass!"

The labor and patience back of this collection! Some pro-German of the most worshipful type had gathered it. A shrine; and no doubt the block had kowtowed every time he had entered this room. Kultur! Superior people! Windbags! The Senator was drawn closely to the wall at last. There were some photographs too small to see distinctly from where he stood. And then he made a thundering discovery. Away down in one corner were reproductions of the Twelve Wilfuls, and next in line was his own! Hypnotized, he stared. His! So *that* was what the pro-Germans thought of him and his efforts to keep the United States out of war! They looked upon him as one of them!

He went Berserker, modern style; that is, he ground his teeth, breathed hard, and rumbled mellifluously unprintable words. Taking out his penknife he slashed and ripped and gouged until that benign countenance he had so often contemplated with secret delight was obliterated. So that was what the scoundrels thought of him!

NEVER had he been pro-German. He had been passively anti-British. Why? He had never really asked himself that question before. Why had he always been twisting the lion's tail? This took some digging. Gradually the answer came to him. He had disliked the British because they had reiterated that the American husband went to dinner in his shirt-sleeves and his wife talked through her nose. The groundwork for this dislike went as far back as his young manhood. He had had the misfortune to read Dickens' "Uncommercial Traveler," a book nobody reads to-day for two reasons, one, that it was written by a man with a grouch, and the other, that it doesn't apply to-day, and never did. But it had made a searing and lasting impression upon the mind of this embryo senator. After awhile, of course, what had originally been indignation became habit; and after habit has attached itself to you, you never give it close scrutiny unless some untoward event jars you into doing so.

Here in the east we Americans have been able to rid ourselves of a good deal of that antipathy. Contact. We understand now; it is an historical, a biological and a physiological fact that blood-relations are always rowing and quarreling and hair-pulling. But simply let some rank [*Continued on page 46*]

A GREAT big July number, with the best authors and artists in America — an imposing array of talent to help win the War: Gouverneur Morris, George Barr McCutcheon, Julian Street, Fred C. Kelly, H. C. Witwer, Cleveland Moffett, Harold MacGrath, Achmed Abdullah, Porter Emerson Browne, Anna Steese Richardson, Edward Mott Woolley, Clarence F. Underwood, W. T. Benda, W. H. D. Koerner, Louise Closser Hale, F. Graham Cootes, Seddie Aspell, and again a beautiful cover by Neysa McMein. Can you beat it?

The Conclusion of

Wild Apples

The Great Novel of Youth

by the author of

"The Straight Road"

Chapter XXVI — A Widow's Only Son

THERE were no cars about the gate when Julian got home; he sent his own machine very quietly around the gravel sweep and up to the front entrance. Silence, except for the night wind through palm fronds, hiss and drip of water where the sprinklers were set at some remote point of the lawn.

Lights were still going in the big, empty parlors. As he signaled for the chauffeur to come and take his machine he saw obliquely through the open door of the little writing-room a feminine figure at the desk there — Paula Pollard, a long light silk coat over her thin summer dress, her hat on the chair beside her, finishing up her notes of the meeting. She was secretary of the League.

Going in he picked up from the hall table, where his mail was always left, a day letter, and pulled it open as he stood there. It was dated Salt Lake City. He read:

"May be detained here some time. Had I foreseen this, would have let you go in the first place. Know you are due in Juneau. Such estate matters as remain may safely wait your return. Hope this reaches you in time for sailing next Alaska steamer. Apologies and then some.

CASS HARDWICK."

Shoving the envelope into his pocket he started for the telephone, when Paula called,

"Come in a moment, Julian. Don't you want to hear about the meeting?"

He turned back to the door of the writing-room, and stood there.

"Oh, I did wish you'd been here this evening!" She was flushed, excited. "The Prentisses finally got those Canadian people here to meet the League, and — your mother's given in. She's going to have the factory converted into a munitions works."

"Well—that's good," Julian said. "Still, I don't see why it should please a pacifist."

"Yes — of course — I am," in some confusion; "but the speeches to-night — those Canadians were very convincing. I suppose there are members of the League who still feel it inconsistent with — but most of us see things quite differently now. And Benchy said — after the meeting, you know — just speaking privately with your mother, that the factory will make at least two hundred per cent. profit. You're going to be in it, aren't you?"

"No," said Julian. "I'm glad to have my mother do the right thing, but it won't affect my own plans."

"Oh," she didn't ask what those plans were, but finished, "then you don't feel that a work like this is practically the same as going to the front? Benchy says he does. Of course the — the money wouldn't count with you, as it has to with him; but this is such a big thing — Oh, Julian, it'll make such an *enormous* fortune!"

He went on into the room and leaned there at the corner of the desk while she sat looking up, speaking to him rapidly, earnestly; arguing, fairly pleading. He'd never before had a fair look at Paula's ideals; but now in her excitement she pitched them all out on the counter for his inspection. She hadn't much notion of business or public affairs; she just came back again and again, with raw simplicity — the munitions works would mean more money, more power, more social supremacy.

And all the while he was thinking of the talk between himself and Calkins that day; terrible things his old tutor had told him, so that the war seemed to sweep into the little room where they sat and surround them with its living horrors. And afterward, when Calk spoke of Zoe, with what nobility he put aside the personal — the only factor that Paula could see.

"Oh," she finished. "I don't believe I'm making any impression on you! If you'd only been here yourself this evening to hear the speakers! I 'phoned everywhere, and couldn't get the least track of you. Where in the world were you?"

"Dining—" he hesitated —"with — Zoe Consadine."

She didn't say anything for a moment, then, sitting turned away from him, while the red poured over her face and neck down to the laces of the light dress, and the fingers on the desk trembled — hardly more than a whisper ——

"I wish," she looked at the papers before her, minutes of a pacifist gathering, "I wish," huskily, "I hadn't said a word to you about the — the meeting — or anything. I — I thought from the first you weren't like yourself. If it's something you heard at Zoe's —" she stole a glance at him — "and I know it is — it wouldn't be fair to — She's perfectly undependable. I don't think you ought ——"

"Let's leave Zoe out of it, Paula."

"Leave her out? — how can we, when she's run right to you with — with ——"

"With what?"

"Why, with her version of what was said that day here at the house. No — listen! I've got to set myself right. It was Zoe that started it — said she was going to go for you next. Zoe's in an awful state; it's almost a disgrace to be seen with her. I — you — marriage to a girl like that — I don't care how much money and family she's got — would shut a man out of the best society."

"Paula, what's all this got to do with you — or me?"

"Because your mother thought — We'd talked a good deal together about it — so, she wanted to see Zoe — And — and then, afterward, Zoe came down to me — mad as she could be — perfectly insulting, and said what we were trying to fix up was a match between you and me." She waited a moment, then added, "And that's what she said to you this evening."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, this," Paula squirmed; "She had a certain color of truth for what she said. She — she said I was running after you and I was already secretly engaged to Bench." Again that interrogative pause, the swift, scared look, to see how he was taking it. Then, emphatically, "I told her that Benchy and I were absolutely nothing more than good friends. But when she asked me flat, in the most impudent manner, if you and I were engaged, I — I sort of let it go that we were."

Julian made an impatient movement, and repeated,

"What of it? This is all between you and Bench. If you choose to deny that you're engaged to him, and let Zoe think you're engaged to someone else, it's none of her business — or mine."

"But I've just told you that Bench and I are nothing more than good friends." She got up hastily; her face altered. "I think maybe that's he now — he was to come back for me — I ——"

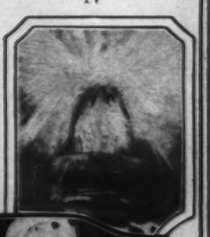
A joyous foot was plunging up the steps three at a jump.

"Hello, Jule!" [*Continued on page 32*]

The Movie-Camera Caught It!

I

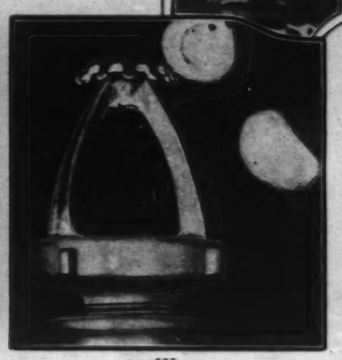
IV



WHEN the fire chiefs of America get together at conventions they study sprinklers and discuss sprinkler-protection a lot. They believe in them.

These moving pictures were made to show chiefs just what happens during the fraction of a second when a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler-head takes notice of a near-by fire.

II



III

The First Picture

The first picture shows the Grinnell Sprinkler-head in its ordinary state, standing like a little sentinel up near the ceiling, guarding a hundred square feet of floor-space. Down below you must imagine a fire, sending up its column of heat until presently the temperature reaches 155 degrees.

The kite-shaped strut is made of three pieces, set like a trap, ready to be sprung when the white metal that seals them together gets soft.

The Second and Third Pictures

In the second and third pictures, the softening of the metal is so quick, the release of the pressure so quick, and the snap of the disk-spring so quick that the pieces are *out* almost before the film could catch them. Even the splashes of soft metal can be seen flying in the air.

The Fourth Picture

Splash, comes the water! A heavy stream that breaks against the little deflector at the top and is converted into a wide-spreading spray!

You can easily imagine how slender a chance for life the fire has under such a downpour!

Millions of Grinnells like these stand guard over $2,500,000,000 of American property, making it safe against fire.

Under the ceaseless, infallible watchfulness of Grinnells, fires start from time to time, but promptly drown themselves and ring the alarm-bell. In the sprinkler-protected factory or warehouse a cry of "fire" causes little uneasiness; it can't get far, the automatic sprinklers will control it and will probably put it out before the fire brigade gets started.

Industries which directly or indirectly are providing supplies for the waging of the war cannot take chances of being put out of commission by a big fire.

To them, automatic sprinklers are an absolute necessity, whether they bring a net saving in cash or not.

The war-manufacturer who neglected to fence his factory and exclude enemy aliens would be regarded as a fool.

But the war-manufacturer who neglects any precautions, and especially the great standard precaution against fires, is equally unwise.

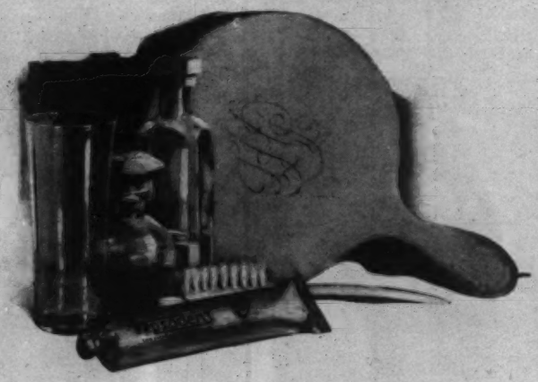
When you start to look into the sprinkler question, you will find that there is one concern which is generally recognized as the oldest and the best, whose automatic sprinklers protect more property than all other kinds put together. The name of that sprinkler is the *Grinnell*.

Don't theorize—get the figures! Write the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 285 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM
The Factory-Assembled System

Look at Your Teeth In a Week

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Give Pepsodent a Chance

This is to urge a free one-week test of a new-day dentifrice. Let it prove its own results.

Pepsodent is a scientific dentifrice, based on activated pepsin. Its object is to combat the film, the cause of nearly all tooth troubles.

Able authorities have proved its effects by four years of clinical tests. As a result, Pepsodent is fast supplanting old teeth-cleaning methods. Let a week's use show you why.

All dentists and most people know that brushing teeth in old ways does not save them. Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay. Tartar accumulates. Most people over forty suffer from pyorrhea.

The trouble is not with the tooth brush. It lies in a film, which the brush alone can't end. Now a way has been found to combat that film, and everyone should know it.

What That Film Does

Your teeth's chief enemy is a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. Dentists call it "bacterial plaque."

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So nearly all tooth troubles are due to that film. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays and resists the tooth brush. And it forms a ceaseless danger.

That film is albuminous. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Until lately, a pepsin tooth paste seemed impracticable. Pepsin must be activated else it is inert. The usual activator is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method—used in Pepsodent—makes possible this form of film attack. So Pepsodent is fast displacing the old inefficient cleaners.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste, and watch its effects. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Note how they whiten as the fixed film disappears. The results will not long be in doubt.

After that week, you will not return to old ways, we believe. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

Endorsed by Dentists

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 130 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

(108)

Spading Up and Speeding Up!

Making Your Garden Work for the War

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

NOTWITHSTANDING the remarkable response to the appeal for more food made by the Government in 1917, every effort made a year ago must be exceeded this season or there will not be food enough to carry us through another winter. Our own needs are pressing, the needs of the Allies are growing more urgent, and the "friendly neutral nations" cannot be absolutely neglected. Further, conditions are now such, both at home and abroad, that food demands on this country are no longer a question merely of war or peace. Increased food demands will continue possibly five, ten, even fifty years—and must be met. They can only be met by intelligently, determinedly, and consistently increasing the food supply.

To produce more food and to make the best possible use of all food that is produced is the only way in which the food supply can be increased. In spite of labor difficulties and a shortage of seeds and fertilizing materials, the 1917 crop records—when "the largest acreage in the history of the country" was planted—prove what the United States is capable of in the matter of increased production on the part of both professional or "regular" as well as "volunteer" farmers of the country. Not only because it materially increases the general food supply, however, but largely because it reduces the strain upon transportation, the planting of home gardens by volunteer farmers, combined with the preservation, in the home, for future use, of all surplus perishable food so produced, is of peculiar importance at this time, and deserves continued and particular attention. Any household that is "self-feeding" as far as possible, stands in the front ranks of national service.

In connection with perishable crops and war gardens, the United States Department of Agriculture makes the following statement:

"LAST year the production of perishables is estimated to have been 50% greater than normal. Notwithstanding the large output, the marketing difficulties were relatively less than in former years because of the effective efforts of the people throughout the country, assisted by Federal and State agencies, to conserve these products for future use by canning, preserving, pickling, and drying. The department again will actively assist in the conservation of perishables, as it did last summer, and will be able to render more effective assistance with its largely increased staff. It will cooperate with all State agencies, especially the State agricultural colleges, to bring about the planting of more war gardens, to see that they are maintained throughout the season, and to insure the crop consumption or preservation for future use of all perishables."

While it has been estimated that several hundred million quarts of fruits and vegetables were successfully canned in 1917, it is also true that, in cases, quantities of food were wasted through unwise planting and careless or improper treatment. With every operation, every seed, every ounce of fertilizer as precious as it now is, food grown and then misused constitutes a greater drain against the country than if that food had not been produced in the first place.

Although the planting season has only just begun, much food waste later on can be prevented by so planning our gardens now that they will serve the longest possible period of usefulness, with crops maturing in succession rather than one "midsummer glut," and by preparing ourselves, even at this early date, to be ready to properly preserve all surplus fruits and vegetables, or other perishable food, that might otherwise go to waste.

THERE are many methods of preserving surplus fruits and vegetables against future need—canning, drying, jelly-making, sweet preserving, pickling, fermentation, also natural storage. Of these, canning, drying, and storing are, perhaps, the most economical and practical for general home use and common practise, although jelly-making and some methods of pickling are desirable at times. Under the present food stress, whatever method will best conserve possible food waste and produce greatest returns for the time and money spent—including food materials, fuel, and containers—should be favored.

Natural storage of winter vegetables—potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbage—requiring neither fuel nor containers and very little effort other than the growing of the vegetables, should be encouraged. Even in the comparatively small garden, such vegetables can very frequently be grown to the extent of family needs for winter use, and any space devoted to them offers greater food return to the country than if increased crops of summer vegetables are planted in their stead. The relative merits of canning and drying should also be carefully balanced before either work is undertaken. Canned food may be the more palatable and attractive, but drying is less expensive—both in the matter of fuel and containers—requires comparatively little skill, although care and judgment must be used, and any small surplus from the garden, hardly practical for canning, may be saved by this method. Moreover, drying so greatly reduces bulk that little storage space is required, and the cost of transportation—if necessary—is correspondingly small. Incomplete drying and neglect after drying are the chief causes of failure or waste, and should be guarded against. Community canning and drying, under efficient leadership, frequently saves time, labor, fuel, and even materials. Jams, fruit butters, and marmalades also deserve special consideration. They are more economical than jelly as all of the fruit is used, and less sugar is required.

With the help now available from the Department of Agriculture there is little reason for failure in preserving food for winter use or for unwise handling of any food crops—if we will only learn to ask for the help offered.

THE following bulletins prepared by specialists may be obtained free of cost, by addressing the Division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Home Canning by the One Period Cold-Pack Method:
Farmers' Bulletin 839.
Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables:
Farmers' Bulletin 853.
Home-Made Fruit Butters:
Farmers' Bulletin 900.
Preservation of Vegetables by Fermentation and Salting:
Farmers' Bulletin 881.
Drying Fruits and Vegetables in the Home: Farmers' Bulletin 841.
A Community Drying Plant:
Farmers' Bulletin 916.
Home Storage of Vegetables:
Farmers' Bulletin 879.

SUCCESSFUL CANNING AND PRESERVING, by Ola Powell, Assistant in Home Demonstration Work, States Relation Service, United States Department of Agriculture, is also earnestly recommended. It is a recent publication and a most comprehensive and complete volume, covering every phase of food preservation, and is particularly practical and inspiring because of its 164 illustrations, and the bibliography at the close of each chapter. To those really interested in the successful preserving of food, whether by canning, drying or other methods, such a volume is invaluable.

We call the attention of our readers to "Food and Freedom" by Mabel Dulon Purdy. This valuable book, endorsed by the Food Administration, is a great deal more than a cook book. *Harper and Brothers*, $1.00

The Time-Clock and the War

[*Continued from page 15*]

you've got a bad driver, and a bum engine, the best wheels in the world won't help you.

"No, sir, it's team-work that's going to win this war.

"Why has Germany been able to stand off all the rest of the world for four years, and win against it at that? It's team-work.

"To win this war, you've got to help me, and I've got to help you. Everybody in this country has got to help everybody else.

"Suppose I'm a soldier at the front. I can't stay at the front unless I've got cartridges to shoot and food to eat and clothes to wear.

"All right. Now where do I get them?

"They come to me in ships.

"All right. Then somebody's got to build the ships and somebody's got to run the ships.

"I've got to have food to eat.

"All right. Then somebody else has got to plant corn and wheat and rye and raise cattle and sheep and hogs and run packing-houses and grain elevators and railroad trains and grist-mills and food factories.

"And I've got to have clothes to wear.

"So somebody else has got to raise cotton and wool and run cotton mills and looms and cloth factories and button factories and clothing factories and shoe factories and knitting mills and make underwear and bandages and helmets and uniforms and blankets. If I don't get those, I catch pneumonia, or freeze and die of exposure.

"And I've got to have things to shoot with.

"All right. So somebody else has got to make guns, and rifles and shrapnel and high explosives and bullets and cartridges and hand grenades and mines and poison gas.

"It's a soldier's job to fight. But it's everybody else's job in the country to give him the things to fight with. Otherwise they're just sending him to be murdered.

"And when labor and capital and everybody else in this country realize these things, then, and only then, have we got a chance to win this war.

"No man and no group of men have any rights in this country now. All the rights belong to the country. The country's got to protect you. And you've got to trust the country to protect you.

"All this talk about your rights and my rights, about capital's rights and labor's rights, has got to stop!

"All you've got to do now is to give your country a square deal. It'll do it too, if you give it a fair show. Don't worry about that!

"A lot of you are demanding higher wages?

"An English soldier gets far less than you, and so does a French soldier. Suppose they should strike for higher wages? Where would the laboring man and the capitalist at home be then?

"Suppose an English soldier or a French soldier or an Italian soldier should strike for an eight-hour day and the Germans should decide to attack after hours? Then what would happen to your laboring man and your capitalist at home?

"If a soldier has to be ready to fight twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week and probably get killed besides, where do you get off refusing to work but eight hours? And remember that no soldier at the front is fighting for himself. He's fighting for you, to save you and your wife and children, your home, your job, your country. And as you depend on him to win the war, so he is depending on you to help him win the war. And you are just as necessary to him as he is to you. You and he are partners in the same business.

"And here he is, willing and eager to fight. And you aren't even willing to work. What kind of a team do you call that? What kind of a partnership?

"It would be the same thing with capital. But capital can't strike. And capital either quit, or had to quit, talking long ago. Capital is taking the profits that the Government gives it. A lot of the capitalists have gone to work for the Government at a dollar a year, and their sons went to France long ago. And what little blind capital there is left is waking up fast.

"And just as the soldiers have thrown away the time-clock at the front, so have we got to throw away the time-clock here at home. It's team-work that's going to win this war. And it isn't team-work for four hours a day, or for eight hours a day. It's team-work for twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

"There's only one thing that means anything to us now! And that's to win this war!"

He sat down. But they all cheered so he had to get up again and bow. He was red and embarrassed. It was the first speech he had ever made.

And the strike? It resulted in a compromise. The men got the boy to go with them to talk to the general manager. And within half an hour they had reached an agreement. And there hasn't been any friction in the plant since. For the first time the owners and the men seemed to realize that they were not enemies, but partners.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1918.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The McClure Publications, Inc., publishers of McClure's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc.,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Editor, Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

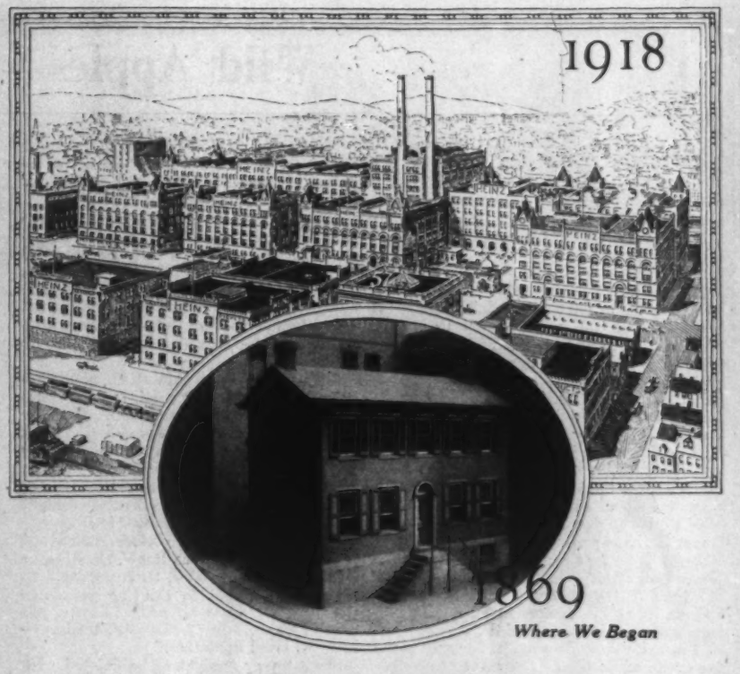
2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)
The McClure Publications, Incorporated,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Cameron Mackenzie,
61 West Tenth Street, New York, N. Y.
Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Horace W. Paine,
76 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Estate S. H. Moore,
27 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.
Frederic P. Warfield,
185 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Elizabeth Collins — Scarsdale, New York.
Holland S. Duell — Yonkers, New York.
Mabel H. Duell — Yonkers, New York.
Estate F. M. Lupton — Brooklyn, New York.
George Kibbe Turner — Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Douglas S. Moore — Cutchogue, Long Island.
Dorothy M. Miller,
2803 Scarborough Road, Cleveland, O.
George H. Fitzgerald
448 Madison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
A. S. MOORE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1918.
[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 35. Bronx Register's No. 915. (Certificate filed in New York County, No. 119.) New York Register's No. 9161. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)



Where We Began

The words

HEINZ

57 Varieties

stand for good things to eat

IN all grocery stores, in many markets, delicatessen shops and other places where things to eat are sold, you will find some of the 57 Varieties.

In many places you will find all of them:

Some of these varieties are foods; others are condiments or relishes intended to give an appetizing taste to other foods. All of them, whether foods or relishes, have one very great thing in common—one thing that makes them characteristically Heinz—they are all good to eat. They are all made of good materials—the choicest that can be raised, or bought, or made. Many of the fruits and vegetables used are grown under our own supervision, from our own selected seed in those localities where we have found that soil and climate combine to produce the best.

They are all clean, all pure—all wholesome

They all have just the right flavor, that perfect taste which makes them so likable, the result of careful cooking and preparation, the work of men and women who have spent their lives in the work of making food taste as good as it should.

Heinz has many plants, preserving kitchens, salting stations, warehouses, all over the world, and thousands of happy, enthusiastic, loyal work people to keep the promise that wherever you find a product bearing the name "Heinz" on the label, that product is good to eat.

Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Pickles, Vinegar, Olive Oil, etc.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

57 Varieties

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 29*

the red-headed one shouted from the porch. "Glad to see you here. She's told you —" Paula looked around with scared eyes, but he finished — "about the munitions. Great, ain't it?"

While they shook hands, Paula began gathering her things together.

"Great!" Julian echoed.

"It's what we worked for. You fellows who are going to the front needn't think"— Benchy's tone had a little drop in it — "Anyhow we're the men *behind* the men behind the guns. Gosh knows I'm glad to get in on it, even."

Julian watched him as, with apparent unconsciousness, he went up and laid a hand on Paula's shoulder, saying,

"I left 'em all in good shape at their hotel, girlie;" then to Julian, "I went down in the auto with that committee. Tell you it sets me aflame every time I talk to those fellows. Don't you forget it, all the good things, all the opportunities in this old world, are going to be for the men who do their bit — any kind of bit — in this European war. The chap that stays out is taking a hack with an ax at his chances in life — handicapping himself in the race of the strong."

"I'm ready now, Benchy." Paula's tone was even and colorless. She moved toward the door. Instantly Bench scooped up her belongings, followed, caught her arm and swung her around.

"Hold on. Lemme tell Jule some more. America'll be in this war before we're done. Betcha the man that sits in the White House ten years from date is a chap that trained in a camp at Del Monte or Plattsburgh last year."

"Oh, please don't talk any more war," said Paula wearily.

"W'y, y' purblind pacifist!" Benchy smiled indulgently. "Don't you hear me tell you it's your chance? If I'm to —" he looked from her to Julian and halted. "You wouldn't have a man that —"

"Oh, come on." Paula's face was a study in chagrin. "Good-night, Julian," but she didn't look at him. As she dragged Bench away the red-headed one was protesting in a hoarse undertone that he hadn't really let out anything.

Julian looked after them, then late as it was, turned back toward the telephone and his own affairs. Bench was going to get her. Well, he was sorry for him.

He called for the home number of a young fellow he knew, who was in the steamship company's San Vicente office. As he waited for a connection, he saw his mother come down-stairs. He got his man, and the information he wanted, aware while he did so that she stood waiting. As he hung up, she said,

"You're going to get your boat, aren't you? Day after to-morrow — that's good — better than I'd thought." She moved a little nearer and sat down.

"Yes, mother." He faced around toward her interrogatively. She answered his look with:

"I had a message from Mr. Hardwick, myself. I'd telegraphed him. He knew well enough you dared not risk the Alaskan climate in winter. I don't see why he — but if you go now, you can be back before there'd be any danger."

So she had known all along that Hardwick was not in San Francisco — she had known where he was.

"Danger," Julian repeated with a little dry laugh. "I'm going to catch this boat, and I do rather expect to be in California again in the course of a month or so. But only because it suits my plans."

"There's no use talking recklessly, much less acting recklessly, Julian." She sat up straighter in her chair. "You're going into the climate that cost your Uncle Tom his life; you understand that very well."

"Excuse me, mother — it's the other thing I understand."

"Other thing?" she echoed.

"Yes, I've known for two years that Uncle Tom didn't die of consumption, and how he did die."

"What?" in a startled tone. She looked almost comically discountenanced. Finally, she said,

"I'll discharge Ben Dye to-morrow — he ought to be ashamed — a man I've done as much for —"

"Then he can go up to the mines when I do," said Julian quietly.

"Well, mother," Julian began to speak after quite a silence, "there seems to me no use in quarreling with you. And I have some things that I must say to you."

He began to speak slowly — in difficulties, almost from the first. His mother listened intently. It was not the objective history of his love and Lynnie's that he was telling; it was the inner truth . . . A cruel advantage — so much money. They felt themselves of different flesh. . . . Poor little girl that worked in a factory — hectored by a shrewish mother —

"She hadn't much education, no opportunities," he ended his brief, labored statement; "but she was — she is still, wherever she may be — one of God's chosen. It's a heavenly silence and peace that little thing carries with her. She gave me my first understanding of what love — in its big sense, just pure human tenderness — might be. I was a poor, green, sensual fool; cruelly selfish with her; but — before she turned against me there at the last — there was a love between us, mother, that you ought to understand. I got to thinking years ago that you didn't love anybody. I knew you didn't love me. But I saw — at the last — how you loved my father."

She sat very straight as he finished. He could not tell what went on behind the mask of her face; but he knew there was no comprehension there.

"I suppose," she said, measuring out her words, dry and hard, "that this means the end of any hopes I had of a match between you and Paula Pollard — a girl that's been like a daughter to me — that, if you weren't blind you could see is in every way fitted to be the ideal wife for you." She glanced at him sharply. "Let me know the worst. Am I to understand that you'd still marry this person if you could? — *marry* her?"

"Do I need to tell you that, mother? Entirely outside the question of my love for Lynnie, my undying respect, my adoration for her, as I see it, I'd *have* to take her off the streets, out of any degradation, and make her my wife — and I would — I would."

"That's enough," Mrs. McCulloch put up her hand. "I didn't think it of you. Your father believed it. The night he died he said ——"

"Mother," he interrupted her without realizing till afterward that he had done so, "when I got back to the house that night McCurdy said father'd asked for me."

"Certainly. He had asked for both of us."

"But you were with him — you were there. What did he — say — about me? Was it something I was to do for him? No," he answered himself. "You would have told me if it had been that." She was silent, her eyes on his face as he finished slowly. "Then it concerned — just what we've been speaking of!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because father had talked to me — about Lynnie — told me of her marriage; and I think he was sorry. He — asked me to forgive him."

"Oh, he told you of the marriage," she repeated, and stiffened at the words. Her face was full of pain, but wary, and the eye like flint. "It seems to me you know all there is to know."

"Certainly not. I've never been told why he called for me there at the last — and the nurse was prevented from bringing his message. I'm asking you."

"Well . . . you can ask." She got up, and he rose instantly. They faced each other, standing. "You're a hard son to me. Good-night, Julian. I hope sleep may bring you counsel. You need a great deal of it."

But Julian seemed to be going to get no sleep that night. For hours he lay in his bed in that curious, alert state, neither sleeping nor waking, that seems to be a different dimension from either, a place where time is abolished, and the past has presence, as well as the future. Again and again he would reach out and pull on the shaded bedside light, to see the big, sober, elegant, man's room that was not his, yet immeasurably familiar.

And, at last, toward morning he did fall into fitful dozing.

He waked with a sort of dry urgency upon him to be gone. All the uncertainty, all the option, seemed to have been taken away somewhere in that brief interval of semi-unconsciousness. The prospect, the actions just ahead, had strangely lost their relish; yet he could see nothing but to go vigorously on. Weren't the staterooms reserved for himself and Uncle Ben? What was there to do but to go on? He dressed, breakfasted, and finished packing, then rang for the boy to come and get the heap of his father's clothes that were to be sent out. When the Jap had gone staggering under the pile, he turned to the mantel where lay the few little things taken from the pockets, and stood giving them a final examination before burning.

The last item was a large white envelope; he knew what was in that; he had looked that over once. His hand was already relaxing to drop it on the blaze when, absently, mechanically, he drew it back and thrust in thumb and finger. This time there came out along with the two-year-old receipted bill of an Arbolado Street tailor, a small, thin, cheap-looking, tinted envelope, somehow feminine and humble in its appeal. With a little hesitation that was half apologetic he turned the new find over — and stood rigid, staring. Its address and postmark were identical with the picture post-card of Lynn, Massachusetts, that had lain in the library desk. He walked across and sat down before he dared to open it. Then with fingers that shook he pulled out the sheet — there was only one, folded awkwardly and with many creases — and read:

"Mr. Stephen McCulloch, Dear Sir:—

"I write this to let you know how we are getting on, as I feel you have been a friend to us in our great trouble.

"I know you must feel that you have done enough, and that I ought not to ask you for any more, but I might as well say first as last that we are in a tight pinch for money right now. Charley thinks we will come out all right, and do well; but at present what you paid over to us is all tied up.

"If you could send fifty dollars ($50) for the doctor and the nurse it would help us out, as Charley's resources are all tied up at present."

Then, below the "Respectfully yours, Mrs. Charles Willis," in two scrawled lines,

"Lynn is doing as well as could be expected. It is a little girl."

When Julian came back to conscious, coherent thinking — and that seemed to be hours after he had read the postscript to Mrs. Charles Willis's letter — it was to begin readjusting all the facts of his life, since he first met Lynnie, to this new and mighty fact. In the light of her necessity, all her actions were made clear to him. She had felt herself a trouble, a disgrace, from the time she knew what was before her; she would separate herself from him to spare him.

And the other man, in the east there — the one she was actually married to now — He came to his feet with the thought; his eyes felt hot in his head as he looked about him. This fellow would father his child, and Lynnie's — the child of their love — the "little girl." No. Not while he lived. He had a sudden clear pang of vision that he and Lynnie — and the mysterious child — were a family already; that nothing could really come between them, though he was by one ocean and she at the verge of the other.

He moved across the room toward the door. His mother had known this when she talked to him last night. She could give him the information that he must have now. He was down-stairs and rapping on her door

A Chance to Help

By Special Request of the War Department

THE American Protective League has undertaken a vitally important work, in which you — readers of McCLURE's and members of The "My America" League — are asked to help.

The American Protective League is a vast secret organization, working in closest cooperation with the Government, and having members—it is not permitted to state exactly how many, but the number is very large — scattered throughout every part of the country. It is certain, though, that many of you who will read this article are members of this society. If you yourself are not one, perhaps your next door neighbor is, or the man across the way. We cannot give you the names and addresses of these devoted patriots, but we are proud to be able to offer you the opportunity of serving with them in this especial cause.

The War Department has issued a request that a collection be made for it, for Intelligence purposes, of all available photographs, drawings, picture postals, and other descriptive matter showing bridges, buildings, towns and localities now occupied by German forces in France, Belgium and Luxemburg and likewise in that part of Germany lying west of a line running north and south through Hamburg.

Think for a minute of an aviator flying over the enemy lines, entirely unfamiliar with the country, needing some decisive landmark which will place the exact positions and localities sharply in his memory for future use, and for his observation report upon his return to his own lines.

These photographs, which the American Protective League has undertaken to procure for the Government, can be pieced together — hilltop and valley, town, river and up-standing church spire, into a complete map of the country for our aviators' guidance. They may be used in the aviation training schools to teach the men the lay of the land over which they are soon to reconnoiter as the "eyes of the army."

It is your privilege to assist in this work of safeguarding our boys at the front. The American Protective League being a secret organization, the members cannot come forward openly and ask for what they need, for then, part of their usefulness to the Government would be gone, but you and I, who are just ordinary citizens, can ask for these photographs for them.

Look through your albums, go over in your minds the names of friends or acquaintances who would be likely to possess the required material. Men and women who have traveled abroad, art dealers, art schools, collectors of picture postals—all these will have something to contribute. Go to them and lay the country's need before them.

Have the names of localities and all descriptive matter written plainly on each photograph, drawing, etc., and address the package to

The American Protective League,
Post Office Box No. 59,
New York City.

The "My America" League will be interested in having its separate and enthusiastic Leagues send in reports telling us how promptly and generously our individual members have responded to the call.

Do you ... a clear complexion?

If your skin is not fresh, smooth and glowing, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, let Resinol Soap help to clear it.

Perhaps your complexion is unattractive simply because it is not cleansed thoroughly and regularly with the proper kind of soap.

For most skins, the soap should be free from harsh, drying alkali, and should contain just enough soothing, healing medication to relieve clogged pores, reduce the tendency to pimples, redness and oiliness, and to bring out the natural beauty of the complexion.

Resinol Soap is just that kind—an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap, to which has been added the gentle Resinol medication.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear, cold water, to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will probably be astonished to see how quickly your complexion becomes clearer, fresher and more velvety.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guest-room-size trial cake, free, write to Dept. 7-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

Why have your dresses ruined by perspiration?

YOU *can* be as sweet and dainty, hours after your bath, as when you stepped so clean and rosy into your fresh clothes! Sweet and dainty—even if you dance or hurry—even on the busiest days.

Odorono, a physician's formula, used two or three times a week, brings you complete relief from the discomfort and embarrassment of excessive perspiration. It not only keeps the skin, where it is applied, absolutely dry and fresh, but also entirely removes all cause of perspiration odor. Where an ordinary deodorant covers perspiration odor for two or three hours—one application of Odorono will keep the skin absolutely odorless for three days!

Try it tonight

Apply it wherever you perspire too freely—under the arms, on the feet, hands, forehead—let this pure, beneficial toilet water give you the charming daintiness every woman longs to have. It will save you many waists and dresses—and you need wear no protection for them at all!

Dr. Allyn endorses Odorono

"We do not believe that any harm can come from stopping the excretion of perspiration in limited areas, such as, under the arms, feet, forehead, etc. "Experimental and practical tests show that ODORONO is harmless, economical and effective for the purpose when employed as directed, and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

Lewis B. Allyn, Westfield, Mass.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 50c and $1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it. Address The Odorono Co., 1109 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Or, if you live in Canada, address The Arthur Sales Co., 29 Colborne Street, Toronto, Ont.

Write for our booklet, "The Appealing Charm of Daintiness"—to know more about perspiration and how to relieve it. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, won't you write us? We will gladly answer any special questions you wish to ask.

ODO-RO-NO

The toilet water for excessive perspiration

even while the thought was taking shape in his mind. He found her breakfasting in bed as usual, and blurted out before he had crossed the room,

"Mother, I want Lynnie's address."

She set her cup back on the tray with fingers that trembled.

"Julian, suppose I could give it to you, what sort of mother should I be to do so?"

"A different sort from what you've ever been — a better sort!"

"Julian!"

"You knew when you talked to Lynnie as you did — that day — down in the library — you knew what was before her. You knew last night when you held forth to me about the kind of wife a man owes to society that there was only one woman in the world I ought to marry."

"*I* knew it — *I*!" Her face flamed angrily. "You're not going to pretend that *you* didn't know!"

"I'm not going to pretend — anything," Julian repeated her words. "Give me the address — or refuse to. I can get it elsewhere."

She sat up suddenly away from her pillows; the dishes on the tray clashed.

"Do you think" — she fairly choked — "do you think I'd have anything to do with such a creature — or with you, if you go back to her?"

"That would be entirely with Lynnie," Julian put the question aside coldly. "She's not one to harbor a grudge; yet I don't see how she could ever forget or forgive what you did to her."

"And yet you'll ask me for her address!"

"Then you're not going to give it to me?"

He waited till he saw she did not mean to answer him, then, without another word, wheeled and left her. Who now — unless it was his mother or Cass Hardwick — would know anything of Lynnie? Alma Bruckner — Alma Dye. The next moment he was at the telephone calling up Thatch's garage, and an hour later he was far on his way to San Pablo — driving fast — Thatch had gone down to Siloam to take Alma to her people, and the Bruckners, as of old, had no telephone. He had covered things as best he could in such haste, got Uncle Ben on long distance and told him he would find money at the steamship office, to go ahead when the boat sailed whether he, Julian, was able to make it or not. He had arranged for his own luggage to go to San Francisco, and be held there until he should find what direction he must now move in.

Despite reckless speeding, it seemed to him years before he swept into little, slatternly half-Latin San Pablo. He took the shore road; out there was the bay, where the glass-bottomed boats plied, where Pret Consadine's launch had ridden that day; all so familiar — all so strange.

In less than ten minutes he was going past "Restlands," shut, deserted — no Jane Jordan watching — you might go up to any of the windows at any time of day or night and tap on them. There was the field of wild blossoms, neglected, the hardy brush encroaching on it again. He could see very much plainer than he saw its tangle of brown and yellow, Lynnie's little blue gingham frock coming along the path. Lynnie's face, under the old straw hat, turned to him.

On past the little glade where their post-office had been, to the crossroads; and the Bruckner gate was in sight. A mud-spattered roadster stood there, and down the walk toward it came a man carrying the unmistakable satchel of the doctor, Thatch at his elbow. They were talking together, and as soon as he was close enough, Julian was struck by something strange and exultant which he saw in Thatch's face. When the doctor had got into his car and away, offering assurances to the last that somebody would be "all right, now," Thatch turned to shake hands with Julian, still with that curious, pale, uplifted look.

"My God!" he said. "What a night we've had here — what a night! Of course what the doc says is true. One hundred and ten million people — and they all had to be born — but — but when its your own ——"

So that was it. Julian realized now that he ought to have remembered.

"Thatch," he said, "I'm glad it's all right. I won't keep you. I've just driven down to ask you, have you or Alma got Lynnie's address?"

Thatch seemed to come back from a long way to the question.

"Lynnie," he repeated vaguely. "Oh, yes — Lynnie Willis. Sure, Alma got the new address of the family at Bedford Center — that's where they went after they broke up in Lynn. You — you want to get track of your child." He looked at Julian with a new dignity of expression. "I thought you would, soon as you came into your money."

"I want the man's name," Julian said.

"Say — she ain't married to that man. W'y, I don't believe you know a thing! That's what all the telegraphing was about the night your father died. I drove Hardwick out that night. I saw you. I could have told you if I'd supposed they was going to keep it from you ——"

"Yes, yes. What?"

"W'y, that Lynnie'd left her folks — just disappeared — took the child and gone — to get out of that marriage."

"They telegraphed that to Hardwick — Hardwick?"

"No, your father, of course. But all business was going through Hardwick's hands then. The way I know is, McCurdy's our doctor up there. He was hot about it, and let the whole thing out to me and Alma. But I understood him to say that you was there at the last."

Julian stood motionless; Thatch went on.

"The reason the Willises telegraphed to your folks was that they'd got the notion Lynnie'd try to head back for this coast. That had your mother right up in the air. McCurdy said the argument over it that night killed your father. And I've been thinking all this time that you was there!"

XXVII

BEFORE he reached Las Reudas, Julian saw his next movements fairly clear ahead. As he got down at the little Carnegie Library out by the Country Club he was impatient of the sidewalk's swimming under him; in the reading-room searching out in directories the half-dozen addresses he should need, the printed page showed a tendency to flow by his sight as the sidewalk had flowed past his feet. Well, he'd driven hard nearly all day; and he'd scarcely slept the night before. He'd be all right when he got quiet and had something to eat.

He was standing writing telegrams in the Las Reudas station when the door of the main room opened sharply, a rapid step came across, and somebody immediately began a wrangle with the man at the window where Pullman space is reserved. Even through his preoccupation Julian was startled by the familiarity of that voice; but the first words he got were from the Pullman man:

"Well, do you want both sections?" he was demanding irritably. "You can't get the stateroom."

Julian glanced through a fringe of papers that angled the newsstand beside him; there stood the man who had telegraphed him thirty-six hours before from Salt Lake City, "Shall be detained here some time." The hand gripping the pencil waited over the telegrams while Hardwick, in default of the stateroom, grumblingly accepted and paid for two sections in a Pullman leaving Las Reudas! The lawyer pocketed his tickets and went past the newsstand like a shot, and without one glance. But through the window Julian saw his startled halt before the roadster, saw him go up and take a closer look at it, straighten up, gaze anxiously all about, then whirl and jump into his own waiting taxicab.

Julian crossed to the Pullman window.

"I'm sorry, Mr. McCulloch," the official welcomed him apologetically. "If your mother'd even telephoned this morning — but only two hours, and a transcontinental train — you know how it is —"

"Yes," said Julian. So his mother was going east. "Well, have you got a berth left for me?" he added, after a moment's swift thought.

"Sure," said the man.

When he jumped down from his machine at the house he was still annoyed — and now more than ever — by that swimming.

There was a motor truck in the side-yard; he walked to the end of the porch, and looked down. They were loading luggage from the entry door. Coming back he heard voices in the hall; his mother, speaking from the music-room landing to someone who seemed to be in that side entry through which the trunks went. She turned, saw him and said in a suddenly raised tone, "Here's Julian." After that she halted for a moment, as though she had half a mind to retreat to her own room. But Hardwick appeared from the side stairs, took her arm in the most commonplace manner and brought her on down, so that the three of them stood together in the hall. Julian waited.

"You — you'll miss your boat, won't you?" she faltered finally.

"It doesn't matter."

She glanced at Hardwick, apparently for a cue. The lawyer came in with,

"Plenty of time yet to make the boat ——"

The Swedish girl appeared at the stair-head in traveling wear, loaded with her mistress's hand luggage and long black cloak. Julian's mother finally seemed driven to say,

"I — you see I'm leaving home myself — for a few days. A — a — called away — business ——"

"Yes," said Julian. "I see." And without a word of good-bye, turned back to his roadster. The Pullman sections were for his mother and her maid. It would be better for him to take the train in San Vicente. The fact that these Pullman tickets read to New York did not assure him that Lynnie was there; but he was sure that his mother had had Hardwick on the track; they had located her, and now she, with her maid, was going to her. This was the only reasonable explanation.

For the first time in leaving Las Reudas he took the more direct new boulevard to San Vicente. As he approached the arc-light below which the Willis corner lay, he drove more slowly, and tried to look down. He couldn't see anything from the machine. Finally he stopped, left the roadster, and went back. An hour till train time. His impulse was to go down and look at the place.

Yet when he came opposite, where a steep path led away into the dimness below, he halted and his heart contracted. Up out of the obscurity there had reached him a small sound — just such a sound as sleepy birds make. Before he fairly realized that he had heard it, or had sorted out what it might be, or mean, he found himself running headlong down the embankment, straight toward the Willis gate.

The gate sagged open. He went on up the walk. Then, in the twilight, he became aware of a little figure on the step there rigid, what looked like a bundle beside it.

"Lynnie!" He caught her up crushing her tight to him. For a moment his eyes closed. Then he set her down and held her off a little to look at her. His Lynnie in the flesh — ! As he gazed, she whispered:

"Is it — is it time?"

He made no answer but to turn her face to the light and study it long. Under his scrutiny the tears began to come.

"Oh, Julian; it was good of you to see me," she said. "I did want to see you once — and I thought you might like to see ——"

Again that same little birdlike chirp that led him to the spot. She stooped and lifted the child to her lap. She looked up at him then, and her voice when she spoke had a new tone in it, the mother tone.

"I called her 'Julia.' You — you want to see her — this once — don't you? That was what you came for, wasn't it, Julian?"

"Yes," the words said themselves. Down on his knees beside Lynnie and her child, his arms around them. "I came for — you — both." He held his breath while she uncovered the little sleeping face.

"Her eyes are the color of yours, Julian," she said gently.

"Are they?" He laid a finger softly against the little cheek.

"Your mother said — you would be angry with me because I couldn't marry that — that man in Bedford Center,"

No words for this. Lynnie's voice went on. "I didn't know your father was dead. I wrote to him — then I ran away."

A little while they sat, silent, Lynnie relaxed, her head upon his shoulder, the sleeping child across her knees. Then she stirred, and said as she had before, "Is — is it time?" There was anguish in her tone.

"Time for what, dear?"

"Why, they're coming for me," she explained. "Your mother — she's taking me — us — to some place back east. I was to wait here for them. I thought they sent you — to say — say good-bye to me."

He tightened the arm around her.

"Lynnie," he said. "There will never be any good-bye like that between us while we both live. I'd have said that at first; but I thought you knew it — when you saw me. There never was anybody for me but you. I never really gave you up. When I found out — what had happened to you — I was just starting out to hunt for you now."

There beside him, warm in the circle of his arm, she just murmured his name — "Julian — Julian!"

"Before I knew this about you, I'd taken passage on to-morrow's boat for Juneau. Would you like to go — anyhow? We could make it."

"Oh, Julian — anywhere — with you. Shall we go — without saying anything at all — to your mother?" she asked as they began to climb.

"Yes," Julian answered.

But it happened differently. Before they reached the top they heard a motor halt up there. Then they saw the Japanese chauffeur, a maid sitting beside him, and the next moment Julian's mother opened the door and put out an anxious face, demanding querulously,

"Where are they?"

The maid jumped down into the roadway, hurrying around the car with,

"I'll get them, madam. Just below on the porch I left her. It will only take a minute."

Julian took the last step that brought him into the roadway and fully into sight, the baby on his shoulder, Lynnie's hand in his, just as his mother got out on the sidewalk.

As she evidently got the silhouette of their group under the hissing arc-light, "Oh!" She retreated to the limousine, staring at them. "Are *you* here?"

"Yes. I'm here. At last."

No need now for explanations, or accusations. He saw her shrink at words and tone.

"I was only trying to save you from yourself!" she cried out. "But this — this —" the save edge of exasperation in her voice — Stepping into the car, she choked out,

"This ends everything — never come near me — I wash my hands —" She broke off and pointed, ordering the confused chauffeur, "Throw those things out!"

"Yes, madam!" passing down to the maid an old suitcase and a wrist bag. The girl came running and set them by Lynnie's side.

"Drive on!" Julian heard his mother's half-strangled order.

Silently they watched the tail light of the limousine vanish around the sharp, upward curve. Julian stood there in the night, mute before the goodness of a God who had miraculously returned to him his lost world of love. Lynnie's small, work-roughened hand tightened on his as she leaned forward to peer up and down the road.

"Julian," she said tranquilly, "I don't see the Go-devil anywhere."

He turned and looked at her, then stooped to lay his cheek against hers before he answered,

"It's another car now, dear. Just up here a little way." His free hand lifted suitcase and bag.

And they started on, Lynnie moving step for step beside him, the mysterious child a soft, warm reality against his shoulder, its breath coming and going upon his neck.

[*The end*]

Anderson Crow, George Barr McCutcheon's delightful new character, appears again with a punch in the July McClure's. In "The Perfect End of a Day" Crow measures up with the best of patriots

Sixty Thousand Strong

[*Continued from page 24*]

can fail to appreciate the possibilities of a 3% Bond or self-sacrifice bank.

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The Mad Hour — *Continued from page 14*

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Kind?*" he asked, beaming.

Sadie, bent on showing the extent of her accomplishments, replied in yet a third tongue:

"*Un petit peu—oui!*"

Thus the entente cordiale was instantly established between these two, at the expense of Minsky, a loathsome creature who represented to both, from a different perspective, a fenced yard in the country. Thus Sadie in a single instant was lifted from the depths of despair to the heights of hope. And thus the line of Sadie and Fritz Henkel intersected, just as it had been arranged in the beginning.

THERE are back streets on the island of Manhattan, and back-stairs to the front streets, though the casual explorer would never suspect it. Its thoroughfares are so preciously few that it would seem none could be spared for shady traffic. But there were paths open to Sadie's eyes like the blind runways to a nymph in the forest. Explorer of the world though he had been in his time, Fritz did not recognize the direction of this adventure, until he found himself seated before a snowy table in a little alcove so deftly contrived with divans that the observer was practically unobserved, looking out on a brilliant scene. On the surface there was nothing to distinguish it from a hundred such restaurants of a continental caste. Only, the food was a little better, the cost a little higher, the women a little more gaudy, the talk a little quieter. He smiled somewhat wryly at himself. It was a queer place to find him, Fritz Henkel, mogul of business, chosen captain of a higher social order that sought to impose, by fire and sword, a new trinity of collectivism on the creatures of the earth—*Dienst, Ordnung, Kraft*—service, conformity, and efficiency—that blotted out the individual, with the stern behest to him to be a soldier, pay taxes, and keep his mouth shut. Only this afternoon he had been seated among a strange tribe of money-grubbers, men who fairly reeked of dollars, discussing glibly his favorite topic of internationalism in business, as though in truth it were the religion of his life, which he pretended it to be. He had been conscious of success in coming away from this conference. A little too conscious. There was a back-taste to it, like the back-taste to a wine that is a little too fine.

The very nature of his commission cut him off from his own world. He was like a swimmer, moving with strong sturdy strokes farther and farther out to sea. He had the egotism of his breed. He wanted somebody alongside to cajole him, tell him he had done well. He knew he had done well. He was so successful that he was denied even the flattery of the suspicion of his dupes. So he was collecting only half the revenue of success.

The test of the truly strong man is his capacity to endure isolation in success. It is the weakness of human nature in failure, to shun one's fellow men; in success, to seek them out. Henkel was lonely.

There were other things that had conspired to put him in a misanthropic humor this day. If his superiors would only keep their hands off, let him manage his affairs on this side, without duplication. A thing well done does not need to be done twice. But no, they must meddle. Again to-day they had managed to spoil some more of his "cigars." His "cigars" were not ordinary cigars. That was the name he gave his bombs, in grisly humor. They were made of lead pipe, with leaden compartments, each compartment filled with an acid that slowly ate its way out, like a time-fuse; the acid was harmless enough by itself, but when it trickled through into the next compartment—Boom! and another ship gone to the bottom, another munitions plant in ashes, more human bodies torn to shreds.

And these "cigars" to-day, so carefully placed where they would do the most good, had been spoiled by a stupid U-boat captain, intent only on running up his own score—a stupid captain who had touched off a war-head against a merchant ship, ripped it apart, rib and strake. Fritz had timed that job to insure the maximum harvest of *schrecklichkeit*.

He had to vent his spleen on somebody. Minsky, a dull item who represented law and order, as these Yankee idiots saw it, had put himself in Fritz's path. Fritz, to show his sneering contempt for Minsky, and all Minsky represented, had stooped to play the white man to this slinking hetæra of the streets. It pleased his humor to convey his insult thus subtly.

Ordinarily Fritz was predisposed to the petty decencies of life. His sharp eyes saw the faded creature underneath Sadie's feathers and war-paint. He smiled grimly. There could be no harm in feeding her; she was fairly ravening. All these thoughts were flitting through his mind, as he addressed himself to his platters, conscious that the cooking was especially good, and the brew fair. This place was worth discovering, even at the risk of being discovered.

"Merry old party!" Sadie was saying to herself, as she took on food industriously. This was a feast, and there was no telling when there would be another, so she made the best of it. She formed no very definite estimate of her catch, except to admire the way he spent money. This latter point was noted in the kitchen, too. The checker called the attention of the proprietor to it; and the proprietor strolled down to Fritz's stall, looking in with beaming hospitality. He inquired if everything was all right. Fritz expressed himself as more than satisfied, except with the beer, which he mentioned. This was remedied instanter. It was a rich, mealy Bavarian brew that warmed his heart. A newsboy came through with a late paper. Fritz glanced at his copy, and tore it to bits in a sudden access of rage. Some boats had been picked up at sea, half their occupants dead from exposure. But for the stupid U-boat captain, who spoiled Fritz's "cigars," even the half would not have survived. Complete destruction! Without a trace! That was his art. If they wouldn't meddle! That was what put the fear of God into the hearts of ships and sailors, and these idiots who would voyage on interdicted seas. There was the instance of the Steamship ——, his masterpiece. Fritz chuckled over his beer.

He looked up. He found himself being regarded by the round eyes of his almost-forgotten Columbine. There she sat, vacant, anonymous, stoical; prepared to be a soldier, to pay taxes, and to keep her mouth shut! Fritz picked up his beer, and moved heavily around the table. Until that instant he had not realized how thoroughly he had eaten and drunk. He sat down on the divan beside her, boxed her in a corner. He regarded a dark angle of the stall intently, for a long time in silence, as if it contained something alive, and moving.

"This exciting life will be the end of me yet!" reflected Sadie comically. Obedient to the tricks of her trade, she flecked her cigarette ashes into his beer when he was not looking; this was a fetish to which she was wont to ascribe marvels: there is no telling what cigarette ashes in beer will lead to!

Staring into vacancy, he was jerking his head from side to side, as if under the spell of music; gradually he let his whole body swing to the rhythm; he thrust out his long arms, swaying gently, like a tight rope walker maintaining his balance.

"That's it!" said he.

"What is it?" asked Sadie, puzzled.

Fritz slowly turned his eyes on her.

"They float," he said gravely.

"Float?"

Fritz nodded, smiling.

"Frozen solid," he explained, in a whisper.

"The black wagon will get this one!" mused Sadie.

"Eyes wide open," he pursued, "arms out—sign of the cross—so!"

He fell to balancing himself again—or was he floating upright in the water, pelted by wavelets; he did it all with infinite solemnity.

Sadie shivered, as if a black cat had crossed her trail.

"Let's have another sneeze," she said; and she took to jigging a little tune. Fritz roused himself and instructed the waiter. He paused in raising his fresh glass to his lips; then: "It is to teach them to respect us," he said; and he drank deeply. He put down his glass. His thoughts apparently ran on, without words. She watched him, fascinated, as he gesticulated sketchily; shrugged his shoulders; cocked an eyebrow; made grimaces. He seemed to be getting the better of some argument with himself, sweeping aside qualms, compunctions, doubts, with a wave of the hand. He tapped her cuff.

"The day is at hand," he said impressively, "when they will not dare so much as look cross-eyed——"

The thread of his reflection broke abruptly; he was staring past her absently. When his sodden eyes found her again, he resumed gravely:

"If they choose—to float and freeze—before they burn—so be it! The seas are free—to them! Ho, ho!"

On a venture, she here repeated the unknown Teuton formula she had used in the street, aimed in the general direction of the reprehensible Minsky. There it had roused Fritz's almost boisterous amusement; now it appeared to impress him as some profound truth. He nodded over it approvingly, repeated it half to himself, giving the words a strange ring, even in his whispers.

"I am bi-lingual!" he said presently, out of the thin air. "Like the All Highest himself! Yes. Oh, yes! It is—a—a gift! I say 'bridge.' Very difficult! Much easier to say 'britch.' Except one has the gift. . . . These dine me on their gold plate!—consider that—for a single instant—my child!—They smell of dollars—phew!—I talk of their dollars in my grandest manner—they love me!"

He chuckled delightedly over the picture he thus conjured. He fumbled with clumsy fingers in a vest pocket, and produced a flat crisp fold of paper, so bright and new that she did not recognize it at first glance as yellow money. He pushed it under her plate, with a wink.

"A mere trifle, my child—some vanities, for yourself," he said, deprecatingly. He patted her shoulder. "You have sympathy—and understanding—rare gift, child!"

Sympathy—and understanding! That was her stock in trade. Sadie sympathized, understood, 'agreed—with everyone—even with Minsky, if occasion required. As a hunted animal picks up craftiness, so she had picked up this trick of sympathy. She could weep, grow venomous, become ecstatic, be sad, or gay—like a marionette on strings. It was all in a day's work. Then she had her own story—several of them, in fact, to wring tears from a grasshopper. She stared at the yellow money. She was conscious of a queer uneasiness, and she cast about for signs and omens, for she was saturated with superstition.

Her quick ears caught a gentle tap-tapping. Some cop's night-stick against the street wall behind her. That was it! Police. She could sense them. Suddenly she smiled, relieved. It must be Kerry, loafing on the corner. Dear old Kerry! He had spoken just the words of comfort needed, during her sorrow of the afternoon—the Mutt and Dutch Louie.

The man beside her lurched nearer; her acquaintance with this variety told her that the inevitable moment had arrived when he was about to confess his soul.

"Why don't they hire a hall!" mused Sadie wearily.

Men told Sadie the strangest things. One evening a gentleman had entertained her with a learned discussion of an error in the fifth decimal point of the coefficient of expansion; this someway was to cause a certain bridge he had built somewhere to roll up into a ball some certain day when the weather got cold enough to freeze that fifth decimal point where he had made his error. It was an eerie story, from the lips of a haunted man. Another gentleman had drawn out for her, on this same tablecloth, the working plans of a precious invention he was afraid to patent for fear of thieves. Men told her things not intended for mortal ear; much the same as some women open their hearts to the plaster saints; they never expected to see her again on this earth.

Fritz began talking in a low, rumbling voice. He explained that he was a sport, and she replied, showing her pretty teeth, that she ate them for breakfast. But he and she were thinking of an entirely different species of "sports," as he explained at some length. He discussed biology, plant life, Luther Burbank, Mendel, a monk who grew sweet peas instead of saying his beads. Finally she got it through her head that his sport was some sort of freak or highbrow, plant or animal, born an odd hundred years or so ahead of its time, however that could be arranged.

"That's a horse on me," admitted Sadie.

"Horse?" he muttered, eying her queerly.

"Horse. Yes, horse. A thing that draws a hack!" she replied with a laugh.

"Horse! Ho, ho! Yes! Yes! They draw guns!" he fell to chuckling again. "Ethiopia—" mumbled Fritz, his gutturals becoming thicker and thicker. "Six hundred—six hundred horses!—*six hundred*—my child!" He laughed softly, repeating the number over and over, as if it had some cabalistic significance—six hundred, six hundred horses.

Sadie felt herself shivering again; she reached up and shut the casement, open on a crack above her head. She was trying to fit together in her own mind six hundred horses and *Ethiopia*. Suddenly it came, with a crash on her senses. The *Ethiopia* was that horse ship. A muleteer who had somehow survived had brought the tale ashore—she had read his story in the papers; and for days thereafter, she was afraid to shut her eyes because she could see those horses swimming. She loved horses. He was speaking again:

"I AM doing all that mortal man can do—Why do they—interfere—spoil my 'cigars'?" he demanded of her. "Stupid—bunglers!—my commission." Fritz's roving eye fastened itself on the torn newspaper on the floor. With careful movement he stooped and managed to pick it up. With her help he straightened out the torn sheets, and held it up for her inspection. Then with the aid of the table he rose to his feet; he slapped the newspaper with one flabby hand.

"They—they spoil my—'cigars'—" His voice was rising, sullen rage burning in his eyes. "Flagrant—instance! That young cock—he will be decorated! For what? For what, I ask you. A job half done——"

She dragged him down beside her, pushed him back in his corner. She arranged him with almost a mothering care; she patted his hands, wagged her head reprovingly. He mumbled that she was a good child. Sadie said tartly: "Yes; I am a great help to my mother!" and she withdrew to her own corner, watching him intently, as drowsiness enfolded him, [*Continued on page 39*]

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS has locked a mystery up "Behind the Door" in the July McClure's. In this tale the author has written a thrilling story if ever a man did. Read this little masterpiece. You will shiver and shake while you are galloping through it. But it will make everyone who reads it put his whole heart into this war—live it and breathe it and make every waking hour count in some way for the cause, until the world will have forever done with cruelty that needs such punishment

Before He Goes

When we have won this war—when our boys sail home across seas forever freed from pirate submarines—when our boys, bronzed and sinewy, hardened veterans all, swing with martial, ringing tread past the reviewing stands, victors in the battle for democracy;—first in their hearts and minds will be the thoughts of home.

Mustered out—overwhelmed with the acclaim of a nation—they go back to the brave homes so bravely defended. Happily, they take up the pursuits of peace—but never will they will to forget that they have been soldiers for democracy. And they will always be grateful for that which will keep fresh in their memories the story of the Great War.

This thing pictures can do. Pictures of the parting and of the home coming, pictures of comrades in arms, pictures that tell intimately of how the war touched their lives—these will have value beyond price. And while they are still in camp, are patrolling the high seas or battering the Teuton line in France, pictures of their home folks and home doings, Kodak pictures such as you can take will help to "turn the dark cloud inside out, till the boys come home."

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The "My America" League

Every American Must Do Something to Help

The Red Cross

THE American Red Cross has fixed the week of May 20th for its second war fund campaign to raise $100,000,000.

By this time we believe that a large percentage of "My America" members have near and dear relatives serving their country either here in camps or at the front in France. Therefore it would seem the natural and fitting work for "My America" Leagues all over the country to give this week of May 20th to cooperating with the Red Cross Drive. No other organization has the same opportunities for caring for our men that the Red Cross has, and any help we give to it we can be well assured we are at the same time giving to our boys in the army and navy.

Probably everyone of us would like to be "Over There" doing our share by working directly for the wounded and suffering, but though we cannot all do that, we can all send our money to France to work for them in our stead, through the Red Cross.

Service Buttons

ARE you wearing one of these little Service Buttons? The one shown here is an infantry button, blue and white, but they come in different colors for all branches of the Service. If you will send the "My America" Editor ten cents, stating which branch of the Service your boy is in, the proper button will be sent you.

McClure's Service Editor

WILL undertake any reasonable shopping for our men of the army and navy serving either here or in France, who are themselves unable to get in touch conveniently with the shops. We cannot assume responsibility for packages reaching their destination, on account of the crowded mail conditions, but all possible care on our part will be taken toward this end.

Americanizing Aliens

THE Secretary of the Interior invited the governors of the States, the chairmen of the State defense councils, and about three hundred presidents of corporations, chambers of commerce, and many other industrial leaders to meet him in Washington on April third for the purpose of discussing a plan for the Americanizing of aliens in our midst.

To all thinking Americans this must seem a step in the right direction. It has been estimated by investigations conducted through the Bureau of Education, that there are 5,000,000 persons of foreign birth, living in the United States, who cannot speak the English language, and of these 3,000,000 are males between eighteen and forty-five years of age who are not naturalized citizens. Their ignorance of the language of the country they are living in makes them an easy prey for German agents, who are everywhere watching for chances to poison the minds of friendly aliens, and turn them from prospective citizens into malcontents, fomenters of labor troubles, and generally useful German tools.

Last month we suggested that "My America" Leagues throughout the country adopt for a slogan the words: "Make Citizens." We wish to repeat it. Let them look about them, and see in what way they can cooperate with the Department of the Interior in its plan to Americanize aliens. Call upon the chairman of your local, or county committee of defense, and discuss the subject of ways and means with him. Also write to the "My America" Editor for appropriate slogans for use in connection with this work, and for suggestions in dealing with special cases.

Undertake this work with the firm determination of providing an antidote for the poison of German propaganda being spread so insidiously through the country to-day. "Make Citizens!"

We Ask You to Remember

THAT every "My America" member who can do so should be a war gardener.

That every woman should join a canning club this summer, and lay up a store of vegetables and fruit for next winter.

That any member possessing telescopes, spy-glasses, sextants and chronometers is asked to lend them to his country. They should be addressed to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

That we are to keep on knitting for our men at sea and at the front.

That outgrown, partly worn clothing can be made over for suffering women and children in France and Belgium.

That the Four Minute Men ought to be speaking regularly in your nearest motion picture theatre. You cannot afford to be without the information they are prepared to give you, and which the Government wishes you to possess.

That the people of your city, town or village should be reminded of the perils attendant upon careless talk in public which might give information to spies. Warning slogans should be posted up in conspicuous places toward this end.

Books for Our Army Abroad

GENERAL PERSHING has asked for 100,000 books a month for our men "Over There." Look in your bookcase and see what you can spare. Novels of the day, or the old familiar books — they want them all! If you wish the address to which these packages of books should be sent, write to the "My America" Editor, and write *to-day*.

Scrap Books

LET your children make scrap books for the jackies on board ship, or for the men in contagious wards of our cantonment hospitals. The "My America" Editor will gladly tell you what kind of books the men want.

Our Factory Leagues

SINCE the "My America" League was taken over into McCLURE'S Magazine, we have had a new series of Leagues springing up all over the country, of which we are very proud. These are among the employees in business concerns, factories, and workshops. Later, we are planning to give an entire page to the splendid work they are doing, for we believe such an account will be an inspiration and an incentive to the organizing of hundreds of other similar Leagues.

There have been innumerable cases of the discovery of spies and distributers of pro-German propaganda among the employees of large factories, munitions plants, and the like. Sometimes they have succeeded in their enterprise, and have worked incalculable harm to our cause, and the cause of our Allies, and more often they have been caught in time either by secret service agents, or by their fellow workers. But, if there should be strong, well organized Leagues of earnest, alert patriots in such factories, plants, or businesses, what do you think would be the chances of any spies to carry out their purpose of sowing dissension, dissatisfaction, etc., among the men, of gathering in carelessly uttered scraps of information about Government plans, sailings of troops, or other matters which might happen to come within the personal knowledge of some of the workers? Certainly their chances would be far slighter than under ordinary conditions.

Then, too, these Leagues are undertaking campaigns for the selling of War Savings Stamps among their fellow employees, and in the towns nearest at hand. This is work where organization means everything. Independent or spasmodic efforts never get very far. Let us assist you to organize your business, or factory, or plant into a huge working unit for Uncle Sam.

We Must Win This War

BUT to do this every man, woman and child in the country must do his or her share by standing loyally behind the Government, and by finding the special service which he or she is fitted to perform. Over 60,000 "My America" members throughout the country have already found their work. Read Mrs. Richardson's article on page 24 and join the "My America" League.

An Invitation

WE want every reader of McCLURE'S, whether a subscriber or not, to send in his or her name for membership in the "My America" League. We want every member of the League to send in one new member *before July first.* That isn't a very big thing to ask, or to do, but think of the result, of the splendid working power generated for the help of our country and our boys over the seas. There are no dues in the League. Nothing will be exacted of you in the way of service except what you voluntarily decide you are capable of doing. Being a member of the "My America" League does not interfere with your being also a member of the Red Cross, the Navy League, the Young Men's Christian Association, or any of the dozens of other wonderful organizations with which we are cooperating whole-heartedly. The League merely purposes to act as a clearing-house for patriotic work. We want to help you to find the work for which you are fitted.

The Mad Hour — *Continued from page 36*

finally overcame him. Without doubt this was a phenomenon due to the alembic of her cigarette ashes.

"Now, let's count the house!" said she to herself, with a sigh of relief. There were several ragged trains of thought in her mind she wished to assemble and inventory. After a time she picked up his newspaper. It had been another day of blaring headlines in the news. This extra said, in great type, that another one of the *Ilium's* boats had been picked up. There was nothing else on the first page—space was too precious this day—the day of the *Ilium* disaster, another ship gone to her doom. She tried to account for the sudden sullen rage the sight of this sheet had inspired in him; his incoherent words, his "cigars spoiled"—some young cock to be decorated—a job half done! The travail of the world did not touch Sadie Labadie very intimately. She had too many problems of her own that needed attention at first hand.

Her eye ran down the page. Some boats had been picked up, with their dead and living. A trawler reported the sea strewn with the frozen and floating bodies—of women, and children, and sailors. A job half done! Her eyes took on a curious glitter. The paper fluttered from her fingers.

The proprietor put his head in, noted the peaceful scene, and winked significantly at her, an office Sadie mechanically returned.

When the coast was clear she slid cautiously across the divan and began methodically to go through his pockets. The usual catch—keys, folds of money all new and crisp, a cigar-cutter, a watch with a diamond fob, a knife, card-case, several letters that meant nothing to her. The money crackled pleasantly, suggested at least a period of plenty and leisure.

As swiftly as she had robbed him, she returned his possessions. This was prompted by an eye to the main chance. On second thought, she decided to keep the keys by her; and she impressed on her memory the names and addresses on his letters. Then she slid back into her own corner, concentrated herself figuratively into a ball of thought, began her plans. Luck and Sadie Labadie had finally met each other face to face and shaken hands. If she played this string skilfully, it should do her for a lifetime. If she had interpreted his fragments of vainglory and injured pride correctly, there should be a price on his head—fair game! Sadie had never wholly given up her early visions of diamonds and a carriage. Somebody would happen along, and, moved by egotism, hatred, or haunting fear, that somebody would say a little too much. Then it would be simply a question of turning the screws.

Sadie shut her eyes. She opened them with ice trickling down her spine.

"Holy Mother! Six hundred!" she gasped. Her eyes shot fire at the sodden thing in the corner. "So that's your game, eh?" she said. "Well, old sport! I am going to sell you those six hundred—one by one!"

She gave herself to the vaporings of her imagination. She painted herself in her new sphere of a lady, sketched it in detail, laid on the color thick. It included kindness, charity, and piety, and other items she had hitherto regarded perforce as luxuries. Toward this beast who was to sweat blood for it all, she knew no mercy. He should pay, and continue paying, for the women and children and sailors and horses.

She looked at her watch; it was going on midnight. Sadie got out her vanity bag, and began to refurbish her face; whatever trace of emotion may have been called to the surface was carefully expunged. From time to time she glanced at the object in the corner. Let him take his time. She was in no hurry. She had a whole lifetime before her now, with nothing to do until to-morrow. She blessed Minsky. If it hadn't been for Minsky— At a sound she pricked up her ears like a startled rabbit. It was a tap-tapping, on the stones outside. . . .

As a leaf is picked up by a vagrant gust, so now something unseen, unknown, intangible, reached out and lifted Sadie Labadie out of herself. Not then, nor ever afterward, did Sadie try to divine just what it was. Considering everything, it was unaccountable.

She rose to her feet, breathing fast. She stepped over the outstretched feet of Fritz Henkel, slipped out into the aisle; in a moment she was in the street.

"Kerry! Oh, Kerry!" she cried in a low voice.

Kerry was waiting on the corner for his relief. He came strolling over.

"How would you like to be a lieutenant, Kerry?" asked Sadie.

"Fine! How'd you like to be the Queen of Sheba, Sadie?"

"Listen, Kerry!" said Sadie, lowering her voice. "I've got a guy in there you want. A *Deutscher!* He's—sinking ships, Kerry!"

Her voice trailed away to a whisper. Kerry inclined an ear.

"Don't lose him, Kerry! He's blacker than sin, Kerry! Stick to him, like a leech, Kerry!"

Their two heads were together. She talked fast into his ear.

"He's coughed up his boot-heels, Kerry."

She thrust the bunch of keys into his hands.

"Women—and children, and sailors—and six hundred horses, Kerry!"

Kerry was an ambitious man. Sadie's conception of anything blacker than sin must be black indeed. He thought fast.

"Can you nurse him for a half-hour, Sadie? Till I get into plain clothes?"

Sadie nodded assent, and was gone. She slipped back into her corner, beside her sleeping catch.

It was twelve-thirty when Fritz Henkel emerged, smoking a big cigar. He was revived. His mad hour had passed. He hurried on, with long strides. At one corner, a few blocks up the way, a man stepped out of a doorway and stopped him.

"Is this woman annoying you, sir?" asked the man politely. It was Kerry, the cop, in plain clothes.

Fritz Henkel turned with Kerry, and regarded stupidly the figure of Sadie, who had come to a stop three paces behind. She was drooping and shivering.

"Run along, or I'll run you in!" said Kerry sharply. Sadie turned and started off. The two men stood silent, watching her. All the lapses and stupidities of the ages seemed summed up in that single slinking figure. Under the street light she turned to drive away a prowling cat. Then she pattered on, was swallowed up in the dark. Henkel heaved a sigh of relief. It was well that he was completely rid of her. He tendered Kerry a cigar.

"Thank you, officer," he said suavely. "They grow very bold at times."

From that instant, Kerry, the cop, tied himself, invisible, to the heels of Fritz Henkel.

ONE morning when Fritz Henkel was taking his constitutional in the Park, Facey stopped him, asked him to take a walk. (Facey is attached to a certain research laboratory at Washington, as a subsidiary chief with a roving commission.)

Fritz, as we said in the beginning, is in jail now, exercising his royal prerogatives mornings in the jail yard. Every little while, when the calendar is clear, they bring him north on yet another indictment of *schrecklichkeit*—for, once they isolated this germ, on Kerry's tip, they found no end of material. Always, he gets the limit, with an expression of keen regret on the part of the Court that the limit is not the roof. Jail promises to occupy his time for the rest of this life.

Kerry is a lieutenant in the bomb-squad now. And Sadie? Well, Sadie—Sadie's name never came into the case—probably from a sense of delicacy on the part of the prosecution. It has saved Fritz some embarrassment, too; for while his august master would cheerfully decorate him again, and yet again, for the *Ethiopia*, etc., the All Highest is strait-laced in matters of the petty decencies.

If this were not a true story, we might try to have something done about Sadie. As the matter stands, we can only refer you to the equation of falling bodies, viz., Velocity is equal to the square root of twice the product of the acceleration of gravity, by the distance fallen.

And she might have worn diamonds!

When you look at one of the war posters which is a call to arms, or a call to thrift, or a call for some kind of help, do you know the story that lies behind that bit of paper that is stuck up there on the bill-board? In July, Julian Street tells in brilliant fashion the romance of "Our Fighting Posters"

They Would All Prefer Bubble Grains

The boy who only half enjoys his breakfast cereal, and turns perhaps to meat. He would rather have a Puffed Grain—airy, flaky, flavory—than anything else you could serve him. Millions of mothers have proved that.

The man who eats a chop for luncheon and feels dull in the afternoon. Countless men have turned to Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat—whole-grain nutrition in enticing form, easy to digest. Serve in a bowl of milk.

The girl who eats much candy. Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, would form a preferred confection. They are flimsy, flavory tidbits which taste like nut-meats puffed. Yet they are scientific foods.

The child who sups on bread and milk. Toasted Puffed Grains, bubble-like and thin, are vastly more inviting. And every food cell is exploded, so they easily digest. Puffed Grains form the ideal good-night dish.

Puffed Rice **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

Each 15c Except in Far West

The June Delights

Serve a different puffed grain every morning. On wheatless days serve Corn Puffs or Puffed Rice.

Mix them with your berries. Scatter them like nut meats on ice cream. Float them in your bowls of milk. Use them as wafers in soups.

These bubble grains are formed by steam explosions.

After an hour of fearful heat the grains are shot from guns. Thus every food cell is blasted, and digestion is made easy and complete.

Despite all their fascinations they are scientific foods, better cooked than grain foods ever were before. Let your folks enjoy them at all hours and in all ways.

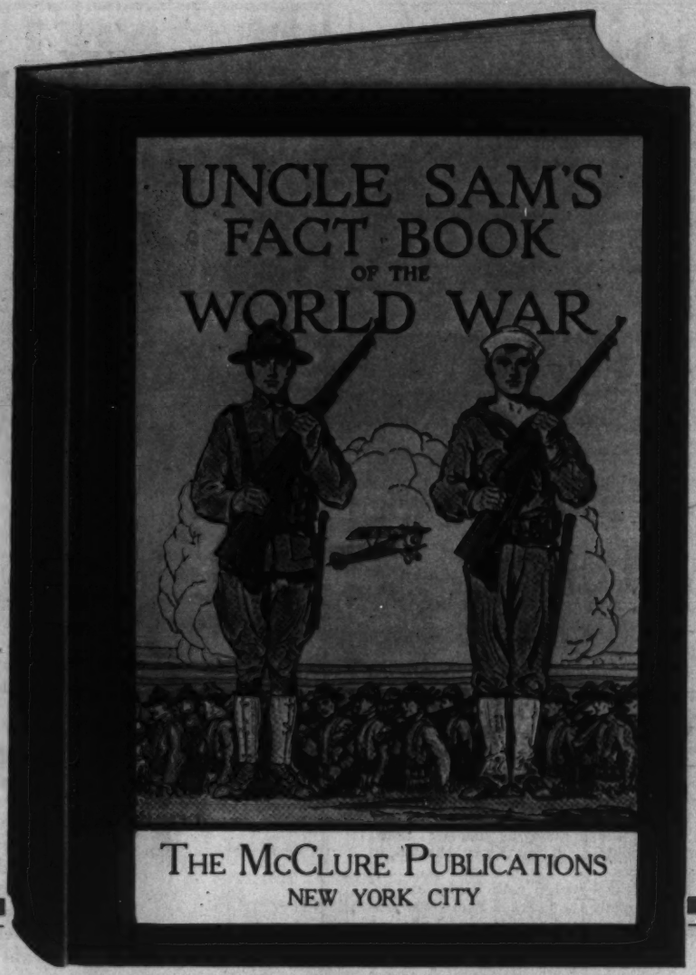
Mix With Berries

Float in Milk

(1900)

"The particular thing you have to surrender to is — FACTS"

— President Wilson



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"How the War Came to America." A brief history of the war.
The Draft Laws, Regulations, and Classifications.
The number of aliens in the United States.
War appropriations made by Congress.
Pope Benedict's Peace appeal.
The War Revenue Act of 1917. Chronology of the great war.
Signals and codes in the Army. Insignia of rank and of service in the Army and Navy.
The Naval Appropriation Law. The Army Reorganization.
The cost of the war to the nations.
How to address a cable message to the boys in France.
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Map showing Subject Nationalities of the German Alliance.
Nationality Map of Southeastern Europe.
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The Spider of Warsaw

[Continued from page 21]

your escape over the roofs to the leather-maker's by the Zelazna Brama where you will put on an officer's uniform."

"Yes,— how about the rest of the money?" demanded Lavorski cunningly. "How soon do I get that?"

"You have already received a thousand roubles. You will be given the other twenty thousand on your arrival in Kiev. A motor will call for you at the leather-maker's with passports and identification papers ——"

"Good!" nodded Lavorski. "And how soon can I return to Warsaw? I've got a girl here, you know."

"You will not return," replied the *agent provocateur*. "You can send for the young lady afterwards. Good luck to you. By the way, could you give me a glass of vodka?"

"With pleasure!" exclaimed Lavorski, glad to do something for his supposed benefactor, and producing a large bottle. "Take all you want."

Tarnowski sniffed at the contents and shoved the bottle into his coat pocket.

"There's enough vodka there to put you to sleep for forty-eight hours."

"You don't know how well I can carry my liquor!" boasted the would-be assassin. "I can drink all night long and not feel it at all. Don't you fear. The Czar will be dead by ten o'clock to-morrow morning! — And I'll have twenty thousand roubles!"

"You understand that unless the Czar is killed you get only the money you have already," said Tongeroff.

"That's all right," agreed Lavorski. "But he will be killed! Don't you worry, old fellow. Only I wish you would give me one more drink out of that bottle!"

DIAGONALLY across the Krakowskie Przedmiescie, in a house, the lighted windows of which were visible from the chamber in which Lavorski was secreted, Tongeroff's master was sitting at table with Lily Czvorska. It was an apartment redolent of memories, good, bad and worse. Here she met secretly all those agents of the Wilhelmstrasse who were commended to her care, and here too she met publicly those whom she wished the world to know that she met,— the fashionables and officials of Warsaw who on stated afternoons and evenings crowded about her piano and her card tables. She was an inveterate gambler and the only real criticism to which she was subjected by the dowagers of the capitol was that the Countess Czvorska and her friends played *windt* for a rouble a point. So it was here, naturally, that she had set the scene for this the most sensational episode in her career, the only properties necessary being a table heavy with embroidered linen, polished silver, and china as fragile as rose leaves,— these and the long-stemmed glasses that carried in their semi-transparent stems the same powder that had drugged General Ebelman of the General Staff and Morton Wales, the American courier. But this porcine Chief of Police was a different matter. About him she had no scruples whatever. Yet the simulation of sentiment was part of her business and was now almost second nature to her. It was no task at all to suffer Tarnowski to raise her hand to his lips between courses, and to gaze deep into his furtive little eyes as if she saw there all that she most admired in a man.

"Well, Ivan," she said, "has everything been arranged to your satisfaction?"

"Perfectly," he answered. "Tongeroff has shown real ability,— found just the man and worked him up to it partly through cupidity and partly through vainglory. I don't know how he discovered the fellow, but he did,— right at hand, anxious to prove to some girl that he was a hero and glad to pocket enough money to marry her afterwards. The house where he is concealed is just across the way. I looked at the window as I came in and there was a light in it. The poor fool is on the job — waiting, as he believes, to earn twenty thousand roubles by killing the Czar — in reality, for me to go and arrest him under the Czar's nose!"

He laughed a befuddled laugh, for he had already taken more wine than was good for him, and slapped his knee.

"But may not the 'poor fool' put a bullet through your head?" inquired Lily. "There is no use getting yourself shot in order to be made Governor General."

"Tongeroff has taken away his pistol by this time!" snickered Tarnowski. Then he suddenly burst into hilarious laughter. "Really, there's something funny about it, isn't there, Lily?"

"There really is, Ivan!" she answered, pretending to laugh with him in spite of the depression that clouded her spirit. "Really quite funny!"

Just then Ivan wallowed to his feet, stretched himself and crossed the room to where the lackey had left the cigarettes, and the recognition of her opportunity smothered what was left of decency in her soul. Swiftly she changed the champagne glasses while his eyes were fixed on the end of his match, and then, as he turned back to the table, asked him to light another cigarette for her — the kind that Paderewski had given her.

"Now," she smiled, filling both glasses, "here's to the really quite funny idea that's going to make my Ivan — whatever he is to become!"

He put his arm around her, as he stood beside her, and placed his glass to her lips.

"No!" she gasped, turning white and pushing away his hand while trying still to laugh, "it must be a bumper!" and she seized the other glass and drained it.

Tarnowski's bull neck swelled with pride and his little eyes glittered with passion.

"I drink to you — sweetheart!" he said, as tenderly as he knew how, and throwing back his head poured the contents of the glass down his throat. Then presently he sat down and rubbed his eyes.

"It's rather hot in here — don't you think?" he asked.

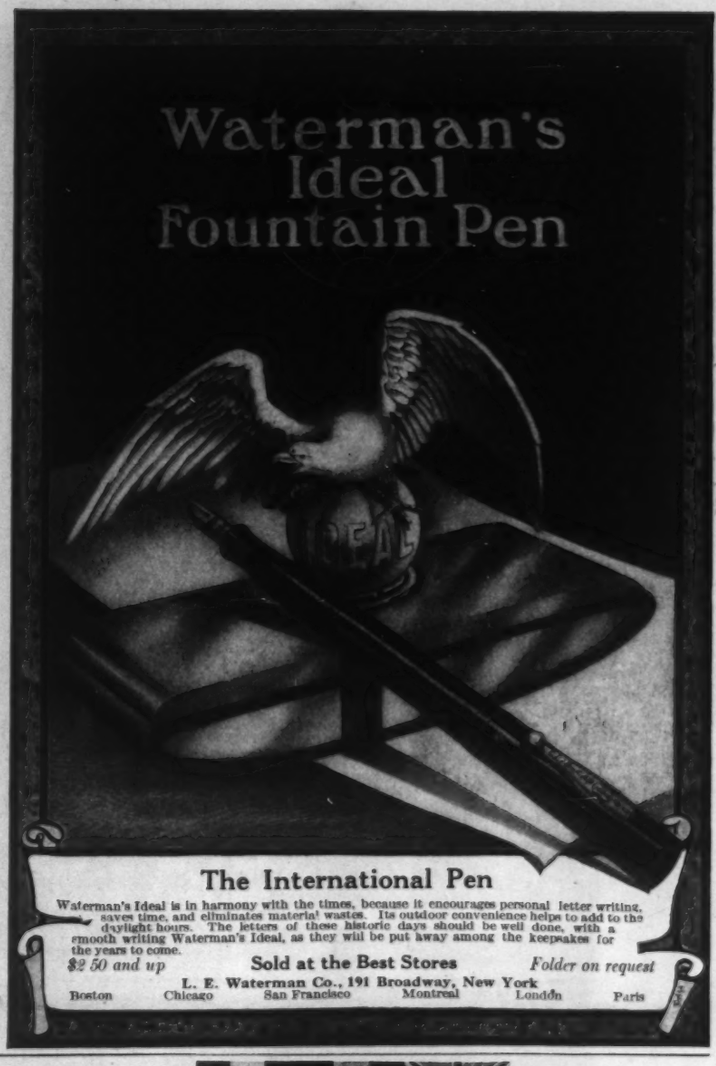
In the garret room, on the other side of the Avenue, Lavorski sat tilted back in his chair with his feet on a wooden table, smoking one cigarette after another. It was nearly midnight and time had begun to hang heavily. Moreover, it is not particularly pleasant while you are waiting to kill somebody if you have nothing to drink. It was a low trick taking away his bottle of vodka! There were ten hours before he could earn his money. It was inconceivable for him to remain so long without a drink. He would have one now — right off. Paul stealthily got up and tried the door; which Tongeroff had not dared to lock, opened it, and, as quietly as he could, crept down-stairs into the street. Already that afternoon he had wandered from wine-shop to wine-shop, ostentatiously exhibiting a pocketful of gold and treating all who would drink with him, and now he began his rounds again, for Warsaw was wide open in spite of the edict against vodka, and the bars were crowded with soldiers on leave from the front. He had spoken truly when he had claimed that he could carry his liquor well, but he had never before been able to drink all he wanted, and he now made the best of his opportunity. As the night drew toward morning Lavorski experienced an irresistible impulse to see Sophie and boast of the heroic deed which he was about to perform, and to see her once more before he should be forced to flee from Warsaw.

With a bottle of vodka in either pocket he staggered to the Alexandrovsk Bridge, and with frequent pauses for internal refreshment pursued a hesitating course across it to New Praga. The sun was only just rising as he reached the house in Tiraspol that sheltered his beloved, and he sat down heavily upon a doorstep opposite. For some time he stared up at her curtained window, debating whether or not he should make known his presence, then he leaned back his head and fell into the profound slumber induced by drunkenness. When he awoke the sun was high and Sophie was coming down her front steps dressed for work. His first thought was for another drink; having taken it, he got to his feet and tacked across the sidewalk.

"Hello, there, *panie!*" he hiccoughed. "I told you I was going to do something. Well, the time is here! I'm going to do it!"

Sophie, fresh from her night's sleep and with her mind tranquil from not having seen her drunken lover for several days, drew back in dread from this unkempt apparition. What was Lavorski about to do? Did he intend to kill her? Mustering all her courage she faced him steadily.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here at this hour in such a condition!" she cried tremulously. "You talk of doing something,— the only thing you will ever do is to drink. Go away!"



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But you can't do that by paring. That's a risky operation, and it never ends a corn. You cannot do it by old-time treatments, harsh and inefficient. They are too uncertain. Soreness too often follows.

You need not do it in a mussy way. Or in any way that affects the healthy tissue. No scientist will recommend such methods.

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A well-known chemist, after studying corns for some 25 years, invented Blue-jay. He selected Bauer & Black, who are world-famed makers of surgical dressings, to carry his method out.

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B&B Blue-jay For Corns

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to fill these places within the next 60 days

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"You don't believe it?" he mumbled. "All right, *panie*, wait! I am going to do something — big. You are a Pole — you hate the Russians! Well, death to the Russians! Death to the Czar!"

He leered significantly into her face, seeing that he had made an impression.

"You will only have to wait until ten o'clock to know what kind of a man I am!" he boasted. "Ten o'clock! Then all the world will know me for the Liberator of Poland. Also I shall have twenty thousand roubles! You will marry me then, eh? You will meet me in Kiev? There will be a new emperor,— or a new republic, maybe!"

Then for the first time Sophie realized that the deed which Lavorski was threatening to perpetrate, but which he did not name, was an attempt upon the life of the Czar, and, Pole as she was, she sickened with horror. Her grandfather, Casimir Zamoyenski, had been exiled to Siberia for his patriotic activities. Paul knew this. She would pretend to be thrilled at the thought of what he proposed to do, and perhaps could learn enough to prevent it. So she assumed a tone of incredulity.

"I do not believe that you have the courage to do what you say. Of course I hate the Russians! Did not my grandfather Zamoyenski die in the salt mines of Siberia? Well, then, tell me what it is and I may be able to help you."

"Help me!" laughed Lavorski boisterously. "You?" He laughed. "I told you that you would be proud of me. It takes a man to kill an emperor. And I shall have a fortune besides. I shall throw a bomb at him in the Krakowskie Przedmiescie. Then you will no longer say that I am a coward and no good. No!"

He reeled against the door post and felt for his bottle. Sophie, trembling, pushed by him.

"I must get to work!" she cried. "You do nothing but talk. You are a man of words — not deeds! I do not believe you really intend to do anything."

She crossed the street hurriedly, her eyes searching for an officer. Perhaps Paul was merely boasting, after all, but if not —— !

"You'll see!" he shouted after her, waving his bottle. "Ten o'clock!"

When she looked back he had disappeared.

V

THE special train which brought the Grand Duke and his staff to Warsaw had hardly come to a stop within the station before Potoki, the local head of the Imperial Secret Service, made his appearance at the door of the private car where Nikolai Nikolaivitch was smoking an after-breakfast cigarette.

"Your Royal Highness," he said, "I am glad to be able to report that the plot of which I told you last evening is all a fake — engineered to enable M. Tarnowski, the present Chief of Police of Warsaw, to distinguish himself in the eyes of his Imperial Majesty by exposing it and arresting the would-be murderer!"

The Grand Duke's eyes twinkled behind their heavy brows.

"What an ingenious person he must be!" he exclaimed. "I should like to meet him. Where is he?"

"He has vanished," answered the detective. "But there is no doubt, that if we have patience, he will turn up at the proper moment with the assassin in his custody."

The Grand Duke laughed heartily.

"It's really a shame to disappoint him! But how do you know all this?"

"For the reason that Tarnowski, in order to prevent his own connection with the affair being discovered, employed an *agent provocateur* named Tongeroff who has confessed everything. Where the Chief of Police is himself he does not know, but he guarantees that no bomb will be thrown and that Tarnowski will appear and arrest the criminal at the precise psychological moment in order to save the life of His Imperial Majesty."

"Upon which," chuckled the Grand Duke, "we shall politely thank him for introducing a little opera bouffe into what would otherwise have been a very tame performance. Afterwards, perhaps, we shall not be so polite. Anyhow, it is something of a relief to know that the only person who is going to be blown up will be M. Tarnowski himself."

"As the great English poet Shakespeare puts it, 'Hoist on his own petard,'" remarked Potoki, sententiously.

"But how do you know that the fellow they have put up to do the job will not actually throw the bomb?" inquired Sobieski. "Aren't you taking a good deal of a chance in relying on what Tongeroff says Tarnowski intends to do?"

"My dear Stanislaus!" answered Nikolai Nikolaivitch, yawning and feeling in the tin box on the table for another cigarette. "You indulge in entirely too much anxiety. Worry kills people much oftener than gunpowder or dynamite,— by the way, has anybody found that copy of the London *Times* I was asking for?"

VI

THE roofs of Warsaw were white with sunlit snow as Sophie joined the crowd hurrying across the bridge. From the spires on the other side of the Vistula the chimes of the Cathedral rang cheerfully through the clear atmosphere. In this great world of flags and music and soldiers, her own insignificance appalled her. What could she do,— an ignorant little seamstress? For her to try to halt the march of fate would be like throwing herself against the current of the river full of floating ice with the idea of holding it back. Suppose she should accost one of these magnificent officers in his motor and say, "There is a plot afoot to kill the Czar!" What would he do? Either pay no attention to her or, if he did, conduct her to the prefecture where she would be subjected to a long examination. Meantime, the Czar might be dead. Already it lacked only thirty minutes of ten o'clock. Her one chance for quick action lay in securing the ear of the Chief of Police himself. So, while the bells pealed and the guns boomed out their imperial welcome, Sophie struggled through the throngs on the street to the courtyard of the prefecture.

A pimply-faced sentry was swaggering up and down inside the gate, his rifle over his shoulder.

"I — I must see the Chief of Police," gasped Sophie, all but breathless.

The young soldier leaned upon his rifle ogling her insolently.

"You don't expect to find him here, do you, sweetheart?" he queried. "The Chief has much too important business to attend to to-day. He's at the railroad station welcoming his Imperial Majesty. I guess it's me you want to see! Just wait a few minutes till my tour is over and —— "

But Sophie, oblivious of all else, heard only his statement that Tarnowski was absent.

"I must see whoever is in command here!" she cried hysterically. "There is a plot to kill the Czar! He must not come through the streets!"

The pimply-faced sentinel laughed derisively.

"Go tell that to the Civil Governor!" he said. "No one will get a chance at the Czar while M. Tarnowski is Chief of Police." — He took a step toward her. "Listen," he coaxed. "Do you want to see a bit of high life, little darling? Twenty minutes more —— "

But Sophie had already fled through the gate. Was there nothing — nothing that she could do! Nothing, unless she could herself in some way prevent the Czar from starting. But that she realized to be an impossibility. With no definite plan in mind she wormed her way through the crowd around Sigismund Square and presently found herself on the Krakowskie Przedmiescie. The procession was already going by! She could not see anything for the big Lithuanian soldiers standing along the gutter and the people behind them cut off her view, but by determined efforts she at last managed to wedge her way to the very curb. Presently a troop of Cossacks trotted past, followed by a motor containing staff officers, and then by the cheering Sophie guessed that the Czar must be coming. Everybody was craning forward to see,— even the soldiers. This was her chance. Lowering her head she made a dash for the street, but the guard in front of her seized her by the arm and pushed her back into the crowd with a "What are you trying to do? Stay where you belong, can't you?" She had hardly recovered herself when there was a renewed outburst of enthusiasm and a wild waving of hats and flags. Unless she did something instantly, all would be lost. Frantically she ducked under the arm of the next sentry and to her astonishment found herself out in the middle of the street — alone!

VII

THE sun which had peeped into Sophie's dingy window and wakened her, flooded the drawing-room of the Countess Czvorska without making the slightest impression upon the Chief of Police of Warsaw, who lay upon his back on a *chaise longue*, his mouth

open, snoring heavily. He was dressed in evening clothes, his shirt-front bespattered with coffee stains, and his tousled hair and disarranged necktie gave him a sottish, dissolute appearance that filled Lily with disgust. He lay just where he had thrown himself and had not moved,— one leg resting upon the floor and a pudgy hand trailing beside the table. If Lily had agreed that there was something funny in his idea she no longer felt so. She was going through the agony of suspense which leaves one in a chilly sweat. Already the people were gathering upon the sidewalks to watch the procession and she could hear the braying of distant bands. A squad of mounted police trotted down through Sigismund Square and turned what traffic there was to one side. Every house was gay with bunting and the Radziwill Palace was covered with flags. She too had flags upon the façade of her house,— an emblem made of the entwined standards of Russia and Poland — for when the Czar's automobile should be exactly abreast of these, the assassin had been told that he was to discharge the catapult which held the bomb. She had dressed herself with unusual care, but a glance in the glass had shown her face pale and mottled, and she had hastily smeared her cheeks with rouge. She looked at the little Louis XVI clock over the mantle and saw with dread that it was nearly ten o'clock. A file of soldiers — Lithuanians in black lamb's wool caps — came marching from the barracks and took their places at intervals along the curbs. The windows in the houses opposite were filled with faces,— all except one at which she dared not look. The throng was now so great that no one attempted to move along the street, but pressed against those nearer the gutter.

Suddenly a gun boomed from the citadel and a cheer went up from the crowd. The Czar had arrived. A few minutes more and his blood would be upon her head! Out over the snowy housetops the bells of the Cathedral began to ring the national anthem and the people in the street below doffed their hats. At the same time the guns commenced again — this time without pausing — boom! — boom! — boom! — boom! The crowds turned towards the Krakowskie Przedmiescie expectantly. People leaned out of the windows to see better. Then with a great clattering the Cossacks of the Don came trotting down the boulevard amid the huzzahs of the people on either side. The bells of the Cathedral changed to Rachmaninoff's great processional. An officer of the Preobrajensky Guards came dashing by on horseback, followed more slowly by a gray military motor containing a group of officers, some of whom Lily knew. The Czar was coming! The drama must be played out to the end.

THEN Lily noticed a sort of commotion that was going on beneath her window. A soldier was handling a young girl rather roughly, thrusting her back into the crowd along the curb. Lily saw that the child's face was deathly pale and that she had blue eyes and corn-colored hair. It seemed to her that she had seen the face before somewhere,— where, she did not have time to remember, for just at that moment the cheers redoubled. Yes, he was here! A hundred feet behind the other car came the imperial motor,— containing two men, General Sobieski and — the Grand Duke! The Czar had not come then! A spark of relief passed through her, then agony at the thought of possibly being the cause of the death of the beloved Nikolai Nikolaivitch!

The Grand Duke, his hand at the salute, good-naturedly acknowledged the greetings of the crowds, while apparently carrying on a desultory conversation with his companion. Occasionally he laughed at something Sobieski said or, his eyes resting upon some woman or child upon the sidewalk, he nodded a special recognition much to the recipient's delight. From his death not the slightest profit to her employers could possibly accrue! Her own scheme as well as Tarnowski's had gone utterly awry. This would be nothing but useless murder. She wrung her hands despairingly. Should she open the window and warn the procession to stop she would thereby inevitably acknowledge her complicity in the plot. She could only stand there,— waiting helplessly for the Grand Duke to be killed.

The motor was now almost in front of her door. Another moment and it and the occupants would be blown to pieces! She tried to turn away her eyes but could not. Suddenly a child, the same one with the corn-colored hair, darted under the arm of one of the Lithuanians out into the street in front of the motor bearing the Grand Duke, waving her arms. The chauffeur stopped his machine with a jerk. At the same instant a shout of warning arose from the crowd followed by a shattering explosion, and for a few moments a thick pall of smoke obscured what was going on below. As it cleared away Lily saw that the Lithuanians had forced back the crowd leaving an open space in front of the house, and that the Grand Duke was carrying the apparently lifeless body of the young girl across the sidewalk toward her door. Her first thought was to make her escape, but she realized immediately that neither she nor Tarnowski could possibly get away from the house undetected. Yet how could she explain his presence there, — were it discovered? Meantime, however, the Grand Duke, followed by his staff was coming up the steps. She would have to bluff it out,— make the best of it. After all, no one would ever suspect the Countess Czvorska of complicity in an attempt upon the life of Nikolai Nikolaivitch. With her right hand she pulled the bell that summoned her men servants, while with the other she hastily adjusted her hair. Then she stepped out into the hall and posed herself upon the landing at the head of the flight of marble steps which led down to the entrance.

"Open the doors for His Royal Highness!" she cried to her footmen. "Open the doors for the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch!"

In the adjacent apartment Tarnowski, still comatose upon his *chaise longue*, imagined that he heard something. Just what had aroused him, he did not know. Aware neither of where he was nor how he got there he was conscious only that his throat was like the desert sand burning under a noonday sun. Opening his eyes he raised himself to a sitting position and slowly looked stupidly about him for something to drink. There was none in sight.

"Vodka!" he muttered to the world at large.

But the world remained oblivious of his remark. Tarnowski, feeling distinctly queer and not a little dizzy, arose weakly to his feet and staggered to the door of the apartment. There were people outside, people who could get him what he wanted.

"Vodka!" he shouted at the door. "Vodka!"

But the door and the people behind it were annoyingly unresponsive. His already red face became even redder with anger. Once — twice — he tried to turn the handle; then, leaning his whole weight against it, he burst it open and, a disheveled and drunken apparition, plunged forward upon the landing at the head of the stairs just as the Grand Duke, carrying Sophie in his arms and followed by Sobieski, neared the top.

"Vodka!" bellowed Tarnowski as he lunged forward. "Bring me vodka!"

Sobieski gave him a single look,— and struck a single blow with the flat of his sword. The Chief of Police reeled and pitched headlong down the marble stairs.

"Arrest that man!" shouted the aide-de-camp to the Cossacks below. "He is guilty of high treason!" Then to Nikolai. "That was Tarnowski — the man they have been looking for! We have stumbled into a nest of nihilists. Tongeroff fooled Potoki into believing that the plot was a sham instead of a real one. They were all in it together — including this woman. Your Royal Highness has had a most providential escape!"

Nikolai did not reply. He was engrossed in the thought that the child in his arms might have sacrificed herself for him. But now, observing Lily for the first time, he addressed her: "Madame, I am invading your mansion in the interest of humanity. This young girl has, I believe, saved my rather worthless life. Can you give me a bed for her?"

"My own room is at your service, your Royal Highness!" Lily replied, looking him boldly in the face. "I trust the girl is not seriously injured. Shall I send for a doctor?"

"My own staff physician will look after her," answered the Grand Duke, following Lily into her chamber which opened upon the landing from the other side, and placing Sophie gently upon the bed. "He will be here in a moment."

He bent over Sophie's pallid face and then placed his great head gently against her breast.

"Her heart is beating!" he said, relieved.

Then he stepped back for the doctor who had hurried up the stairs after them.

At that moment Sophie opened her eyes.

"She will be all right presently. She was only stunned by a flying splinter from the bomb," announced the doctor, feeling her pulse.

The Grand Duke took one of Sophie's thin hands between his giant paws.

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The two-quart pudding pan placed inside of the large kettle and used with the cover can be put to all of the uses of a double boiler, such as steaming rice, making oatmeal and other cereals.

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You run absolutely no risks in sending for the "12-in-1" set, and you incur not one cent of expense, for we pay the shipping expense.

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"You have saved my life, little one!" he said gently, as she gazed up into his face. "If it had not been mine it would have been your Emperor's. We are both duly grateful. Sometime you shall be adequately rewarded. For the present — " and he unpinned the decoration of the Cross of St. George from his breast, "I shall give you this as a keepsake, trusting that my nephew will confirm it."

He bent over, pinned the cross upon her shabby dress, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Stay here and look after her, doctor. Now, gentlemen, we must hurry on to the Cathedral."

Nikolai Nikolaivitch turned to the door and was about to pass out when he caught sight of Lily.

"General Sobieski," he said shortly, "put this woman under arrest. She is evidently Tarnowski's accomplice. We must make haste, gentlemen."

Lily threw back her shoulders proudly and raised her head. She had realized from the first that in drugging the Chief of Police and keeping him in her own house she had linked herself with his guilt; and she now perceived that neither of them would ever be able to prove that they had not intended to kill the Czar. Yet she would never go to Siberia nor stand up to meet her death before a firing squad — the drop of prussic acid in her ring would save her from either fate.

"Madame," said Sobieski after a moment's silence, "I very much regret — "

"There is nothing to regret," interrupted Lily bitterly, "— except life!"

"Have you anything you would like to take with you?" he inquired politely. "Or any person you would care to see?"

"There is nothing and nobody that I am sorry to leave!" Then her glance fell upon the bed and as an afterthought she added: "I should like to say good-bye to this girl."

Sophie was lying there quite peacefully, wondering how she came to be in such a wonderful soft bed all covered with lace in the same room with the beautiful lady who had advised her not to marry. Just then the beautiful lady with a faint smile came over and stood beside the bed. She looked very pale and there were hollows under her eyes.

"I did not expect to see you again so soon, my dear," said the Countess kindly.

Sophie smiled a little in return. But she mustered enough courage to say:

"My lady,— why did you tell me not to marry?"

"Oh! You remember that, do you? If you know any honest man that is in love with you marry him as soon as you can."

"I shall!" answered Sophie.

Lily turned to General Sobieski, as a squad of Cossacks filed into the room:

"Now I am ready to go," she said.

It mustn't be all war! We've come to that conclusion. We must have a little respite every now and then. And so, to put an unwarlike touch in the July number, there will appear "Benefits Forgot" — a sprightly story by Louise Closser Hale, illustrated by May Wilson Preston

Kidnapped! — *Continued from page 28*

outsider come along and stick his oar in — G-r-r-r!

In the west, however, our vision was still obscured to this fact. The feeling up to the day we entered the war was passively anti-British. On the glorious Fourth, if you were a political spellbinder, you could always get a rousing cheer by twisting the lion's tail. Whether *he* felt it or not did not matter. Out there it was a part of your oath of office. How otherwise were we going to keep the fires of patriotism going? England — we couldn't jump on anybody else. We hadn't licked anybody else. Spain never counted anyhow.

The Senator, to give him his due, was a fair logician. Quite astonishingly he found himself applying logic analytically for the first time to his anti-British attitude. No doubt whatever, these wheels had been set into turning by the sight of his own photograph. Almost immediately he came forth from the accumulated fog of years and got a straight, square look at true perspectives. In parenthesis, the rapidity of this rearrangement of viewpoint may strike you as a bit incredible. But think it over; it will come to you as a perfectly logical sequence. Already he had been secretly stirred by the valor of the British. France had saved the democracies of the world, but the British had saved France. Dull indeed would be the man who could not see that. Again, that I am able to approach these cogitations of the Senator is due to the single fact that I am repeating only what I was told by the man who at that moment was watching the Senator through a peephole in the wall.

The Senator saw clearly that he hadn't hated the British; he only resented their purblind ignorance regarding the true greatness of America, resented their air of superiority which, however, they never attempted to ram down the American throat — a German mistake which is eventually going to cost Mr. Hohenzollern his throne and his court photographer. The Britisher, all said and done, had an elder brother's right to his superior airs; and the row was all in the family. If, verbally, and typographically, we Americans jumped on him, it was in the effort to convince him that his young brother was quite as big and lusty as he was.

With his chin in his collar and his hands behind his back, the Senator fell to pacing again, mulling over these facts and the event which had provoked them. In essence, it was the German interpretation of his conduct. They believed he was for the Germans as against the British. That the newspapers should bellow and thunder at him, dub him pacifist and traitor, that was politics; the newspapers had to have someone or something to thunder at, confound 'em! But that the Germans should believe him to be a Shadow Hun — the moral shock was tremendous. He did not realize it then, but he did later, that here was the solid ground he had been praying for. All he had to do now was to take the step.

"The infernal scoundrels!"

Then he chanced to see once more the cold iron bars in the windows; and he came down out of the clouds of retrospective psychoanalysis (Whew!).

Kidnapped, right off the curb in front of the club! Very well; they'd soon learn that they had caught a bear by the tail. His absence would be noted, and no doubt by now the whole police force and the secret service were on the hunt for him. A man so well known as himself could not vanish like this without causing a hubbub of large dimensions. Let the fools put a price on his liberty! He would laugh in their faces.

And suddenly he *did* laugh; yes, sir; but not in irony or malice; a real laugh, for something struck him just then as exceedingly funny. He wasn't nearly so mad at his abductors as he was at the sauerkrauter who had had the audacity to paste that photograph on the wall, under the one of the Kaiser hobnobbing with his blood-brother, the Sultan.

Oddly enough, that laugh brought a kind of peace to his tormented soul. He dropped back to normal, and wandered about his prison in the hope of finding some way out. At length he curled up his six feet two inches on the cot and fell asleep.

The odor of frying bacon eventually percolated through his dreams, and he awoke. It was dark. He struck a match and looked at his watch. It was ten minutes after six. He had slept for hours. He lit a candle and went over to the cupboard. Besides the evening meal, there was a corn-cob pipe and a cannister of tobacco. When the meal was over, he filled the pipe and began smoking. He was ready; let the rogues come forward with their proposition.

But nobody came that night. Nobody came the next day, nor the day following that. In fact, for one hundred and sixty-eight hours the Senator never laid eyes on a human being. But he did hear at times human sounds in the kitchen, and these gave him a grip on his dignity. He never shouted for help, though occasionally he fell to haranguing out loud, because he was able to find comfort in the sound of his voice. He began to understand — or he thought he did. They intended to break his spirit before they approached him. Very well; they'd see.

Sometimes he stared out of the window at the deserted barnyard, but sparrows were the only living things he ever saw. A cow

"*I was startled at the least sound*"

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THE **Metropolitan** in February, 1912, in "The Kaiser in American Politics" by F. Cunliffe-Owen, exposed the German-American Alliance. (*German frightfulness took thousands of dollars of advertising out of the pages of the Metropolitan for this.*)

The **Metropolitan,** in October, 1914, in an editorial "The Lesson" by H. J. Whigham, began its campaign for preparedness, two months after the invasion of Belgium. (*This was months before the submarine menace.*)

The **Metropolitan** in March, 1915, urged Universal Service in an article by Theodore Roosevelt "The Need of Preparedness." (*It wasn't the popular thing to do at the time, but it was right then as it is now.*)

The **Metropolitan** in October, 1915, called for fleets of airplanes in an article by Richard Harding Davis "Our Eagle Without Wings." (*The American Army had twelve airplanes at this time.*)

The **Metropolitan** in a keynote editorial "Murder on the High Seas" by Theodore Roosevelt, was for America's active participation in the war following the sinking of the Lusitania. (*This was the heyday of German activities in America.*)

The **Metropolitan** on May 8th, 1917, in "Put the Flag on the Firing Line" by Theodore Roosevelt, advocated sending American troops to France immediately. (*On April 13th Secretary of War Baker stated that "our policy at first [would be] to devote all our energies to raising troops in sufficient numbers to exert a substantial influence in a later stage of the war."*)

In brief, this is the war record of the **Metropolitan,** which won from Secretary of War Baker, with whom it has not always agreed, the endorsement made before Congress as the magazine that has stood for preparedness and was expressive "of those who were most anxious for rapid progress."

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or a chicken would have been balm to his strained eyesight. He had never noticed sparrows before — these Bolsheviki of the birds. Now he found himself interested in the study of them, and he acquired a good deal of knowledge in this pastime.

He wouldn't have minded it so much if there had been something to read or if he could have shut out that diabolical gallery on the wall. At night it seemed that the room was filled with Kaisers, rattling their sabres and posing and shaking their bloody hands. And they thought he was one of them!

But what in the world had happened to the police and the secret service! Were these rogues super-rogues, too clever for the police?

On the morning of the seventh day he found a bundle of newspapers on the cupboard shelf. He was so glad to see them that he knew, from now on, he would never again speak of editors and tar and feathers in the same breath. Furiously he spread them out, scanned the first page, the second, and so on to the last. He was astounded. Not a line about his disappearance! He had vanished, and the newspapers hadn't found it out!

He sat down on the edge of the cot, a newspaper dangling from his hand. Not a line! Gone for a week, and nobody had noticed or remarked it! Where was Kitty, the brave and valiant Kitty, who would have dug up earth and pulled down heaven to find him! Real terror laid hold of him. He had it; she, too, was a prisoner somewhere. The absence of any news relative to his disappearance convinced him of this conclusively. Things grew pretty black for a moment. He didn't care about himself; he might be old, but he was tough. But Kitty, the apple of his eye! For the rest of that day he moved about automatically; little he did was actuated by mental process.

That night two men in masks and bandanas entered and informed the Senator that he was to be conveyed elsewhere. Would he be sensible and permit them to bind his hands and bandage his eyes, or would they have to muss him up a bit?

In short, at two o'clock in the morning the Senator found himself in front of his residence, staring blankly after the vanishing taxicab, probably the most utterly bewildered man in all this wide world.

THE day we declared war on Austria, there was no mentionable excitement in Washington. Nobody threw up hats; and the newsboys yelled no louder than usual. Nothing will ever excite us again — except sudden peace. We have shuddered all our shudders.

I wonder if it will be seditious for me to say that there is a touch of the Gilbertian in the way we declare war? I hope not. But we are so dreadfully cautious; we wouldn't hurt anybody's feelings for the world. Of course we are angry at Turkey and Bulgaria — in just the same way we'd be angry at someone who jostled us in the subway when we're trying to read the Curb report. But we shan't go any further for fear swart Bulgars might put muriatic acid in the shoeblacking and the Turks asafetida in the pistachios.

I went to a famous restaurant for dinner that night, and in a cosy corner I saw Johnny Conroy and Kitty, about to give their orders. They insisted that I make the duo a trio, I was agreeable enough. To sit at a table with Kitty was an honor widely sought in Washington. I sha'n't try to describe her. I'll leave it to your imagination. Take down those jolly and tender old love poets — Prior, Suckling, Lovelace and Herrick — and pick out all the beautiful things they said to their Phyllises and Chloes, and you'll have a fair idea how lovely Kitty is.

I might call Johnny Conroy — that is, if you don't object to the hyphen in its milder form — I might call Johnny an Irish-Yankee. By so doing I draw his portrait with a single stroke. Irish in wit, humor, romance and courage; Yankee in shrewdness, invention and understanding: that's Johnny.

I've known him since the days he sold newspapers after school hours. When he was seven he started out to make himself what he is to-day. I don't know how he did it. I don't think anybody knows. His former teachers still shake their heads. High up in his studies and low down in his conduct; that's the way his teachers labeled him as they passed him on. Of course his low-down conduct was only youthful deviltment, such as putting pepper in teacher's bouquet, onions in her desk and snowballs on her chair. That he did not go directly from high school to the gallows was a terrible blow to the prophets.

He and Kitty fell in love with each other in high school. It was perfectly logical that he should fall in love with Kitty; we all did; and most of us are still under the spell, not to mention the new reserves that are coming up daily from the army and the navy and the diplomatic corps. But that Kitty should fall in love with Johnny — that was quite as puzzling as Johnny's escape from the gallows. Kitty could have married a duke, a handsome duke, with barrels of money all his own; but she had set her heart on Johnny, and that was all there was to it.

I wonder if you have ever noticed how many beautiful women marry ugly men? I mean ugly in physiognomy. Personal magnetism, that's the word; and your handsome man rarely has that. It flowed from Johnny like ozone from a wireless operator's den. There was only one human being it did not seem able to reach — the Senator. I don't say the Senator wanted Kitty to marry the duke; I merely deduce that he did not want her to marry one of those infernal, impudent and improvident newspaper men.

I'm an Easterner now by adoption; but the Senator, Kitty, Johnny and I, we all hail from the same home town, and are tolerably well acquainted. But Johnny knew the Senator better than that individual knew himself, and I shall proceed to prove it.

It's clever of you to think of the Blue Book, but you will not find therein any key to the Senator's identity. Certainly — for obvious reasons — I'm not going to commit myself. Kitty might be his daughter, or his niece, or his ward. I warned you in the beginning that I was a camoufleur.

When Johnny came back to Washington, early last summer, he was a famous young man. He had seen all the fronts, he had interviewed nearly all the great generals, he had witnessed the fall of Warsaw, the defense of Verdun, and the Somme push. But in the early days of the war you did not see his name at the head of his despatches; he was simply an accurate chronicler of the war, day by day. What Johnny delivered were facts — the facts that historians are going to refer to when they advance their opinions. But he had a way of delivering these facts that was quite as interesting as the facts themselves — a gripping, compelling style. You saw the fact as he saw it; and that's genius.

One day he wrote an article on the ambulance units back of Verdun — the American contingent. A great magazine gave him a thousand dollars for it, turned their schedule upside down and printed it three months after acceptance. Johnny's boss — the head of a great association of newspapers — read that article, and straightway the order went forth to top all of Johnny's future despatches with Johnny Conroy's name. A wave of the hand, and Johnny became a household word up and down the land.

Two months after our declaration of war, Johnny turned up in Washington, full of pep and patriotism and ozone — only to be turned down in all directions because he was near-sighted and twenty-six pounds under weight. It nearly broke his heart. He had seen so much, and actually knew so much, he had been under fire so many times, that it was perfectly natural for him to believe that they would snap him up at once. Instead they snapped their fingers, they snapped in all directions but *up*.

Johnny was about five feet eight inches, lathy, tough of fiber and sandy-haired. He and his hair were symbolical: you couldn't keep either of them down. His eyes were so alertly and brilliantly blue that the Mandarin spectacles seemed to be riding his bridged nose merely to give a scholarly send-off to a facial ensemble the Lord had originally intended for merry-andrews only. But you always looked at him twice. The second look urged you to get close up, to hear that laugh which was always threatening; and if you were lucky enough to hear it, you then wanted to throw your arm across his shoulders and hobnob. Ask the Tommies and the Poilus; they'll tell you.

Not being able to get into the war with a musket, Johnny had to fall back upon his pen. Shortly he would be going to Italy, to cheer up Pietro, Giuseppe and Dominico. Meantime, it occurred to him that in the interval he might turn his attention to his love affair, and get it straightened out, once and for all. Aside from Kitty's patent love, the affair wasn't at all prosperous. One of Kitty's stipulations was that he must win over the Senator wholly.

It looked easy enough to Johnny. He was a famous war correspondent, something of a literary lion, and one of the best paid writing men of the day. But if Johnny's memory was so short on some things, the Senator's was not. You see, Johnny had formerly been among other things the Washington correspondent for a home-town paper not particularly in love with the Senator's ideas of draping the toga. Johnny had never been malicious, but his quiet irony had often considerably ruffled the Senator, who believed that the dignity of his office should have put him beyond newspaper attacks. (The autocratic idea I told you about.) The Senator's recent experiences — vituperation from Maine to California — had not served to soften him toward Johnny, not to any appreciable extent.

Nearly every afternoon Johnny dropped in to tea. Then one day he and the Senator came to words, sharp and biting, on both sides a bit unjust. Johnny was definitely informed that his room was preferable to his company — as they say out west. That was the Senator's mistake. An ironical Johnny was a tough enough customer, but a thoroughly angry one — watch out! He stormed down the steps. Then he saw the gray limousine. He eyed it speculatively for a space — and laughed. He turned and waved his hand gaily at the window where Kitty stood (with tears in her eyes, no doubt), and went on up the street whistling — "Oh, boy, where do we go from here?"

"By the way, Johnny," I said, as we touched off our cigars, "what's struck the old boy? They tell me the way he jumped on Austria to-day was scandalous. Wanted to lug in Turkey and Bulgaria. Why, he's actually *bulling* the war!"

Johnny laughed; but Kitty's eyes filled.

"Seven days," she said, "without seeing a human being! And nothing to look at but those dreadful pictures on the wall!"

"You laid down the proposition, and it was my move. Besides, you ought to be singing pæans of joy."

"I am, Johnny; but it seemed cruel."

"Nonsense! Why, he's the happiest old rooster in Washington to-day. He's wading in all on his own for the first time in his life. He's swimming without a life-preserver."

"What the dickens are you two talking about?" I demanded.

"The limousine gave me the idea."

"The limousine!"

"But it took days to bring Kitty around to my point of view. Of course without Kitty and the chauffeur — a tophole chap — I couldn't have put it over. I kidnapped the old boy."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, sir. I bet my last dollar on a blind horse with good legs. I've always had a pretty good idea what the old boy was like, inside, sown under the political moss and chickweed and wild mustard. For years he's been meandering about in a fog of his own creation — vocal."

"Johnny!" — from Kitty.

"Well, it's the truth. Ever see a fence-post in a fog? Looks as big as a barn until you get close up and have a good look. That was how the old boy saw Great Britain. If you talk long enough on any subject, you'll end in believing it. Fact is, the old boy woke up recently and discovered that he had interned himself in Holland. Or if you want it in plain States — in Dutch. He was like the Irishman in the story. 'Lave me at 'im — but plaze hang ont' me coat tails!' In the Senator's case, nobody offered to hold his coat tails. He wanted to be set straight, but he was too pig-headed to call for help."

"You should not call him that!" flashed out Kitty.

"All right," Johnny agreed. "Slip of the tongue. I should have said indisposition to reason — incompatibility of eyesight."

"But why the kidnapping?"

"When I went over to France I had about as much faith in psychology as I had in the fake trance mediums I used to expose. I thought psychology highbrow stuff for college professors to play with. But, Lord love you, I learned some things over there. Man, it's the greatest thing in the world. You win battles with it; you jack up the knees of nations with it when they begin to get panicky. It's miracle with a new name. Psychology — 'the science of the phenomena of the mind,' says the dictionary; but there's a lot more to it. That appeared to me the only dope to apply. Smother him with the Kaiser idea. Give him a glimmer of what the Germans thought of his stand. Make him roarin', fightin' mad. I might have talked and argued with him until I was deaf, dumb and blind, and never got anywhere.

"On the day he told me never to darken his doors again, what do you suppose the row was about? British gold! He accused every newspaper in the country; they were all being bought. I lost my temper and barked that the only British gold we could lay our hands on came through the advertising agencies of some English brands of soap and pills. He told the butler that I wanted my hat."

"And what did you do?" I asked Kitty.

"I cried. What else could I do?"

"Took me about two weeks to rig up the scenery," went on Johnny. "He thought we were ordinary crooks, out to separate him from his bank-book. It was the sight of his own photograph that turned the trick."

"But his absence — how did you account for that?"

"He had a slight cold and had gone into the country to cure it," Johnny grinned.

"What happened when he got home?"

"He came into my room on tiptoe," said Kitty. "Turned on the light and stared at me. I didn't dare move, though I did peep from the corner of my eye. He rubbed his chin and rumpled his cowlick — as he always does when he's bewildered. Presently he turned out the light and stole away. When I came down to breakfast, he was already at the table, reading the morning paper. I was so frightened that I could hardly stand; but I went around and kissed him. He stood up and held me off at arms' length. And then ——"

"Well, and then?" I cried excitedly.

"He let out a roar of laughter, and I fell on his shoulder and cried all the tears I'd been holding back for all week."

"But he never opened his head about the affair; not a single word; and Kitty and I didn't know whether we'd won out or not. Two nights later I bucked up and presented myself. The butler let me in, and by the sour look of him I saw that to his mind I was still a *personnæ au gratin*. I marched straight into the study and stopped before the desk. I didn't say a word; just laid down the mask and the bandana. I had to show him I was a sportsman."

"Johnny," said I, "that was a stroke. To give the old boy a chance to be magnanimous!"

"I had that in mind. More psychology. I was ready to pay the penalty. Either I had won or lost; and if I had lost, the name of the jail wouldn't matter. Well, the old boy picked up his pipe, filled it, lighted it deliberately, and stared dreamily through the smoke — apparently at nothing. My shoes kept getting larger and larger and my clothes lost shape. By and by he rose, took the mask and the bandana over to the fireplace and dropped them into the flames. He came back to the desk and touched the button. Not a word from either of us, mind you, during all this time. The butler came in joyous. He had my hat. I saw Johnny Conroy going through life all alone. 'Tell Miss Kitty I wish to see her.' Honestly, I could hear my clothes rustling as they readjusted themselves to my handsome form! Kitty came in on the run."

"I didn't either! I was too scared to run."

"Says the old boy to Kitty: 'Do you really want to marry this man?'"

"I told him," interpolated Kitty, "that I would never marry any other. 'Well, marry him, then. He's not such a fool as he looks.'"

"And that was the only revenge he took," said Johnny. "Psychology is great stuff."

I raised Kitty's beautiful hand and inspected the brilliant white stone which adorned one of her fingers.

"How about the science of the phenomena of the heart?" I asked.

"Well," said Johnny, with his engaging smile, "perhaps that *did* have something to do with it!"

"Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones," the fascinating story by Achmed Abdullah which we took so much pleasure in announcing last month, and which at the last moment was crowded out of the magazine by a great press of other war material, will appear in the July number. Like old wine, the story has grown better for the keeping

Getting After Mr. Lockett — *Continued from page 17*

campaign against the Lakes, and then the trouble started. The Lakes had money; Lockett was an alien who hadn't been formally introduced; and Stanley and I saw the possibility and rose to it. And there was one other complication here, and a big one.

I hardly think that Stanley was thoroughly in love with Ruth Lake until he realized that the Englishman was under full steam, and going around the curve. For years he had been really fond of her, and it was no secret that he liked her better than any of the other girls; but it was rather generally said that Stanley was a typical bachelor, and that he wasn't likely to participate at any wedding except as a fumbler of rings, or a stretcher of silk ropes for someone else. But when Lockett began to take the Lakes out in his new touring-car and bristled when any one else spoke of them in his hearing, Stanley got the thrill of competition in his heart. And then he was worried doubly.

"Hang it!" he said savagely to me. "Just look at the mess it puts me in! We ought to have got to work sooner! How can I go up there to Ruth and her mother *now*, and tell 'em what you and I've been suspecting about this chap? A couple of weeks ago — yes. But if I did it now — can you think of a worse chestnut? Little Stanley trotting in . . . 'Please don't like Mr. Lockett any more; we think there's something queer about him' . . . *Damn!* And there's nothing definite anyway — it's nothing but a hunch that he's putting something over on us!"

"One thing we can do," I said. "Cable Martinson."

Stanley reddened with excitement.

"And by thunder we will! And we'll get some action on this thing! I haven't trusted that man for one holy minute, and here's where we begin to find out the truth!"

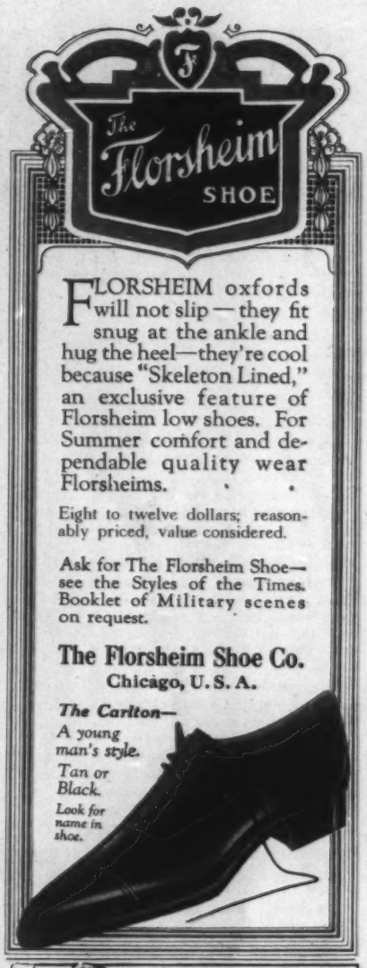
So we cabled to Martinson in Italy.

To a man of lively imagination nothing can be much more exhilarating than an opportunity to play detective in a good cause. And here we had two good causes. First and foremost, of course, there was our country to be protected against a possible spy. Then, of course, there was the cause of the unsuspecting American woman about to be made a tool of by the designing foreigner. Altogether it was good stuff to play with.

Of course I probably shouldn't have felt this way if the personal elements in the case hadn't been so strong. But here was poor old Stanley, fretting and fuming, and there was pretty little Ruth Lake, absolutely unsuspecting, and her pretty little mother; and finally there was Theobald A. H. Lockett, who might be an Englishman or not, a gentleman or not, a blackleg or a plain impostor. If it hadn't been so serious, I'd have positively enjoyed it.

Meanwhile, Stanley's doctor insisted upon his taking another month's rest before he went to Washington to buckle down to a big war job there. And, though every day I expected word about my passport and my ship I seemed doomed to disappointment week after week. So I was glad in a way of the Lockett affair to take my mind off my own longing to be in France.

While we were waiting for an answer from Martinson, Stanley and I set out to collect all the additional data we could. We got all the information to be had in New York, and there was enough to make us open our eyes. In the first place, there wasn't any Theobald A. H. Lockett in any reputable London club. He wasn't in "Who's Who," and he wasn't in the Army List. There was



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MY DEAR MR. BROWN:

Can you picture me enjoying your smokes in a dugout forty feet below the ground? The bursting of these shells would shake the very beams of our dugout.

The old fighting 69th is surely living up to every tradition of her famous past. We have made things pretty warm for Herr Boche. You couldn't even begin to anticipate what war really is, until actually in the trenches, and I am happy to say that we have some brave bunch of boys. Four of our men have been recommended for the Croix de Guerre for calmness and bravery under heavy bombardment, in my company.

Your package of smokes arrived today like a diamond from a clear sky. What Guy Empey said in January McClure's is more than true. They are the only enjoyment we have in the trenches.

The week we spent in the trenches we got but little sleep. I had my shoes off only once and that was to change my socks. Some times we would fall off to sleep and the rats would play tag over us. Still with all hardships the infantrymen have to put up with, there are some things fascinating which makes the game humorous and exciting.

CHAS. A. UNDERHILL, Sergeant,
Co. A, 165 Infantry, France.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I am very glad to say that I received two packages from "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund." They were good smokes and I appreciated them very much. Sherman did say the truth when he said "war is hell," especially when those 77s burst about ten yards from me.

I was very shaky the first day but got used to it in a hurry. A couple of my friends were recommended for the Croix de Guerre for bravery, and the boys are keeping up their fighting name and I suppose you people at home will hear some wonderful stories about us.

Yours sincerely,

FRED. C. KLOEPFER,
Co. A, 165 Infantry, A.E.F., France.

Contributed by James Montgomery Flagg

TOBACCO and the WAR

By **Henry Dwight Sedgwick**

Of the Vigilantes

(Written for "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund")

In the trenches men are subjected to a strain, physical and mental, such as men have never experienced before. Their senses—which we used to believe Nature had intended for the good of man—are so many doors wide open to let destruction in. Human nerves cannot endure the hammer, hammer, hammer, of the multitudinous instruments of hell day and night, night and day.

To protect soldiers from the assaults of hell, there is one great helper, tobacco. To the wounded, suffering nerves, tobacco, Nature's great nurse, applies its healing aid. After men have been torn, maimed, shattered, the Red Cross ambulance, with kind men and tender women, minister such comfort and help as surgery, medicine and nursing can give. But during the expectant interval, while the soldiers are waiting to be torn, maimed and shattered, the ambulances of the Red Cross, the kindliness of men, the tenderness of women, can do nothing. Tobacco alone can enable men to endure the unendurable waiting for the sudden coming of agony and death. Tobacco alone can bring with it the present assurance to the men in the trenches that there is a wealth of kindness, of tenderness, of gratitude at home.

Let those who take pleasure and pride in abstemiousness and in preaching, preach at boys at home or at idle women who smoke too many cigarettes, but let them not be so wrong-headed as to do anything to stop this one possible manifestation of human kindliness in the trenches, the plentiful giving of tobacco.

With the approval of Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, and of Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, a society, "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," has been organized. Every cent given to this fund will be expended upon tobacco for American soldiers and sailors in France. Twenty-five cents will send a package, and will provide the soldier or sailor with a postal card addressed to the giver, on which to express his thanks.

It requires no imagination to picture how welcome these packages will be. Who, that thinks of the trenches, who, that reads even the headlines of the morning paper, can smoke his own pipe, cigar or cigarette, with any sensation but that of shame at his own gross selfishness, unless it shall bring to his mind some soldier in the trenches smoking tobacco that he has sent?

A Carton of Smokes "Looks as Big as the Flatiron Building"

Several days ago I was the recipient of a package of smokes which had been sent over here by the fund gotten up by you. I acknowledged receipt of the package to the donor and just want to say "thank you" for the part you played in forwarding it. Smoking material is very scarce here and when we are unable to get U. S. brands, we have to fall back on the French, tobacco, and as you no doubt know, that is mighty poor smoking. The Red Cross has been making distributions of tobacco sent over and it is an interesting sight to see the boys when it is announced. You would think that some one had willed them a fortune. The intrinsic value of these packages is small, but when a fellow cannot get anything to smoke, one of these little striped boxes looks as big as the Flatiron Building.

E. H. LOGAN, A.S., S.C.

GOOD WORK, ELKS!

The Elks Club of Miles City, Montana, will probably go down into history as furnishing the most unique method for raising money to supply our embattled soldiers in France with tobacco.

Mr. N. D. Josephi, a well-known traveling man who is giving his time and efforts without compensation, to promote interest in "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund", reports that a member of the Elks Club of Miles City grew so enthusiastic over the work of this Tobacco Fund when it was explained to him that he donated a steer to be turned into cash for the benefit of the fund. The Elks Club, challenged to exert itself by this donation, killed the steer and sold it at $1.00 a pound to patriotic citizens. As a result, the sum of $616.30 was realized.

The Friend That Never Fails

By **Richard Le Gallienne**

When work is scarce, and cares are many,
And life is down to its last penny,
A drink will help you for a minute —
But, in the end, there's nothing in it;
Then, take my word, the friend in need
Is the old pipe — and the old weed.

Life has its little time of roses,
But, when its first sweet chapter closes,—
The brave young days of Do-and-Dare-It —
Come the long days of Grin-and-Bear-It.
There's nothing then to help you through
Except a quiet pipe or two.

The cup that cheers and then betrays us,
And with more trouble swift waylays us,
For all the little good it brings us,
Into a far worse hole soon flings us;
But when has good tobacco led
To broken heart — or broken head?

Dear lads that leave your desks and benches,
To fight our battles in the trenches,
We have no better gift to send you —
For, when there's no one to befriend you,
Grip your old pipe in your old jaw —
You're a new man with the first draw!

A Thankful Ambulance Man

GENTLEMEN:

This morning I received one of your bags and its contents compares with a $1,000 check at home; owing to delayed mails none of my Xmas boxes from the States have reached me and the contents of your bag was just what I was in need of most, as at the front where things are good and you live well, nevertheless there are many things we need and can't get, the one who planned what to put in them surely knew what he was about.

PAUL V. ALLEN,
American Amb. Ser. with the French Army.

"The Poor Benighted Hindu"

GENTLEMEN:

I received a package of tobacco from you today and believe me I'm very thankful for same. For about three months I have been forced to smoke English tobacco and if you ever tried it I know you will feel sorry for me and say "There is a man who has surely done his bit." But today, O Joy! we received through the Red Cross a packet and above all other things some real American tobacco. We have been in England for about three months receiving instructions and a few days ago we crossed the English channel. I saw quite a few Hindus who were members of the crew. They were dressed in a cotton shirt and a pair of light trousers. They wore wood sandals on their feet. We Americans being warmly dressed felt that they must be a hardy lot. But, if it is true as some people say that cleanliness is next to godliness, well, those Hindus must be thousands of miles away from the Lord. I wish to thank you again for your kind gift of tobacco. Yours very truly,

PVT. SIGURD. A. ANDERSEN,
32nd Aero Squadron, A. E. F., Paris, France.

Give a little bit to a Soldier who is giving his all for you!

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GENTLEMEN:—I want to do my part to help the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. Since tobacco does it—I'm for tobacco. (*Check below how you desire to contribute.*)

I send you herewith ..... ,
my contribution toward the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose $1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you $1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

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no record of his having taken a degree at Oxford; and the old newspaper files didn't give him any publicity as an intercollegiate athlete, although he had remarked that he had won his half-blue against Cambridge. So that as a starter, Lockett went down on our laboratory test as a hundred per cent. liar, and the returns weren't all in yet.

Stanley and I smiled knowingly at each other, and resolved to run our lines a little finer yet. We didn't want to bring in the indictment until we had the last speck of proof, so that one day we had Lockett shadowed by a high-priced investigator from Burns' office, and what we got for our fifty dollars was illuminating. Lockett went to town on the 9:35, took a taxi to a bank, went to a broker's office for an hour, and four other brokers' offices in the subsequent hour, telephoned interminably, had a late lunch with a fat man at an obscure restaurant, wrote several letters in the writing-room of a hotel and didn't mail them until he got to the Grand Central, engaged a compartment of the Pullman on the 4:34, and came out to Westchester alone.

"That clinches it!" rasped Stanley. "I don't know what his blamed game is, but it's *some* game! He hasn't played square with us. If he's in the army and is on the level why in thunder doesn't he sport his uniform? He's a bad egg, and if Al Martinson cables what I'm expecting him to — exit Lockett!"

"No doubt about it," I said. "But why delay?"

"Just to complete it," he said. "Just to finish the cycle."

"It's your picnic," I said, "and in the meantime how about the Lakes?"

"Worse and worse. I tell you, that guy's a hypnotist! He's there day and night now; they can't seem to talk about anybody else. To be frank, I'm scared to death!"

"What at?"

"Him," said Stanley. "He'll carry her clear off her feet before she knows it. Women can't stand this foreign element — they're too susceptible! But if we get the message I *think* we'll get from Al ——"

By this time, local gossip had boiled down to the assumption that Lockett was a rich commoner with nothing to do but to take care of his patrimony, and it was pretty clearly settled that he wanted Ruth Lake to help him take care of it. He left no loophole for any one to say that he had been clandestine. He took no chances on any adverse criticism that could possibly be prevented; he was careful to include Mrs. Lake in his plans; he had obviously sensed that if he had the mother to stand up for him, he was guaranteed against contingencies. And Mrs. Lake wasn't afraid to admit that he was charming.

"Yes," she said. "He's a wonderfully interesting man. I do wish I could tell you all he's told us about his life ——"

"Why, Mrs. Lake!" I said. "You're not hinting that he has any *secrets* to keep!"

She betrayed a trifle of anxiety, and — as I thought — chagrin. She looked exactly like a woman who has forgotten that she was supposed to keep the cat in jail.

"I'm not hinting anything at all," she said sweetly. "But Major Lockett ——"

"Major!" I exclaimed. "*Major!*"

There was no doubt about her discomfiture now. Presently she raised her eyes to mine, and I'd have bet that she didn't know how apprehensive she really seemed.

"A slip of the tongue," she said lightly. "*Mr.* Lockett. As I was saying, he ——"

I looked at her steadily.

"He's made a pretty deep impression on Ruth, hasn't he?" I asked.

The color in her cheeks was, to my way of thinking, a wide-open confession.

"I . . . I don't know," she stammered. "He's a very attractive man ——"

"With money," I suggested.

"Oh, yes!"

"But what *is* his family?" I asked her as indifferently as I could. "And where does he really come from?"

"I . . . he's from the south of England."

"Oh, yes," I said, "probably an officer of provincial troops, eh?"

"Well — I'd judge so ——"

"He's told the rest of us so little," I said, "that I thought he might have told you more." (This was as cryptic as I could make it.) "I'm awfully interested in him, really! Tell me about him."

And after I had taken pity on her helplessness, I went straight to Stanley and gave him all the news there was.

"Now then!" I said to him. "It's as plain as daylight, and you guessed it! He's dazzled the Lakes with all the traditional old hocus-pocus, including the *nom-de-guerre* and the secret mission. That's *my* theory, and I'll bank on it! She called him 'Major'!"

"See?" said Stanley. "I recognized that mustache as soon as I set eyes on it!"

"You certainly did. And he told us he wasn't a military man, and that he registered from London for convenience! Now shall we wait to hear from Martinson, or not?"

"We'll wait," said Stanley, with grimness. "If we're going to put this chap out, we'll put him out to *stay* out. But I do wish Al would hurry up and cable. Let's see — exactly what was it we asked him?"

"We said: 'Do you know or vouch for Theobald A. H. Lockett? Reasons vital.'"

"That ought to fetch him," said Stanley thoughtfully. "Well, if we don't hear by Thursday . . ." He broke off sharply, and looked at me with an expression of indescribable impatience and disgust.

"What's the matter?"

"We're a fine couple of boobs," snapped Stanley contemptuously. "Wasting tolls on cablegrams to Al! And there's an embassy in Washington, and a consulate in New York, too! Wouldn't *they* know whether he's an army man or not?"

"Oh, but wait!" I said. "That doesn't signify anything. He could probably explain anything they gave out. But hit him on the social side, and the deed's done. *I'd* start now, but if you want to kill time until Martinson puts in his evidence — it's not *my* funeral. If McAdoo wants you in Washington in two weeks I shouldn't think you had much time to fool around here."

"That's so. Well —" Stanley got up, and stood for a moment at the window. Suddenly he turned, and snatched up his hat.

"Where to?" I asked him.

"I'm going up there," said Stanley doggedly. "And find out just where I stand."

"That's the way to talk! Put him on the defensive. By the way, I get my passport to-morrow, and then it will be a question of only a few days more for me."

"Great!" said Stanley. He was on the threshold as he spoke, and the telephone rang. "I'll take it," said Stanley. "Hello? Yes — Mr. Holcombe speaking. Go ahead." There was a short interval during which he waved frantically backwards to me. "Thank you!" he said, and hung up the receiver.

"Martinson?" I cried.

"Right!" said Stanley, his eyes blazing. "Just three words — 'Never met him'! I guess *that* doesn't mean anything, eh?" "The low-down sneak! The ——"

"Well," I said, "what's the *next* step? The lid's off. What are we going to do about it?"

Stanley halted with a stamp that shook the floor.

"What am I going to *do*? I'm going up to the Lakes! We're going to put this whole deal up to that family, and ——"

"Hold on a minute," I said, motioning to him. "That's all very well in its way, but it isn't particularly sporting at that. It's too indirect. The *best* thing for us to do is to fight it out with Lockett first. Isn't it?"

"Um." Stanley pondered hard. "You mean you'd give him a chance to crawl, and get away? A thing like him? Think he deserves it? Not in a million years!"

"I think it might reflect more credit on you and me. You're in a rather compromising position, aren't you? Let's have the battle with *him*. We don't want to have any women mixed up in this — it's a man's proposition!"

"Perhaps you're right," said Stanley. "I'll drop down-stairs and see if I can find out where he is."

It was several minutes before I heard his footsteps on the stairs again. He came smashing back into the room, and leaned against the door frame to recover his breath, and gesticulated wildly with both hands.

"He's gone!" he panted. "He's *gone!* Get your car out — *quick* — will you?"

"What's the idea?" I gasped.

"He's *left*—given up his room — *gone!*" And Stanley roared it at me.

"Good riddance! You ——"

"*No!*" Stanley clutched my arm. "The . . . the big blackguard — they've *eloped!*"

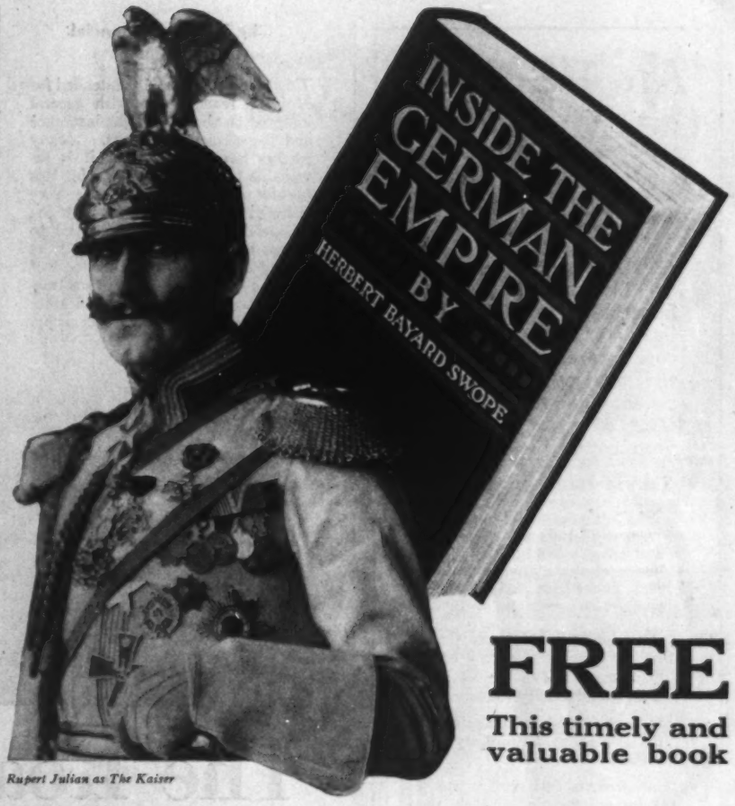
Somewhat later I remembered that at this juncture my own logic had deserted me. I simply took Stanley's statement at its face value, and we went down the stairway like two firemen going down the pole from the dormitory at a third alarm. My roadster was in the Inn garage.

"Jump in!" I bawled. "Where are we heading for?"

"Lenox!" said Stanley, jamming down his hat. "And drive like Billy-be-damned!"

"What's the story?" I asked excitedly. "I can drive, too . . . what *is* it?"

"I went to his [*Continued on page 53*]



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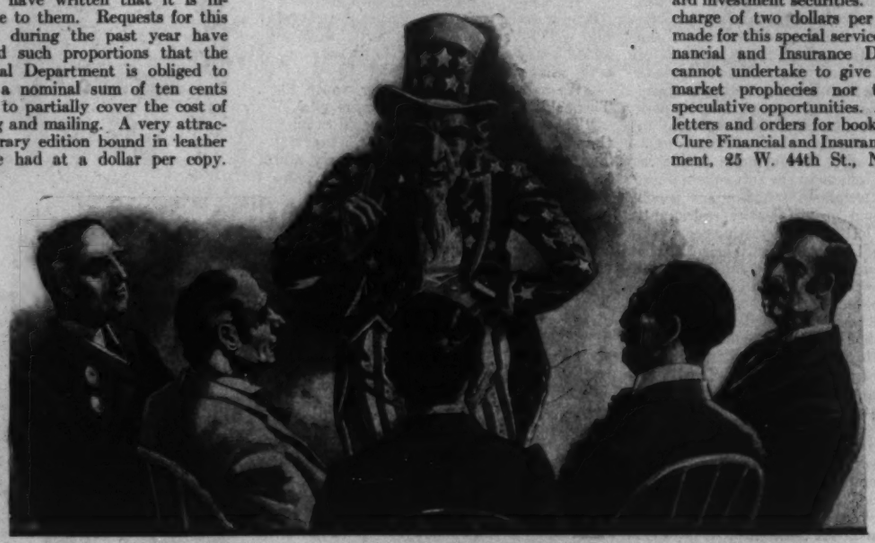

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

The Road to Independence

by Paul Tomlinson

IT is probable that the majority of rich men, if asked to state their rules for the attainment of success, almost invariably would reply that hard work and saving are the two most important.

Ever since the world began, however, people have been trying to get rich without hard work and a long wait, and although it is true that some men have become financially independent through a stroke of good fortune or a daring speculation, their number is not large. People, particularly those who cannot afford it, still fall ready victims to the lure of enormous profits from mining ventures which unscrupulous promoters so glibly promise. This, too, in the face of the established fact that more money has been put into the ground than ever has been taken out.

It is a curious circumstance that people will save and deny themselves for years, and then put their every cent into some scheme which even the most cursory examination should convince them is unsafe. There is the example of the lumberjack, who, after six months of toil from daylight to dark, took his earnings and went into the city. Almost his first move was to repair to a gambling house where roulette was being played. His entire savings, which probably represented also all his fortune, he risked on one turn of the wheel, and as is usually the case, he lost. "Oh, well," he exclaimed philosophically, "easy come, easy go." The story is amusing, but it is tragic as well. How many people have seen their money swept away as the lumberjack did his, not lost at roulette probably, but in some other get-rich-quick scheme where the chances against winning were even greater.

In December of 1916, on the day Secretary Lansing made his famous remark that the United States was on the verge of war, it may be remembered that securities on the Stock Exchange suffered severe and sudden declines. On the morning of that day, a man appeared in a broker's office in Wall Street with ten thousand dollars, the savings of his lifetime. He had heard of the fortunes made by speculators in war stocks, and the prospect of quick and easy profits lured him on. He bought stocks on margin with his entire ten thousand dollars. Less than a quarter of an hour later Secretary Lansing's remark had been made public and the man was penniless.

Can people who buy stocks on margin blame Wall Street when they lose? Or is it their own fault for gambling when they have no business to do so? Why is it that people who would be horrified at the suggestion that they play cards for money or bet on a horse race will speculate in stocks with an easy conscience?

Now, it is not the intention of the writer to convey the impression that the prospect of gain is to be ignored when securities are purchased. On the other hand prospective profits may very properly be considered by every investor, but when profits alone are thought of and profits out of all proportion to the amount of the investment, then the investment becomes a speculation. Speculation is a dangerous luxury and is only for the rich.

Almost every one of us would like to be financially independent. To be sure there are some people who toil for the pure love of work, but I fancy the majority of us look upon work as a means to an end, rather than an end in itself. First of all our concern is, or should be, for the proper care of those dependent upon us; our secondary aim is to acquire enough money so that some day we can gratify our longing, not for leisure necessarily, but for that feeling of security which a snug bank balance alone can give.

How can we reach the point of being independent? Is it through speculation or investment? Undoubtedly the majority of those who have tried speculation have not only failed of their goal, but as a result been denied the means of ever reaching it. The safest way is investment. It is slow, but it is sure, and the directions are plain to every traveler if he will but read. There is no man who cannot travel that road.

Is there any excuse for people to speculate in war times? Has any one the right to waste money these days, even though it be his own? Money is essential to victory, just as men are, and the Government does not gamble with men. When a general maps out his campaign he does not rely upon chance to win his victories. That is, not if he can help it. And no man has to rely upon chance to win his battle with dependency. Most of us can become independent if we will.

Someone will say that he cannot save money in sufficient amounts for it ever to be worth while. Suppose you save a hundred dollars every year on the basis of approximately two dollars a week. It does not seem like much, but suppose you invest that hundred dollars every year to yield a five per cent. return. Suppose you allow the interest to accumulate, and it, too, yields five per cent. Do you know that at the end of ten years you would have $1,320.67? In other words you would own $320.67 more than you put in, and you would have averaged over thirty-two dollars a year in interest for the ten-year period. At the end of fifteen years you would have $2,265.73 and at the end of twenty years your savings would amount to $3,471.89. If you should save a hundred dollars a year for twenty years, in that time your $2,000 would earn you $1,471.89 which is as much as any of us ought to expect. If you should stop at the end of twenty years, the income on your $3,471.89 at five per cent. would bring you in $173.59 a year, or $14.46 a month. Five hundred dollars a year saved in the same way, at the end of twenty years would amount to $17,359.62 and yield an income of $867.98 a year or $72.33 a month. A few examples like these prove that steady saving does count, and meanwhile if a business opportunity requiring some capital should present itself, the man who has some money saved is the one who can take advantage of it.

No one need speculate when bargains are being offered as freely as they are now. Most unusual opportunities in the investment market have been made available as a result of war conditions. I have before

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

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The "Functions of a Commission Brokerage House," is published for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York. This book clearly explains the details of buying and selling securities.

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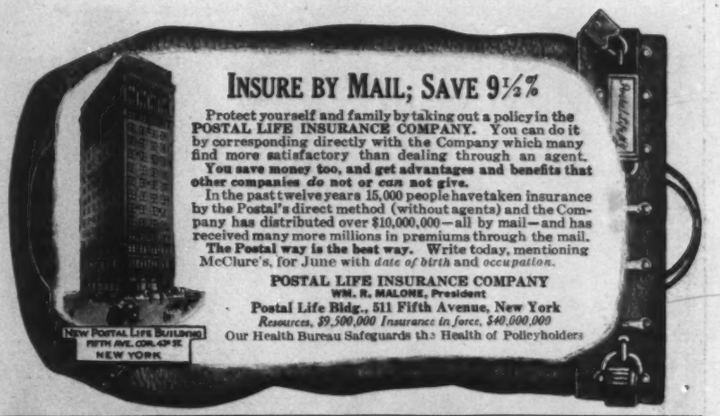

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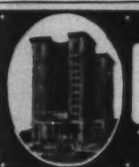

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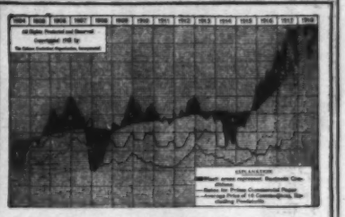

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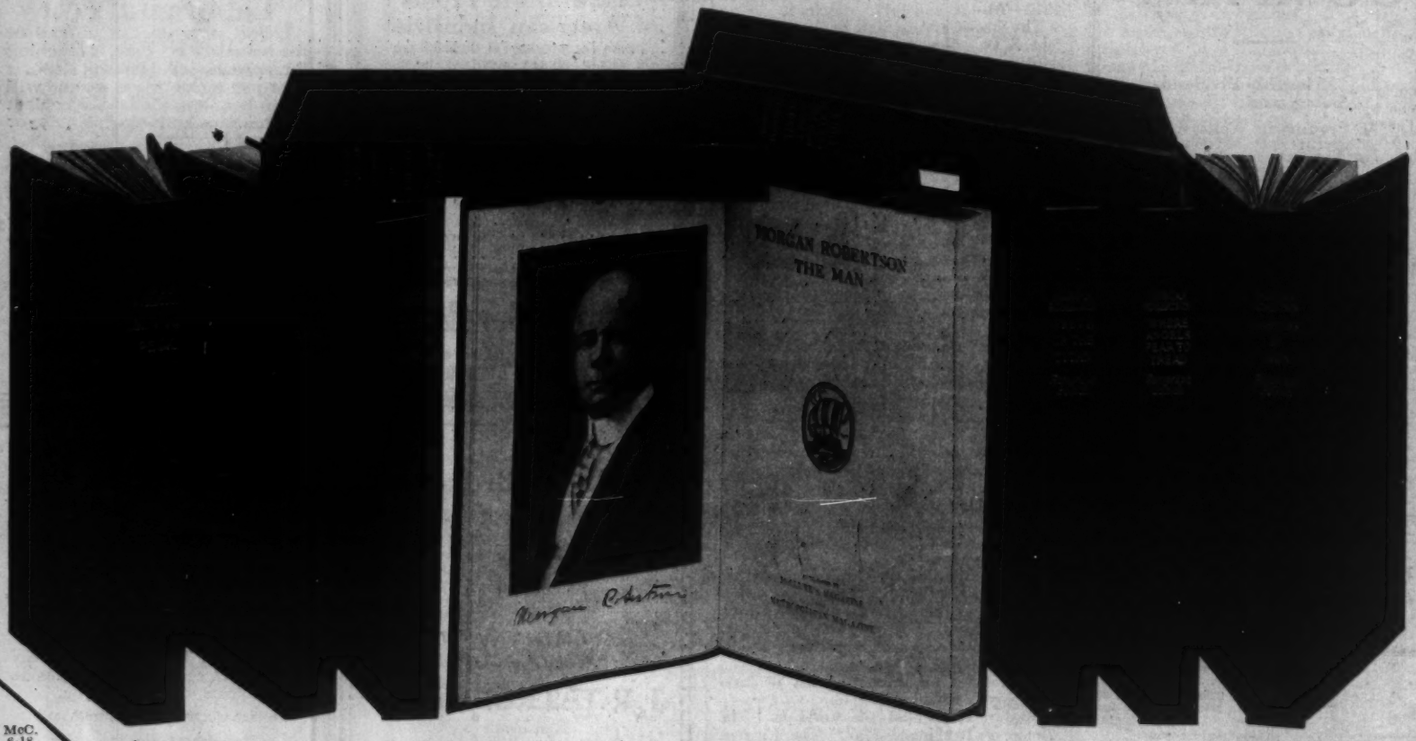

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Getting After Mr. Lockett — *Continued from page 49*

room," said Stanley between his teeth. "The door was open — luggage standing around. So I ran down to the office — he paid his bill an hour ago and said he'd send for his things. So I telephoned the Lakes. I got a maid. She said Lockett had dashed up in his car and taken Ruth with him — and she heard 'em mention Lenox. They had some suitcases. It's out of the state, too! And it's clear — *clear!*"

"We can't afford to make any mistakes," I said. "We'll ask the Sergeant!"

Ahead of us, a village policeman was cruising about on a motorcycle; I hailed him.

"Oh, Sergeant! Seen Mr. Lockett going up?"

The officer stopped and nodded.

"Some time ago."

"Was there a lady with him?"

"Uh-huh."

"Any . . . baggage?"

"Car full of it," said the Sergeant, looking inquisitive.

"Much obliged," I said.

It was futile to think of overtaking them within a couple of hours at the minimum.

"If we get 'em at all, we're safe!" said Stanley gloomily. "What I'm afraid of is that Mrs. Lake's old cottage may give Ruth a residence in Massachusetts. We've *got* to stop this thing!"

"Search *me*," I said, sending the roadster up to forty-five. "But if he *does* happen to be a Britisher — you know there's an attaché or two in Lenox — they could probably fix it up somehow. But we'll get 'em!"

"Hit it up!" he commanded. "And I'll pay the fines!"

So I hit it up as far as Peekskill, when a traffic man stopped us, and gave me a summons returnable on Tuesday at ten in the morning, and then I raced into Fishkill, where I got another summons.

"You can get a lawyer, and handle it by mail," said Stanley. "Kick her up a bit. I thought you said they warranted this junk-shop on wheels to do seventy."

"They do."

So we collected another summons at Poughkeepsie, veered to the northeast, and got ourselves served again at Millbrook. A few minutes later we were over on the direct route for the hills; and I told Stanley that for every mile under an average of fifty that Lockett had made, we had picked up a mile on him.

"Good work!" he said glumly.

"But what," I said, shooting through Amenia at fifty-five, "are we going to do with this foreigner if we *do* catch him?"

"You leave that to me," said Stanley.

Once we paused to ask for information; and we had cause to rejoice that Lockett's car was flaming red and noticeable. Ten minutes ago he had pushed through Lakeville; we still had thirty miles to cover, and the advantage of pursuing people who didn't know we were coming.

We went through Great Barrington at double the legal limit, but so smoothly that none of the uniformed constabulary so much as turned his head to take our number. Out on the highway again I stepped on the accelerator; presently we saw ahead of us the outline of a low, red car.

"Catch it!" said Stanley, straightening. "*You catch it!*"

"If we don't catch it on the level, we will on Monument Mountain!" I said.

We struck that slope at sixty miles an hour. Directly ahead of us a cloud of dust hung over the road like a curtain of drab-colored net; we had a glimpse of a rear axle and a spare tire in a whitewashed cover. We pounded across the bridge spanning the Housatonic, and swung into Stockbridge a hundred yards behind the red touring-car.

"They're stopping at the Red Lion!" said Stanley, with a quick cough. "*Now!*"

I jerked the roadster to a standstill, and both of us leaped to the ground. Up ahead, Lockett was helping a lady to alight; Stanley suddenly grabbed for my arm.

"Good Lord!" he blurted. "Good *Lord! That's not Ruth!*"

The lady who had just dismounted heard him, and turned. It was Ruth's mother.

For the space of perhaps five seconds the quartet of us stood and regarded each other in equal embarrassment and dismay. I was battering my brains for an alibi — any sort of explanation which would let us get Mrs. Lake aside long enough to enlighten her. But Stanley was boiling. All he knew was a state of facts. More than that, he was obsessed with the one idea which had been with him for the past few weeks. He said what was in his mind, and said it imperiously.

"Where's Ruth?"

Mrs. Lake was trembling.

"Why . . . why, *Stanley?*" she faltered.

Lockett was glaring frightfully at us.

"Well," he said. "This *is* an unexpected pleasure!"

"Isn't it?" snarled Stanley. "*Where's Ruth?*"

"Why — safe, isn't she?" quavered Mrs. Lake, blankly.

From the veranda people were watching us with curiosity, and the Briton began to fidget.

"This is a bit public, isn't it?" he said. "Let's go inside."

So we went solemnly up the steps, and in the foyer there came hurrying to meet us a distinguished personage of middle age — a man whose face was perfectly familiar to me although I had never met him in the flesh. He was smiling broadly, and as he got within hailing distance of Lockett he put out both hands in a whole-hearted gesture of welcome.

"Hello, Maldon!" he said. "I'm delighted!"

And it was from this moment that I began to put two and two together to make five.

"Mrs. Lake," I said under my breath. "I'm sorrier than I can ever tell you — it was a mistake from the very beginning — but it was absolutely sincere ——"

"But I don't understand," she said limply, "why you and Stanley should have ——"

"Never mind now — I'll tell you some time! Just answer me quickly — was it *wheat* . . . and *does* he come from Essex . . . and . . . and *do* you think poor old Stanley has a ghost of a chance with Ruth?"

She was nonplussed, but she must have trusted me a little, because she tried to smile.

"Yes — and yes — and *yes!*" she said. "Oh, I *wish* you hadn't . . ."

But I was plucking Stanley by the sleeve.

"Here a minute!" I said, peremptorily. "Say good-bye to Mrs. Lake and we'll run back ——"

"Wha-what?"

"Oh, no!" she protested weakly. "Don't do that! You're here now! We *were* going to be very quiet . . . but it's going to be at five o'clock — and I'd *l-love* to have you — as long as you're here . . ."

"Honestly?" I demanded.

"Honestly," she said.

"Stanley," I said, "if you'll send a boy out for some clean linen, I'll be with you in ten minutes. Will you do that for me — *now?*"

When I got to our quarters, he was smoking and peering stonily out into the street.

"Well?" he growled. "What's been keeping you? What is this — a plant?"

I sat down in the nearest chair and laughed until I cried.

"Stanley, old boy," I said, "we're a fine couple of sleuth-hounds, we are!"

"So?" said Stanley, ferociously.

"That chap," I went on, "has been over here to superintend huge shipments of wheat for the Allies. They tried to keep it dark; naturally they would."

"Is that *so!*" said Stanley, rearing. "That's a *fine* fairy-tale! What's he doing up here with Mrs. Lake, and ——"

"The maid misunderstood you," I said. "She thought you asked for *Mrs.* Lake. Ruth's over at Tarrytown for the day — she'll be home early to-night — and from what I hear you don't need to worry."

"Then — then what in *thunder* —" And his eyes threatened to pop out.

"They're to be married at the summer embassy at five o'clock, and we're invited! Just a plain case of suddenness — that's all. I know we won't be dressed for it, but ——"

Stanley's speech went crisscross.

"B-but it's just as *bad!* . . . Allen Martinson cabled . . . and he said he wasn't in the army . . . and . . . that fellow in the lobby called him 'Maldon,' or something ——"

"He isn't technically in the army; he's on detached duty. He was a Major of Infantry. His job was to be inconspicuous. And Martinson met him under another name. He has two of 'em. *Lord* Maldon," I said, "is the other one. He's on the Food Commission. Melodrama is right!"

Stanley gasped, and sat down hard.

"If we start back in time," I said, "we ought to be reaching the Lakes' driveway about ten o'clock."

His respiration was very audible.

"How'd you know?" he managed. "And . . . and who's the other comedian they had down-stairs, and ——"

"He," I said, "is employed in a civil capacity. He seems to have blarneyed the whole world into thinking he's the British Ambassador."

There was a long silence, after which Stanley relaxed and smiled feebly.

"Oh, well," he said. "Oh, well . . . *still* . . ."

"What is it?"

"I was just wondering," said Stanley, whose smile still betrayed the weakness of shock, "what we . . . what we *call* him? It's — it's rather startling . . . like this ——"

"Oh, thunder!" I said impatiently. "Call him 'say' for a couple of months and then call him 'father-in-law' or anything else you jolly well please! Put on a clean collar and let's go down and see what rice costs!"

Through the Haze — *Continued from page 12*

certainly would go to work and think it out. . . .

He sighed, discreetly. Life was really becoming so full of things to be thought out!

Soon another thought came to trouble him. Looking down the sparkling vista of the table with its shaded lights of pink and amber, he saw his sister's face. Craig, who sat at her right, for the moment was listening attentively to some comment of Mrs. Blair; while Anstruther, at her left, was paying a somber attention to Mrs. Hathaway. In the temporary respite his sister's face was momentarily in repose. She looked tired, and anything but happy.

The changes in that which we know well and see often are singularly unobserved by most of us. The growth of a child to those that see the child but seldom is wonderingly remarked. To those that see the child every day, it is almost unnoted. To be sure, Don had been away from his sister much, at intervals. Possibly it was that now, for the first time, he was learning to use his powers of observation. . . . She looked tired; almost troubled. He wondered, vaguely. For if there was any one quality that she had always had, it was the habit of happiness. Had anything happened to worry her — to distress her?

He made up his mind to ask her.

The opportunity did not come until late that night. For, following the dinner, there were, on the terrace, cigarettes for the women, cigars for the men, and coffee and cordials for both. Following that, came bridge. There were three tables.

Mrs. Boelke played wretchedly. Deprived of her own initiative for so many years, she was singularly futile except in massed formation. Cards, to Mrs. Anstruther, were merely a concomitant of conversation; and so she played them. Anstruther, thickened by many Scotches, constantly overbid his hands. Enid Haynes played as she conversed, vivaciously but inexactly. At times the conversation became acrimonious, even acrid. At others, merely inept.

Nevertheless, they continued until far past midnight, Anstruther losing a hundred and ninety dollars, which Mrs. Anstruther had to pay, and did with appropriate comment.

In dressing-gown over his pajamas, Don sought his sister's boudoir.

"Sleepy?" he asked her.

She shook down the long masses of her hair. Almost to her knees they came.

"Not particularly," she answered. "Why?"

"I happened to see your face to-night

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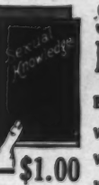

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when you had — er — let it down — as your hair is now. . . . I thought you looked tired."

She smiled.

"I am," she assented; "that is, I am a little. Why?"

"And," he went on, "maybe a little — unhappy."

He waited.

"Has anything happened?" He asked the question gently, casually.

She shook her head.

"No," she answered. "Everything's just the same."

"Business?"

She smiled again.

"Indeed, no! Why, Dick will make ever so many more thousand dollars this year than he did last!"

He was puzzled.

"But," he persisted, youthfully, "you did look tired. Yes, and unhappy!"

"Did I?"

He nodded, very seriously.

She smiled again.

"I'm sorry," she said. "For I'm not unhappy, in the least; and only the least bit tired."

He went back to his room.

"Could a person be unhappy and not know it?"

It did not seem possible. And yet. . . .

Chapter III

THE Ameses were not of America's greatly rich. Theirs was a fortune growing even as America was growing. Inheriting a relatively modest sum, Richard Ames, on completing college, had gone into business with a man who had been a friend and associate of his father. Naturally keen, vital, alert, he had done well and had gone far. And now, at thirty-five, he found himself the junior partner of an exceedingly prosperous firm, with an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year; an income to which, by judicious speculation in the stock market, he was constantly adding yet more thousands.

At twenty-eight, when assured of his financial ability to do so, he had married Constance Vane. She was then twenty-three. It had been a love match, pure and simple.

They had lived quietly at first, and well within their means. But as their fortunes had grown, their possessions had augmented. And now, after seven years they had, in addition to the Italian villa (which, by the way, they called *Miramar*), a town house; three motors — touring, limousine and roadster; several saddle horses, and a speed launch.

In summer they entertained a good deal. In winter, they saw little of their home, spending most of their nights at the theatre, at dinners and dinner dances or living the *Vie de Cabaret* which was at that time so popular.

Twice they had been to Europe. The first time they had gone only to London and Paris; with the customary side trips from the former to Chester, the Shakespeare country, Hampton Court, Windsor; from the latter to Fontainebleau, Saint Denis and Versailles. In London they had viewed with rapt but unseeing eyes Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, St. Paul's, the Strand, the Tower, Piccadilly, the parks, Buckingham Palace, Drury Lane, the Old Curiosity Shop and the Temple. In Paris they had also seen the conventional things. And they returned to America with a welter of sight and sound and color that refused to assort itself or to be assorted. Constance succeeded in bringing in a string of real pearls and three Paris frocks without paying duty on them. They told their friends that they had had a perfectly wonderful time. In their hearts they were glad to be back where they could speak the language.

The second trip had not been quite so hurried. This time they had made the Mediterranean crossing, stopping at the Azores, Gibraltar — which they, with others, learned quite naturally to refer to as "Gib" — Algiers, and Naples. Thence they went to Cairo, and to visit the sphinx and the pyramids. They brought home with them a great many souvenirs and pieces of bric-à-brac that they were hard put to it to find a place for.

They came back from their second trip about the time the new house was finished, and for a time gave up all idea of further travel — though occasionally they thought vaguely that some day they would make a trip around the world — perhaps when they got older, and Dick was ready to retire.

Meanwhile, life was very full. There were always so many new things to do — so many new things to have. To them, as to many of America, life was like nothing so much as Christmas morning, in the nursery.

Chapter IV

WHEN they were living in the country, Dick didn't go into the office on Saturdays. Breakfast, on the following morning, was a belated feast, beginning with Don, at nine, and struggling along until the advent of Mrs. Blair, at eleven.

After breakfast, Don and Ames played five sets of swift tennis, all of which Don won handily, to emerge therefrom unruffled, while Ames was dripping. Craig, with Constance and Mrs. Blair, watched from the shaded bench at the courtside. While the players bathed and changed into fresh flannels, the others strolled through the gardens.

Luncheon came at one-thirty. Following which, the car took them to the links for a foursome at golf, Ames playing with Mrs. Blair, Craig with Constance. Don, searching out MacNichol, the professional, went around with him.

Standing at the hilltop tee of the seventeenth hole, Don's attention was suddenly directed toward a little white cottage, with its comforting protection of home trees. Suddenly it came to him that it was almost milking time. . . . His sliced ball fell into the rough. . . . MacNichol won the hole in three.

That night there was to be another dinner party.

Don, finishing with his dressing, wandered around from his room in the east wing, to his sister's suite, with its silken hangings of soft pink, its thick carpets of ash gray; its French wicker furniture. Félice, his sister's maid, was putting the final touches to the masses of her dark hair while she watched, curved lips pursed, dainty silver mirror held behind her head that it might cast its reflection into the mirror of her dressing-table.

Don, crossing his feet and slipping Turkwise to the floor, sat and watched. . . . He was proud of his sister — proud and fond. There was no woman, of all he had ever seen, half so beautiful. She was never cross, never exacting. She never nagged or quarreled about little things. She was affectionate; and yet not too affectionate. There is a delicate balance in this to a boy of eighteen. They had been much together as children — much more than most brothers and sisters. As they grew up and found themselves alone in the world, each had turned to the other for the love and sympathy and understanding that they could find nowhere else. It had linked them very close.

From the preoccupation of what was to her the nearest approach to a rite that entered into her waking days, she darted him a quick little smile. He grinned back.

"Whither away to-night?" he asked.

"The Anstruthers are giving a dinner party at the country club," she answered.

He stretched, luxuriantly.

"Well," he said, musingly, giving voice to a current phrase, "it's a great life, if you don't weaken."

With his hands, he tenderly took hold of silk-clad ankles, just above the edge of his almost heelless pumps.

"I say, Connie."

"Yes?"

"Who lives in that little house over the other side of the hill — the little white house, with the vines?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she answered. "Just some country people, I suppose. Why?"

She did not wait for his reply; before he could speak, she had begun to give orders to her maid as to which of her jewels she would wear. Don smiled. It was a trait that he knew well. Her mental processes reminded him of a humming-bird — quick, busy, intent, but intermittent. He watched her now, as in an almost painful concentration she selected from her jewel box a necklace of pearls — simple, unornamented save of themselves — like a string of crystallized tears.

Even as she slipped them about her neck, Ames entered. He was garbed in well-fitting evening clothes and carried his hat, and over one arm, a dress slip-on, for the car.

"Ready?" he asked.

Don nodded.

"A miracle has happened. . . . She is . . . ."

"The millennium," commented Ames, smiling.

"At least," agreed Don.

Don liked his big brother-in-law, too; liked and admired him. Of his most dignifiedly happy moments were those in which, casually, he would drop in on Ames in the

city, at lunch time, and go with him to one of the exclusive clubs to which Ames belonged. He loved to sit there, fussed over by silent waiters, while important-looking men, tossed at his brother-in-law a friendly, "Ah, Ames?" or a genial, "How are you, Dick?" Sometimes they would stop for a word or two. In which case he would always rise, to acknowledge the coming introduction the formula of which was almost always, "My brother-in-law, Mr. Vane — Mr. Lispenard," or whatever the name of the visiting gentleman chanced to be.

And Ames rather liked to take him. He was a clean-cut, clean-limbed boy, with a great deal of poise both of manner and of expression. And while glad to give him the enjoyment that such visits brought, Ames himself attained a certain recrudescence of long-forgotten pleasure in the reflected appreciation that came to him from Don.

"Nice boy, that," was the comment that he often heard. And, "I'm very fond of him," he would reply. Which was more of a truth than Ames himself quite realized.

Descending the stairs, they found Mrs. Blair and Craig, quite ready to start, and loitering over a cigarette on the terrace; while below, in the drive, panted the big seven-passenger car with its uniformed driver.

The women sat in the back seat with Craig, while Ames took one of the side seats. Don slipped in beside the chauffeur.

Through the fragrant dusk they glided silently out to the country club.

It was a new club, and one of the finest in that section of the country. It had broad porches and velvet terraces; a richly decorated dining-room and a large dancing-floor. There were tennis-courts at the east end; and a clock-green at the west. The first tee was not over forty yards from the front porch. And from it one could see broad acres of hill and dale and wood, with here and there glimpses of running water.

Soft and soothing as it was outside, however, inside it was different. A negro orchestra, with a splendid ear for everything but music, was performing with a telling effect *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. Already young girls, and boys in their teens, were gyrating lithely to the heavily accented strains.

They were of the last guests to arrive at the club-house, though on reaching the table they found there nobody but Anstruther. He was sitting alone, over a fifth cocktail, amid a litter of disordered tableware and carelessly tossed napkins.

He rose, a bit unsteadily, to greet them.

"They're all dancing," he explained; and sat down again.

"Come on, then!" cried Constance. She seized Don by the arm and dragging him not unwillingly behind her, ran lightly to the entrance of the ballroom. Without even hesitating in her flight, she slid his arm about her waist and they were out amid the sound and movement.

Two turns of the room they made before the music stopped. Don, starting a decorous applause, noticed that those about him were making their way back into the dining-room.

The personnel of the party was much the same as had been that of the previous night; save that in place of the Boelkes there were two newly-arrived house guests of the Anstruthers. Boelke allowed his wife one night out a week, Friday. He reserved Saturdays for himself; and on these days in company with three German-American friends he played thirty-six holes of efficient golf and then adjourned to the grill for a planked beefsteak accompanied by much beer.

The Anstruthers' new guests were a pair of professional ballroom dancers whose name at the moment was current in almost every mouth and every magazine throughout the country. Of indeterminate origin they had been washed to the very crest of popularity on the dance wave that, started by the Castles, had overwhelmed the country.

Mrs. Anstruther had been at pains for days that her social triumph might not be lost to an anxious public. That it had not been could easily be seen by the quarter acre of craning necks and neglected dinners that surrounded her table.

Dinner, interspersed as it was with so many terpsichorean interruptions, dragged out to interminable lengths. It was nearly eleven before the cordials came.

During dinner, and until well on into the Sunday morning that followed, the ballroom dancers danced gracefully, engagingly and impersonally with the members of the Anstruthers' party and with the few selected friends to whom Mrs. Anstruther condescended to present them.

When at length the music ceased, the party adjourned to the Anstruthers'. Stimulated by the noise, the light, the color, the excitement, by the alcohol and the tobacco, sleep was far from the eyes of any.

The moon was far down toward the horizon as, with much loud laughter, the party drove, in four cars, up the winding drive of the Anstruthers' place. As the servants had long since retired, Anstruther, unsteadily, played bartender, assisted by Ames. The rest, pleasantly casual, drifted onto the broad porch with its battery of great pillars.

Constance, stopping near the first pillar, found Craig beside her.

"What a wonderful night!" he exclaimed.

"Isn't it?" she agreed.

"Tired Nature sleeps against the labors of the coming day," he murmured.

"Very pretty," she returned; "only the coming day happens to be Sunday."

"I will amend it," he suggested. "Tired Nature sleeps against the painful necessity of going to church."

She was leaning against a great pillar. He put his arm out, full length, behind her, that he might lean against it, too. And then, suddenly, with no word or act of premonition, he deliberately bent down and kissed her, on the mouth.

At first she was startled. She looked up at him, quickly. He was smiling, calmly. She drew herself away, still looking at him. Then came a great surprise; a surprise deep, and puzzled. Fully, from her heart, she had expected to be angry. Yet in herself she found no anger. For the moment she was dazed.

Lost, gropingly, she tried to simulate that which she did not, yet knew full well that she should, feel.

"How dared you do that!" she cried.

"If you could see yourself as you are now —"

"But I never gave you any right — I shall never forgive you!"

He still smiled. "You have forgiven me even now."

"What?"

"If there was ever even a question of forgiveness."

"What do you mean?"

He shrugged broad, well-knit shoulders. "Don't you know?" he queried. Then, without waiting, "I will show you," he said. He kissed her again. "You see? You're not angry."

More than ever she felt the hollowness of her pretense.

"I am," she said.

This time he did not even bother to answer. He only smiled.

"I am — very angry!" she declared.

"And yet you speak that anger so softly that I alone may hear."

"I don't want to make a scene."

"Which shows that you are not angry. Angry people, above all else, love scenes." He took both her hands in his; his whole mood changed.

"I have held you in my arms five times to-night, your breath on my cheek, the fragrance of your hair in my nostrils. You are very beautiful. Nor am I more than human."

He drew back a step. Ames was approaching, with a tray upon which were frosty glasses, long stemmed.

"Try these," he adjured. "They've got the club's beaten a mile."

Craig selected his glass from the slopped tray.

"Thanks, old chap," he said. "Stingers?"

Ames nodded.

"Anstruthers stewed is better than the club bartender cold sober."

He held the tray toward Constance. Slowly her fingers closed about the glass's fragile stem.

It was daylight when they all went to bed; all, that is, save Don. Youth, being rich of life, dreads not to spend.

While others, with drawn shades, tried to bring rest to overwrought nerves and smarting eyes, Don, stripping swiftly, stepped beneath the stinging drops of his shower-bath; slipped swiftly into riding-clothes.

He did not call the groom. Himself throwing a saddle on the glossy back of Pepper, the stocky polo pony that he liked best to ride, and slipping a snaffle-bit between willing teeth, he mounted and rode away through the golden glories of a summer morning.

He paid no attention to time, to place, to distance.

On his way back, he passed a girl, dark-haired, dark-eyed.

With others, that he did not notice, she was on her way to church.

[To be continued]

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Licking the Huns! — *Continued from page 9*

also a goodly sprinkling of the soldiers who had joined the revolutionists, still with their uniforms and equipment. Hundreds of banners with the flaring inscription, "*Deutschland über Wilhelm!*" bobbed up and down in this flood of humanity and the cry was taken up and swelled out hoarsely until it must have pierced the very walls of the despot's palace.

The bakery workers looked on, apparently as spellbound as myself for an instant, and then with wild cheers they rushed out of the factory and joined the mob which moved on slowly down the street.

Liebknecht and several of his lieutenants remained, drawing up chairs around one of the tables and talking together in low voices. Frieda also stayed, being evidently an important member of the conference, from the attention and deference shown her by all, even to Liebknecht himself. The others stared curiously at me from time to time and I braced myself to await whatever fate this new turn of the ever-revolving wheel of fortune would have in store for me.

AFTER a time I caught scattered phrases of Frieda's and I knew she was interceding for me. At first there seemed to be some objections to whatever her suggestions might be and the talk grew more animated, but they sat too far away for my straining ears to make out anything clearly. Suddenly Frieda bent over to Liebknecht and whispered something — I know not what — but I do know that her face flushed a glorious crimson as she spoke and she nodded her head in my direction. Instantly every face was turned my way and Liebknecht motioned me to approach them. I did so, walking across the floor with firm tread and carriage as erect as I could master.

He gazed at me for a moment, not unkindly; in fact, I thought there was something of approval in his keen, shrewd eyes. He was nothing if not direct.

"Captain," he said, "I have heard something of your case, and *Fräulein* Bernhard informs me that you and she are to be married."

Although I had grown accustomed to the most unexpected after the events of the past few weeks, I think my heart must have missed a beat! I know that the blood flooded my face and I momentarily lost my poise. I shot a swift glance at Frieda, and although I realized there was a message in her eyes before they fell before mine, I was too dazed to interpret it then.

Before I could frame an answer, Liebknecht went on:

"The German people — which is not the Prussian — have no especial hatred for America," he said. "We have something very close to admiration for your President Wilson and have come to believe now that your great nation was forced into this war by our present Imperial Government, much as we ourselves were. The fact that there are hundreds of thousands of our people who have lived in peace and prosperity in your nation and that I myself am in sympathy with your President's peace principles among other things, has led me to make the decision that you shall have your freedom in a measure. You will be permitted to attach yourself to my staff and observe at first hand conditions and events which will eventually lead to a lasting peace and the democratization of the Fatherland. Then you can give America and the sons of Germany who make up a great part of your population, the true story of the great revolution in Germany which swept the mailed fist of autocratic militarism from the world!"

He extended his hand and I shook it warmly, thanking him many times for his kindness. I would have much preferred to have been permitted to rejoin my command at the front, but it was quite plain that his decision was not only courteous to me, but irrevocable, and I had no choice.

Liebknecht and his party then arose to start for another part of Berlin where he was to address munitions workers. I racked my brain for some device that might win me a moment alone with Frieda, but my hopes were dashed when Liebknecht called her to his side and they preceded the rest of us down the stairs.

Later there occurred in the Reichstag a scene unparalleled in the history of Germany — an event which tore the last blindfold from the eyes of the German people and the last vestige of power from Wilhelm II.

The Kaiser had called a special session of the Reichstag following the liberation of Liebknecht and the triumphant descent of the revolutionists on Berlin. In a last desperate effort to stem the rising tide which threatened to sweep him into oblivion as he had swept millions of his subjects into the trenches, Wilhelm was about to address the Imperial Parliament of Germany in person.

On the morning of August 30, 1918, the Kaiser left his palace in a closed automobile on which were mounted four machine-guns. No attempt was made to molest the car on the trip to the Reichstag, although it had to wend its way through streets so crowded as to be almost impassable — but wherever it was recognized it was followed by hoots and hisses. The thoughts of the man who had plunged the world into the bloodiest war in its history, so that he might rule the universe, must have been most interesting as he crouched in the cushions of his car behind the protection of machine-guns and listened to the jeers of his subjects.

When the Kaiser entered the Reichstag it was crowded to the doors and seats were at a premium. Long before the time announced for his appearance the galleries had been packed to suffocation and there was a tenseness in the air comparable only to that which occurs on a battlefield before the order is given to attack. At length, the Kaiser strode into the great hall, surrounded by scores of his officers — the majority of high rank — shining and glittering in their resplendent uniforms like so many gilded toys. The events of the past few weeks had left an indelible imprint on the proud haughtiness of Wilhelm II. He looked simply a broken old man, for all his brave trappings and warlike mien!

Count von Hertling, the Imperial Chancellor, preceded the party whose entrance was greeted by cheers and boisterous "*Hochs!*" from the junkers and a silence that was deadly and ominous from the other members of the parliament — many of whom remained seated at the entrance of the royal party.

Whether it was Wilhelm himself who ordained that he should be the last to address the Reichstag on this memorable occasion, or whether the ordinarily astute von Hertling suggested it, will never be known. However, the Kaiser's speech was held for the *pièce de resistance* of the great show staged by the junkers to defeat the revolutionists — *and that speech was never delivered!*

VON HERTLING opened the proceedings with an impassioned address, calling for all parties to unite and stand by the Emperor for the safety of the Fatherland. He pointed to the "glorious victory" that had been won over Russia by the "great German sword," and spoke of the treaty with the Ukraine as having broken the Anglo-American blockade and ended the Allies' dream of the conquest of Constantinople. The U-boats, he declared, had begun a gigantic drive upon the world's shipping that had paralyzed commerce and was preventing America from sending transports across the Atlantic. Nightly air raids on London and Paris were causing the terrorized people of those cities to demand that their governments sue for peace and within the year German troops would be marching home from the trenches, the conquerors of the world. Distant cities were particularly fearful of the new long-range guns which could send a blast for seventy miles. He then read a message from Field Marshal von Hoffman, von Hindenburg's successor, which spoke rather vaguely of the progress of a new "great offensive on the western front." Remembering the fiasco of March and April, it was not easy for him, however, to become wildly enthusiastic over this latest prediction.

In conclusion, von Hertling again pleaded for loyalty to the Kaiser and cooperation with the Imperial Government in stamping out the uprising of a "few thousand fanatics," which if allowed to spread might mean the defeat of Germany on the eve of her greatest triumphs.

It was a masterful effort and won loud cheers from the junkers, but with few exceptions the other members received it in absolute silence. Count von Westarp, representing the Conservative party, was scheduled to speak next, but before he could take the floor, another figure came down one of the aisles and approached the speaker's tribune. His appearance was the signal for wild outbursts from the junkers. There were loud cries of "*Maul Haulten!*" (Shut your mouth!) from that side of the house, while from the others came mixed applause and jeers. Von Hertling paled and whispered to the Kaiser, who stirred uneasily in his chair and then leaned forward to glare at the newcomer, as if to impale him with the raging hate in his eyes.

UNDISMAYED, the man mounted the rostrum, turned so that he directly faced the Kaiser and began to speak. He was Phillip Scheidemann, majority Socialist leader in the Reichstag. His address was the most remarkable one which that body was ever destined to hear, and at its culmination, Wilhelm II was an Emperor without a kingdom, a man without a country — just plain Wilhelm Hohenzollern!

Scheidemann began with a brief and sarcastic review of von Hertling's speech, punctuating it with frequent allusions to the fact that while all "these alleged victories are being won by Prussian arms throughout the world, the German people are starving and would like a little more food and less conquest!"

He then launched into a bitter attack on the Kaiser and the Imperial Government, in the course of which he made disclosures that threw the Reichstag into an uproar and awoke all Germany to the deceits and falsehoods which had been practised on it by its royal masters in their desperate efforts to save themselves from the retribution of a freed nation. His speech was frequently interrupted by the hoots and hisses of the junkers, but preparations for this had been made by the revolutionists in advance. The doors of the Reichstag were suddenly thrown open and three hundred armed men marched in and covered the disturbers with rifles, compelling them to listen in silence to the end.

This is, in part, the now famous speech of Scheidemann in the Reichstag, with the disclosures that stripped Wilhelm II of his power:

"We were told England and France planned the conquest of Germany, and we fought to defend our Fatherland from invasion. *We fought for a lie!* We know now that the Imperial Government is responsible and responsible alone, for this ghastly war — because we know that von Bethmann-Hollweg, when Chancellor, demanded from France the fortresses of Toul and Verdun as a guarantee of neutrality for the period of the war with Russia. This alone made the entry of England into the war inevitable!

"We, the German people, do not want the dismemberment of Russia, nor the subjugation of Belgium and other small nations. The policy of the Imperial Government is not ours — *we want peace!* We are opposed to the treaty with the Ukraine, because in all its important particulars it is in contradiction to the rights of peoples to self-government. The great drive on Italy has turned into a complete failure and we know that Prussian soldiers are daily deserting their lines and seeking refuge in the mountains there. We have won the undying enmity of Poland, and even our Allies, the Austrians and Hungarians, loathe the Prussian race!

"Our brothers at the front have been grossly mistreated by those in command. A furlough must be bought by a subscription to the war loan. Men have been imprisoned for years for failure to salute an officer whose life they were protecting and executed for a second offense. They have been sacrificed like cattle in futile attempts to break through impregnable lines. Three hundred thousand fell in the last attempt at Verdun, five hundred thousand in the first! Not content with this slaughter, you, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, inhuman barbarian, you shoot us down in the streets of Berlin — you kill our women, our fathers and our babies, because we dare to protest against our extermination! We have been sold body and soul to the damnable and unholy ambition of a super-fiend! We have been told nothing but lies, lies, lies! Well, *I* will now disclose some *truths!*"

He swung around in the rostrum and shouted,

"I demand every man's attention who calls himself a German! Here is the present position of the Fatherland: Metz has surrendered to the American army which up to a short time ago had penetrated as far as Leipzig; the towns of Nuremburg, Munich, Danzig, Magdeburg and Hamburg, in addition to Berlin, are in the possession of the revolutionists; the French and English have driven our army back to Brussels in Belgium; one hundred and fifty thousand revolutionists are at Essen — for what purpose you will soon know; in a two-day battle off Jutland, the combined English and American fleets have defeated ours and secured control of the Kiel Canal. During the engagement, hundreds of our sailors mutinied and refused to fight because they had no food!

"The U-boats have failed to bring about peace, the army has failed on the western front, we are starving and you offer us false reports of mythical victories for food!"

At this point, Scheidemann, in a passion, swung around and shook his clenched fist in the very face of the Emperor, who had half risen from his seat, his face flushed with impotent rage.

"The people did not want this war!" continued Scheidemann. "It is *you*, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, who are the only enemy to the Fatherland! You and your accursed '*vons*' who plunged us into misery and have made the German people hated the world over. It is *you* who earned for us the loathsome epithet of 'Hun!' that will take us centuries to live down! Wilhelm, your time has come! We, the German people, are tired of your Kultur, your militarism and your rantings of world conquest. We have taken our destiny in our own hands now and we will build up the nation that you have all but destroyed from the earth! We will negotiate peace, we will restore Belgium, we do not want Poland, we do not want Russia — *we want Germany, our Fatherland, and we will have it!* In the name of the German people, Wilhelm Hohenzollern, I demand your abdication!"

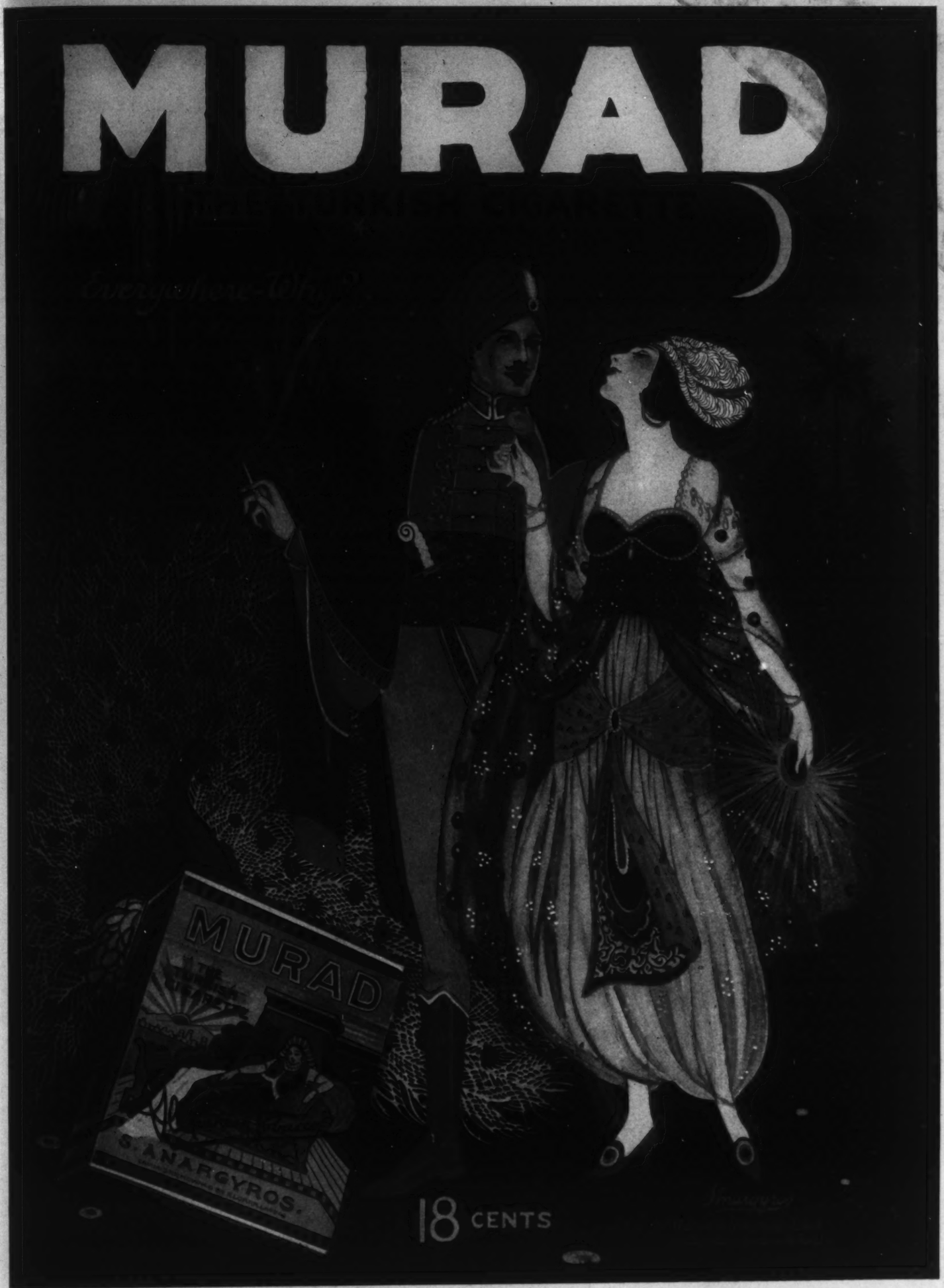
FOR a full minute following Scheidemann's ringing demand there was a deathly silence. Then the scene that occurred was indescribable. The Reichstag building trembled under the storm of cheers and shouts that greeted his sensational climax. Von Hertling, his face purple with rage, shouted in vain for order. The people would not be calmed, and the cry, "*Deutschland über Wilhelm!*" was caught up and re-echoed by the mob outside the building. The Kaiser, pale and shaking, his haughty bearing gone, attempted to speak, but his voice was lost in the bedlam. Many poured outside to acquaint the mob in the streets with what Scheidemann had disclosed — and then came the most startling climax of all.

A messenger dashed up to Scheidemann, who was leaning exhausted against the rostrum, surrounded by a wildly cheering mob. The messenger handed Scheidemann an envelope and the Socialist leader tore it open and read. In an instant he had seized the president's gavel and was rapping furiously for order. Being Scheidemann, he was given respectful attention at once and all waited with straining ears to hear what new and sensational development he was about to disclose. They were well rewarded who sought sensation.

"I have just been informed," announced Scheidemann, "that the people have destroyed the Krupp works at Essen!" His voice faltered. "And, gentlemen, General Pershing's army is marching victoriously on Berlin!"

Within two weeks, I had the glorious privilege of hearing what was to me the greatest music in the world — an American doughboy bugler sounding taps in *Unter den Linden!*

[*To be continued*]

You can begin "Licking the Huns" any time, but you always want more of it. Watch out for July!

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